DECEMBER

10 CENTS

NEW COMICS

NEW COMICS December, 1935 Vol. 1, No. 1

The International Picture Story Magazine

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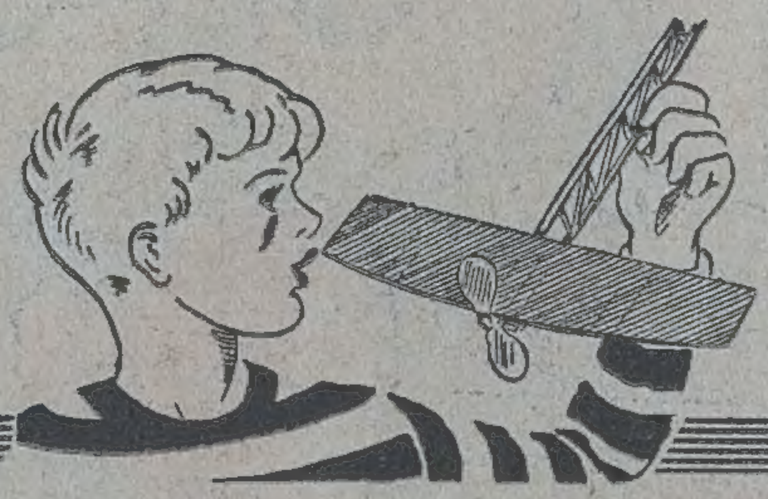
"Give The Kid A Break!"



Order That Gilbert Set for HIM Today!

At Left

No. 1 CABINET

The Jim Dandy. Contains 11 pieces for the young carpenter. Packed in red metal carrying case, with brass handle and suit case catches. Size 12¼"x8¼"x2¾" $1.00 — larger ones $2, $2.50.

Above

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Dandy Beginner's Set. Builds many different models such as jib crane, battleship, wagons, trucks, etc. Large assortment of parts and How-to-Make 'Em Book. Packed in cardboard box with 5 color label. Size 13¼"x9½"x5⅝". Price $1.00

BOYS!

Your fathers will try to talk you into sharing these fine things, so beware!

Above

No. 1032 GILBERT PUZZLE SET

21 fascinating puzzles. Instruction book giving details as to solution. Packed in four color labeled carton. Size 10"x18"x¾". $1.00—Smaller sets at 50c and 25c each.

Above

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Send Check or P. O. Money order to PASTIME NOVELTY CO., SUITE 906, 373 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. Write name and address plainly and be sure you state correct Number of set or sets you are ordering.

SS-SIR!
5¢
AND STAY OUT!
"SIX"
OH GOLLY! NOW I AM SUNK!
THIS WAY MISTA GALE
WISH
IS THIS THE NORTH POLE?
BY JOVE! I'M A PEACEFUL MAN, BUT IF I EVER FIND OUT WHO SENT FOR THOSE REPORTERS-
NEW YORK TO SAN DIEGO!
¿VA CHIKKO?
¡VOY CHICOS!

Salute!

HELLO! Here we are with the first number of **NEW COMICS**—the International Picture Story Magazine. Here's something you have always wanted—eighty pages packed and jammed with new comic features, written and drawn especially for **NEW COMICS**—never printed before anywhere. Here is a magazine of picturized stories chock full of laughter and thrills, comic characters of every hue, knights and Vikings of ancient days, adventuring heroes, detectives, aviator daredevils of today and hero supermen of the days to come!

We know that your eyes won't suffer from strain while you enjoy these clearly drawn pictures and the large readable text, but we can't guarantee that you won't strain your ribs from laughter at the antics of these comic characters. Also, we'll guarantee that, no matter how wise you are, there are heaps of things you will learn about this wide world and its people and their histories every time you read through a copy of **NEW COMICS** Magazine.

So climb aboard and ride with us every month through Eighty Pages of wit and humor, drama and thrills. Laughter is the universal antidote for blues. Be a **NEW COMICS** booster.

Yours to command,

THE EDITORS.

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"NOW--WHEN I WAS A BOY—"

BY Leo

1.
LOOK! NOW··· WHEN I WAS A BOY- TO FIND A HORSE-SHOE WAS CONSIDERED LUCK FOR TH'—

2.
HEY !!
WOT TH'-!

3.
HERE COMES ANOTHER CAR!
OMP!
TOOT

4.
WAIT---- YOU FORGOT YOUR NEW HAT, UNCLE CHRIS!

5.
HERE COMES ANOTHER ONE!
HONK
"1915"
1925 © NAT'L ALLIED NEWSPAPERS SYND. INC
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6.
I SAW YOU T'ROW IT UNDER MY CAR! DAT TIRE'LL COST YOU TWELVE BUCKS! ---AN' TAKE DAT T'ING OUTA HERE!
YE-YES, S-S-SIR!

IT USED TO BE AN OLD SAYIN' THAT FINDIN' A HORSE-SHOE BROUGHT LUCK TO TH' FINDER!
OH, YEAH?- WHAT KIND OF LUCK?
UNCLE CHRIS 'S GONNA NAIL IT RIGHT OVER TH' DOOR, AUNTIE!
IF HE NAILS ANY-THING ON MY WOODWORK I'LL PACK UP AN' LEAVE THIS HOUSE!
7.
THIS IS MY HOUSE, TOOOCH!
8.
WHAT DO WE DO WITH IT NOW, UNCLE CHRIS?
9.
GOLLY- I ALMOST FORGOT!---I HAVE T' TOSS IT OVER MY RIGHT SHOULDER!
10
LIKE THIS!
SMASH
11.
TAKE HIM ALONG, OFFICER- HE THREW IT AT ME!!
SO!!
12
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Sir Loin of Beef

by R·G·Leffingwell

AND STAY OUT!

?

"SIX"

WELL, GRACEFUL, WHAT MIGHT YOUR NAME BE - "BOUNCIN' BENNY" PERCHANCE?

NO M'LORD, ME NAME IS COWHIDE, BUT I FEEL LIKE CHOPPED STEAK.

I AM SIR LOIN OF BEEF "FEARLESS KNIGHT ERRANT" WHAT'S THE DIFFICULTY IN THE TAVERN - COWHIDE - FOUL PLAY?

THEY'RE ON A CASH N' CARRY BASIS - BUT THEY'RE TIRING - THIS IS MY SIXTH FLYING EXIT!

I ADMIRE YOUR PERSISTENCY, BUT HERE - BUY YOURSELF A BITE OF SUPPER AND KEEP A WHOLE SKIN.

THANKS

ye Taverne

?

BAM!

WHOP!

THEY DIDN'T GIVE ME A CHANCE TO SHOW THE COIN M'LORD - THEY'RE GETTING WEAKER AND WEAKER THO - THIS IS THE SEVENTH EXIT.

GET UP! SHAME ON YOU - A BIG MAN LIKE YOU LETTING YOURSELF BE TOSSED AROUND.

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GO GET MY ARMOR OFF MY CHARGER - I'LL PUT AND END TO THESE FOOL FLYING EXITS!
NOW - WITH MY FIGHTING GARB WATCH HOW QUICKLY I DISPOSE OF YON TAVERN ROGUES!
WHAT IS THIS - A BATTLE FIELD? SHAME ON YOU CHARGING IN A RESPECTABLE TAVERN LIKE THIS.
PSSST - THAT'S HER NOW
I'M LOOKING FOR THE KNAVES THAT THREW MY FRIEND OUT OF HERE.
HAW-HAW! YOU MEAN TO TELL ME A WOMAN THREW YOU OUT? - YOU BIG BRAVE MANS.
YAS - I THREW HIM OUT - AND OUT YOU GO TOO!
SHOO! SCOOT! I'LL HAVE NO DIM-WITTED ROGUES IN HERE. GOODBYE QUICK!
BAM
BIG BRAVE MANS HARF! HAWF! YOU HED BETTER STICK TO RESCUING FLOWERS FROM BUTTERFLIES.
AND STAY OUT!
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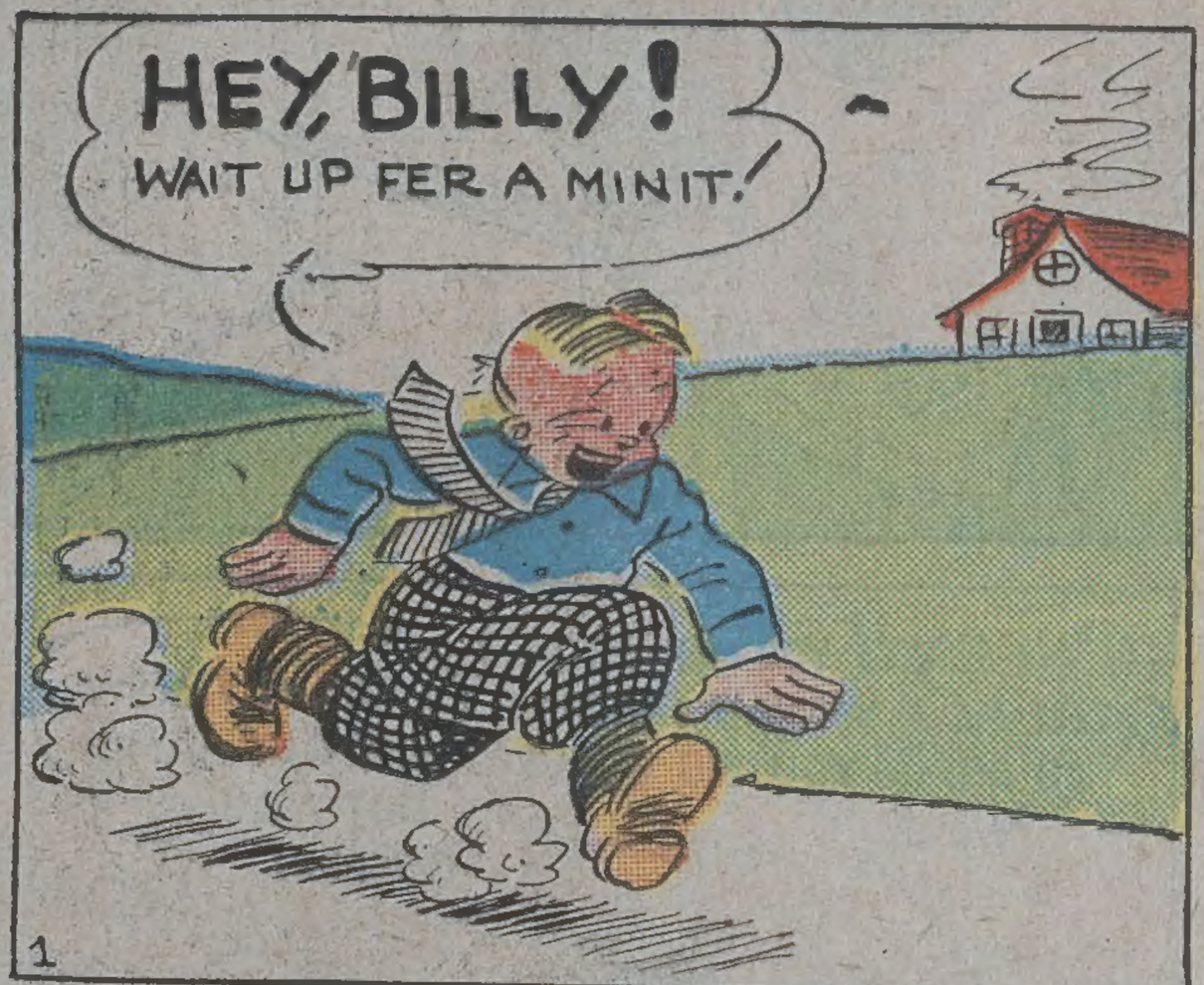
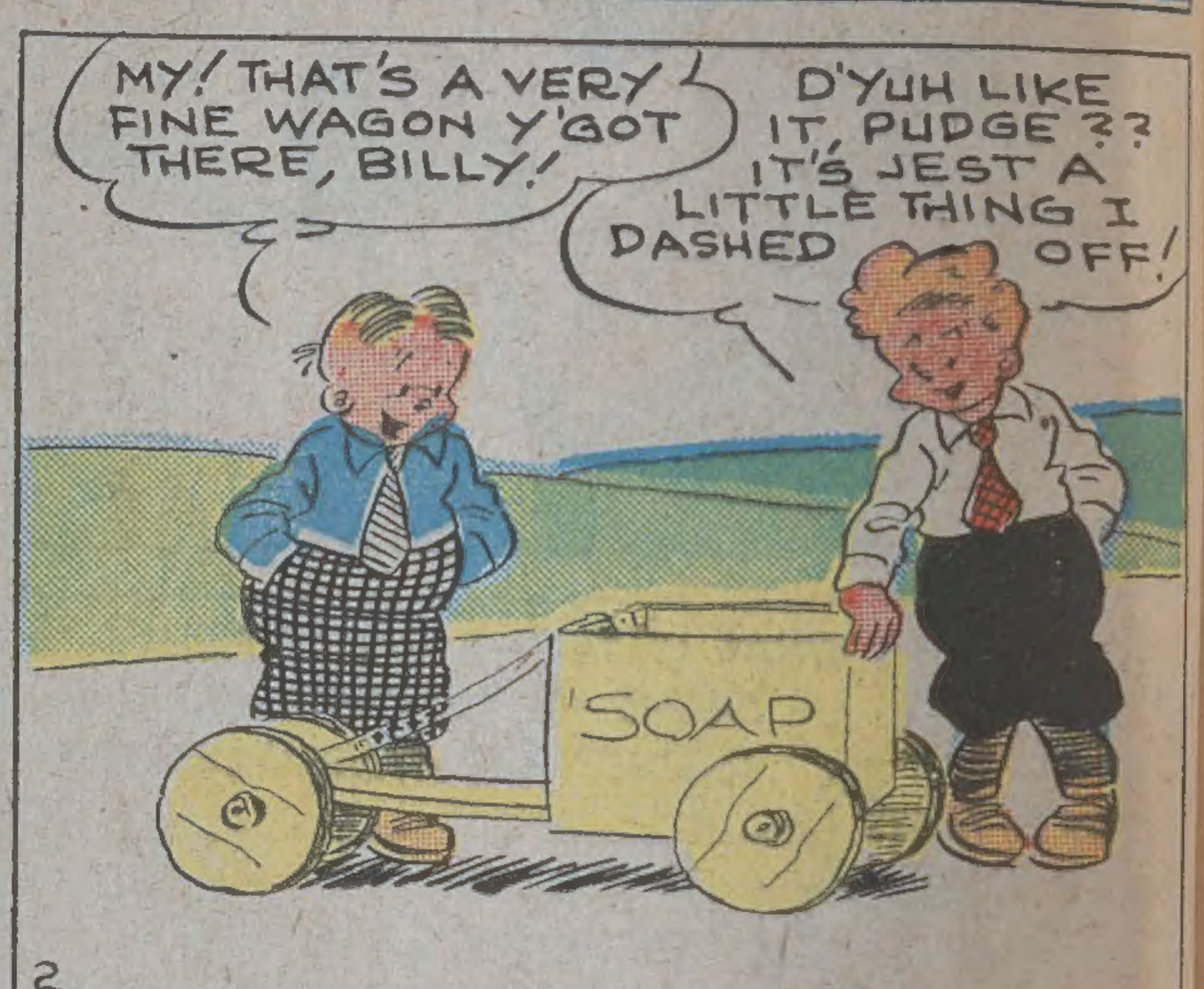
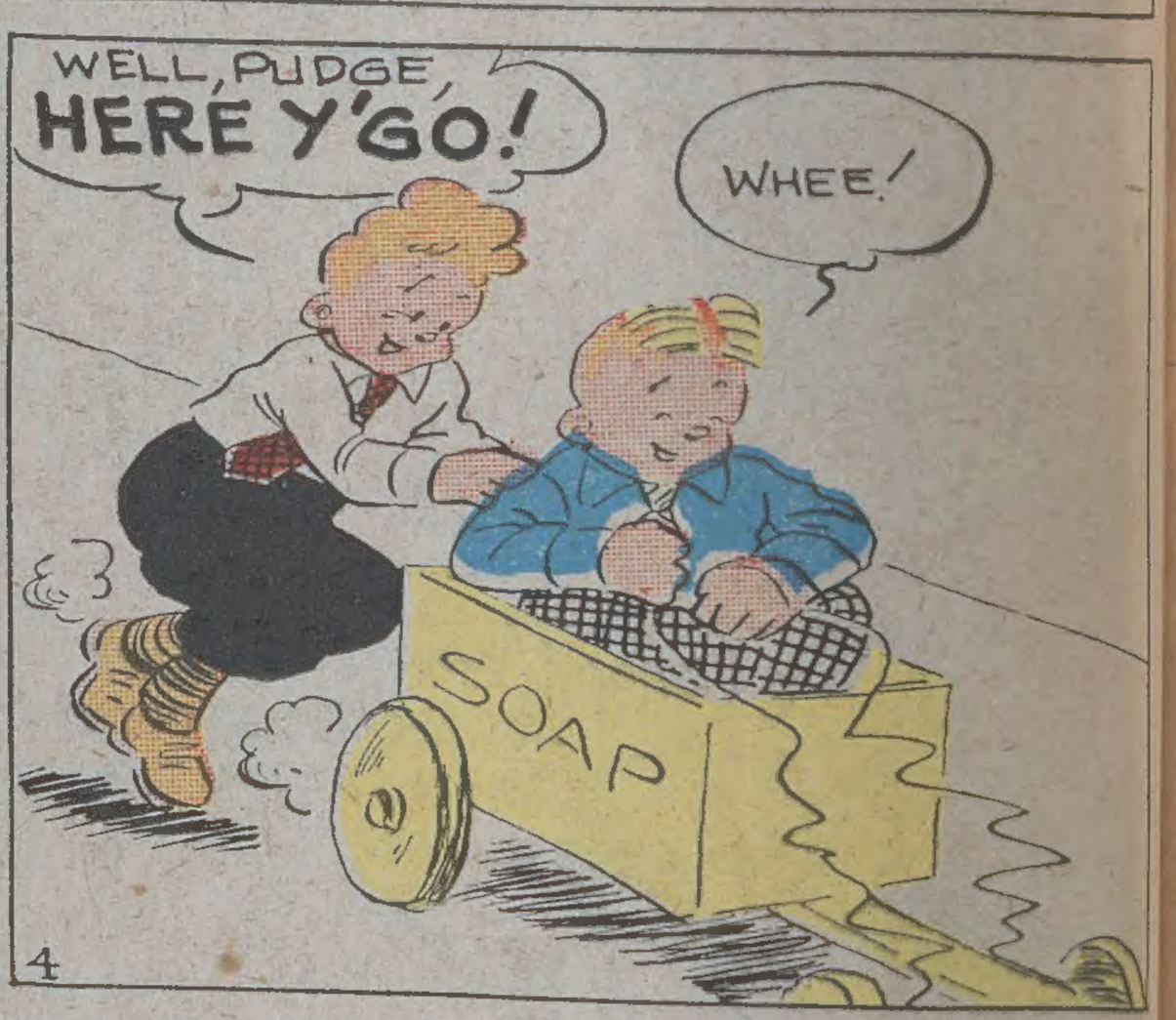
AXEL

BILLY the KID

by Whit Ellsworth







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SAGEBRUSH N' CACTUS

BY. R G Leffingwell

WAL - C'MON CACTUS WE MIGHT AS WELL RAMBLE. WE MIGHT STRIKE A LODE THIS TIME.

S-LONG YEW TWO OLE MIRAGES — DON'T MAKE THE BUZZARDS SICK!

HAW! HAW!

LEMME GO — I'LL BUST OFF ALL THEIR DERN TAIL FEATHERS. **LEMME GO!**

EASY-CACTUS-EASY THEY'RE JEST A GOADIN YAH.

EF YEW EVER STRIKE GOLD OUT THAR — LET US KNOW AN' WE'LL HELP YOU SPEND IT.

YAW — AN IT'LL TAKE US ONLY ABOUT TWO MINUTES AT THAT.

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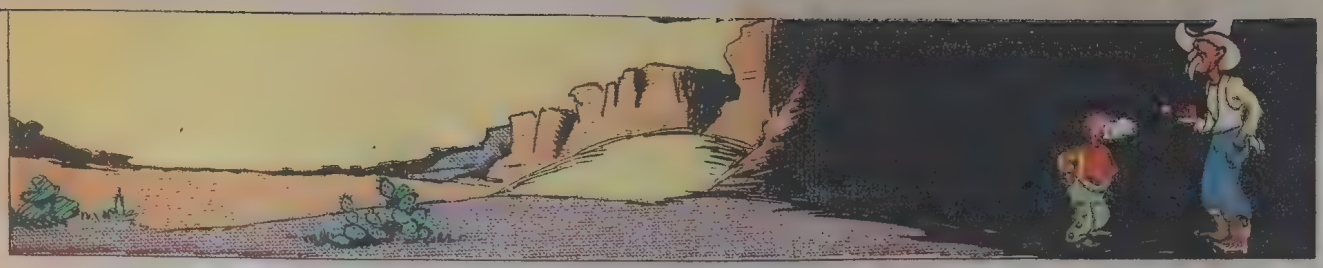
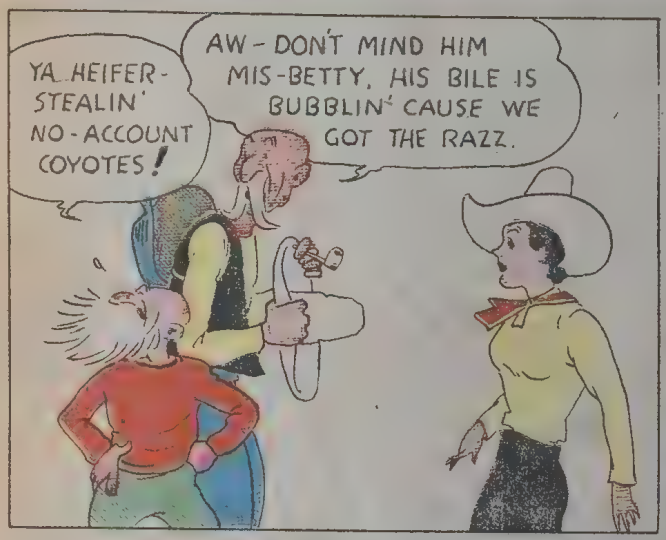
I TELL YUH - SAGEBRUSH I'M A GOIN TA WALLOP ALL THE ALKALI OFFEN THE SEATS A THEIR PANTS!

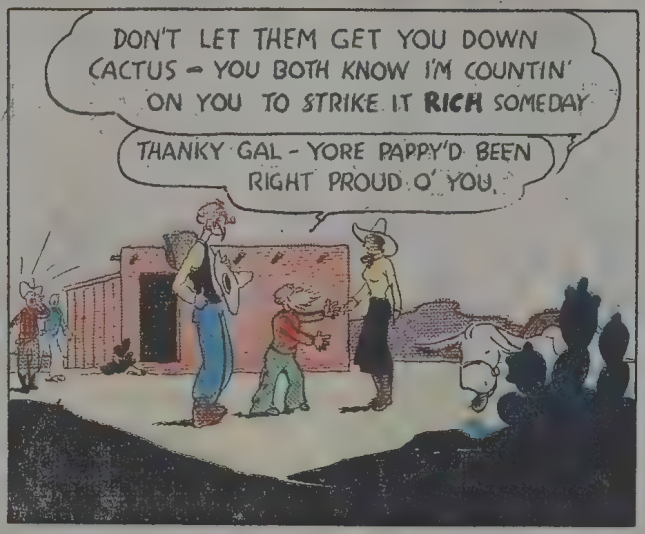
SHUSH! HERE COMES MIS. BETTY

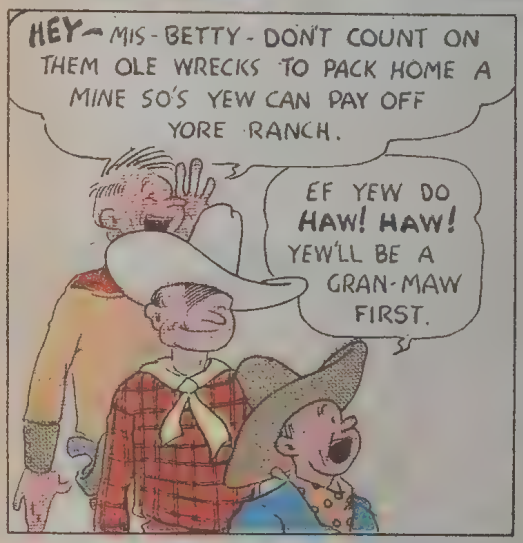
WAL - WAL MIS - BETTY ALL KINDS A - HOWDY.

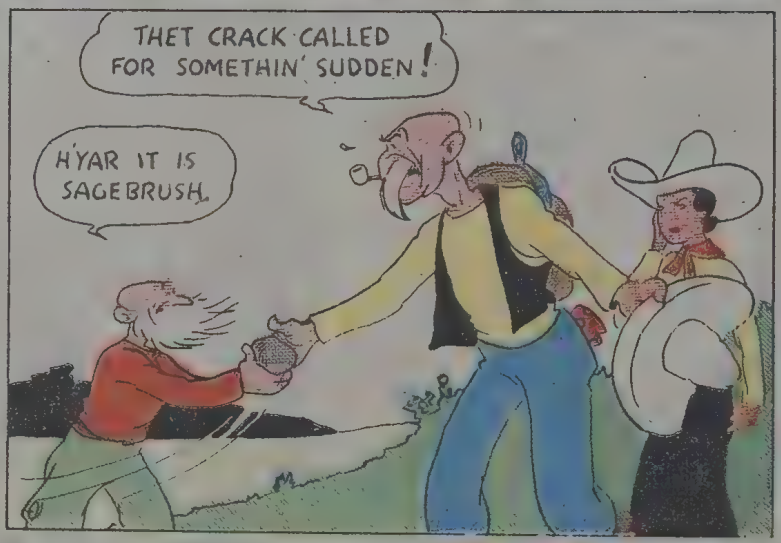
HELLO BOYS — OFF AGAIN I SEE WHAT IS CACTUS A FUSSIN' AND A FUMIN' ABOUT?

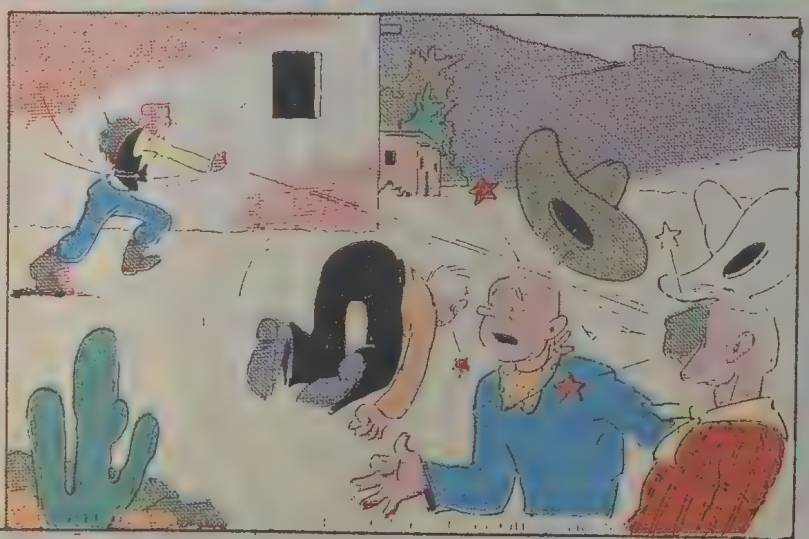



YA HEIFER-STEALIN' NO-ACCOUNT COYOTES!
AW - DON'T MIND HIM MIS-BETTY, HIS BILE IS BUBBLIN' CAUSE WE GOT THE RAZZ.


DON'T LET THEM GET YOU DOWN CACTUS - YOU BOTH KNOW I'M COUNTIN' ON YOU TO STRIKE IT RICH SOMEDAY
THANKY GAL - YORE PAPPY'D BEEN RIGHT PROUD O' YOU.


HEY - MIS-BETTY - DON'T COUNT ON THEM OLE WRECKS TO PACK HOME A MINE SO'S YEW CAN PAY OFF YORE RANCH.
EF YEW DO HAW! HAW! YEW'LL BE A GRAN-MAW FIRST.


THET CRACK CALLED FOR SOMETHIN' SUDDEN!
H'YAR IT IS SAGEBRUSH.



THET MIS-BETTY WUZ THREE STRIKES AN THEY'RE OUT!
COLD!

SAGEBRUSH N' CACTUS

BY R G Lehnqwell

DON'T STRAIN YORE JAW A GABBIN' SO MUCH, SAGEBRUSH, YOU WON'T BE FIT TO CHAW YORE BACCY!

HEY! WHO'S THAT A RAISIN' DUST DOWN THAR?

DUNNO — BUT HE SHORE ISN'T WASTIN' TIME.

THET SHORE LOOKED LIKE THAT HORNED TOAD, RATTLE SNAKE — "KNIFE" AMBUSH.

YEAH — AN' THE HOSS WAS A DEAD-RINGER FOR HIS PINTO!

AA-RRAH! THET LIZZARD MAKES ME BOIL — WONDER WHAT CROOKED DEAL HE COULD PULL OUT HERE?

MAYBE HE'S TRYIN' TO SWINDLE THE BUZZARDS.

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EVERY TIME I THINK OF "KNIFE" AMBUSH I SEE RED! SOMEDAY I'LL BEND HIS SCRAWNY NECK DOUBLE.
ME TOO - CACTUS - SPECIALLY AFTER SWINDLIN' MIS' BETTY'S PAW OUT O' MOST EVERYTHIN.
WAL - SOMEDAY I'LL GET MY HANDS ON HIM AND THEN —
THE YALLER POLE - CAT. I'LL MAKE HIM SQUEAL!
I'LL GIVE HIM THE OLE' "ONE! TWO!"
BIFF
NOW DON'T GET YORESELF ALL WORKED UP - CACTUS - YOU'LL JEST GET ALL TUCKERED OUT.
BOP!
WHOA! WHAT'S THAT OUT THAR? LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE IN TROUBLE. YOU SEE ANYTHIN' CACTUS?
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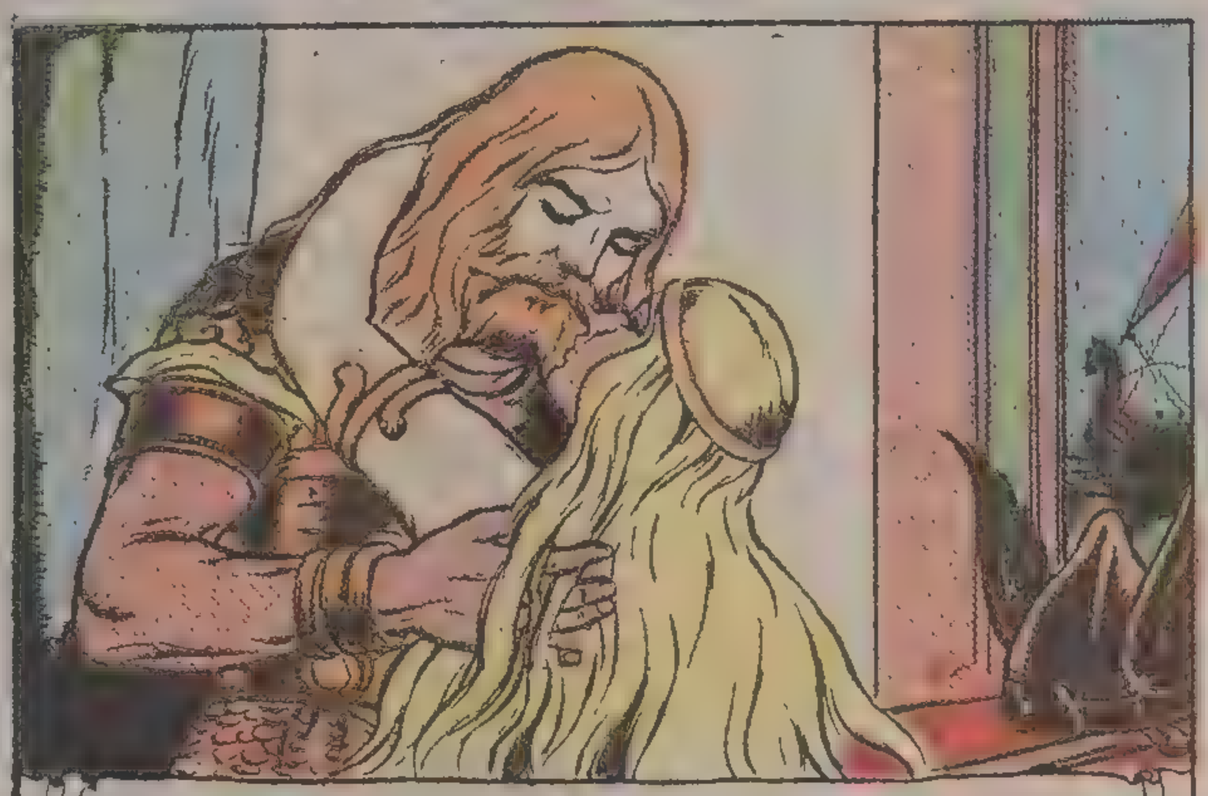
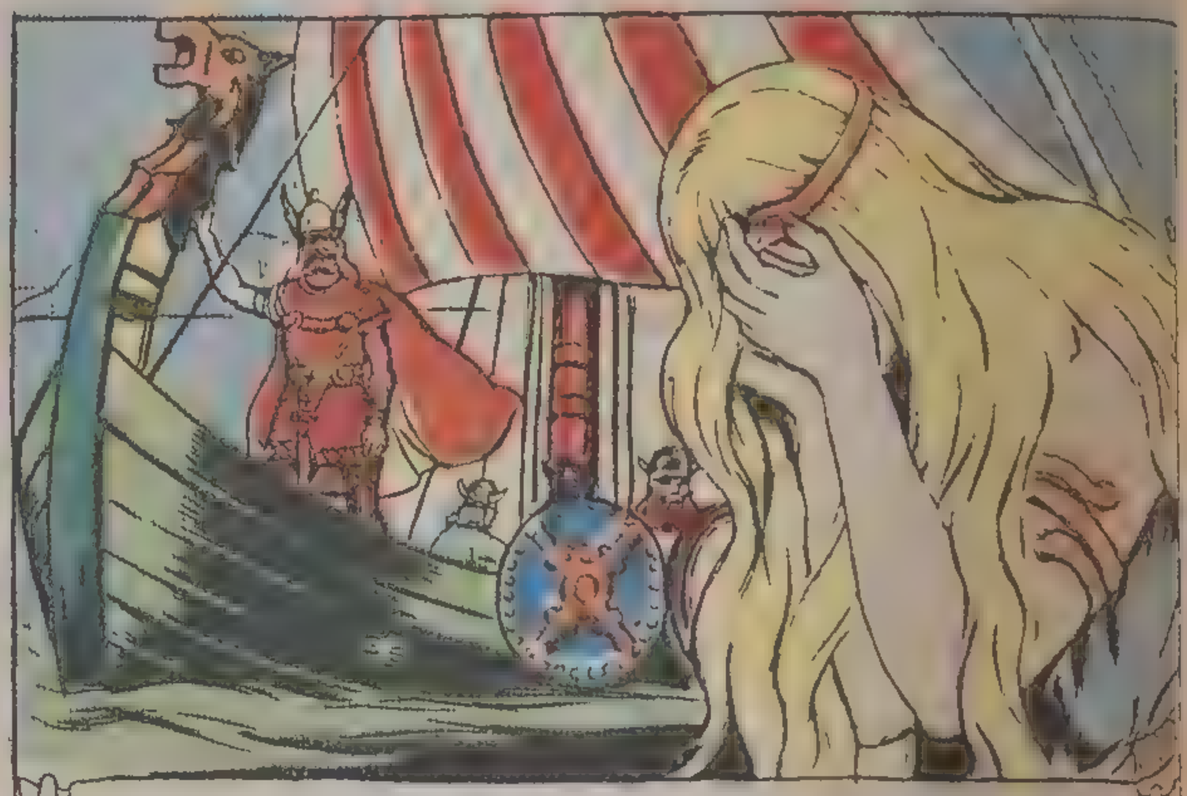
FANNY
R.C. Leffingwell
Zzzz
Zzzz

The VIKINGS

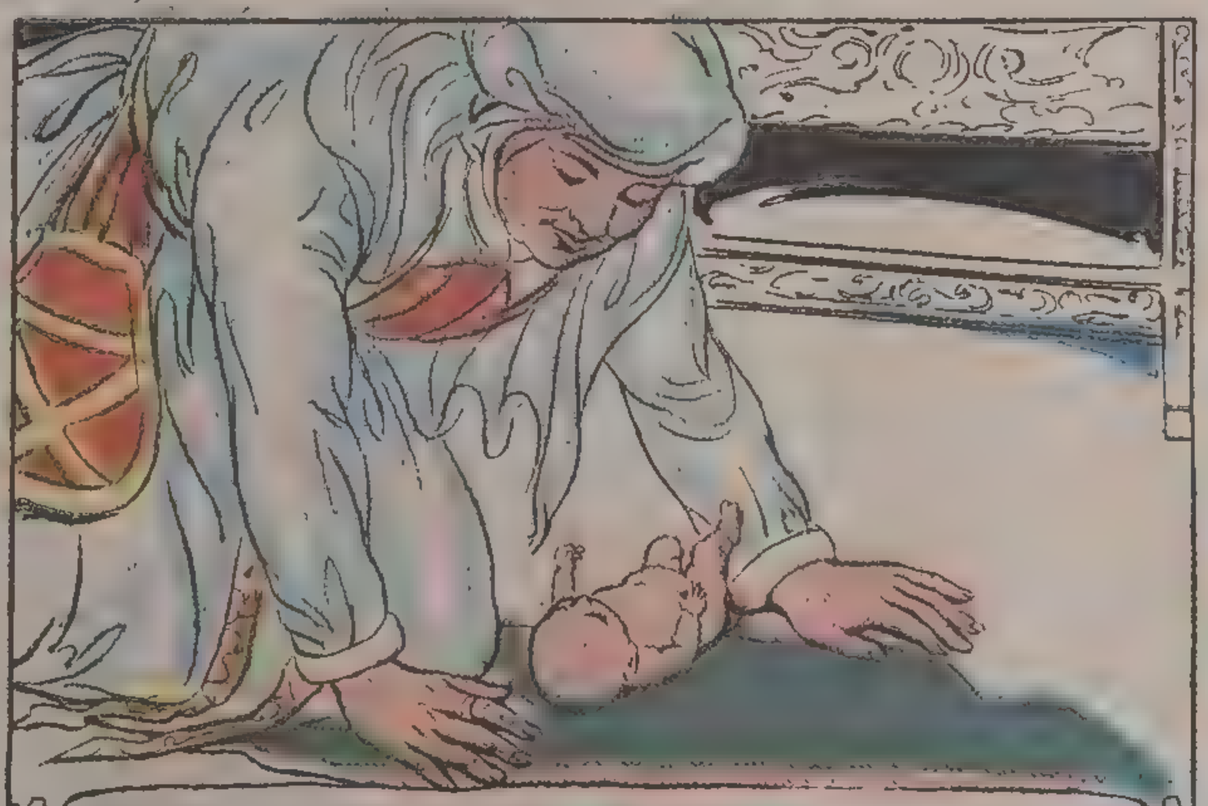
by Livingstone



KING HARALD WAS A YOUNG AND MIGHTY WARRIOR. HE WOOED SIGRID, DAUGHTER OF HAGBARD. SHE LOVED HIM WELL.

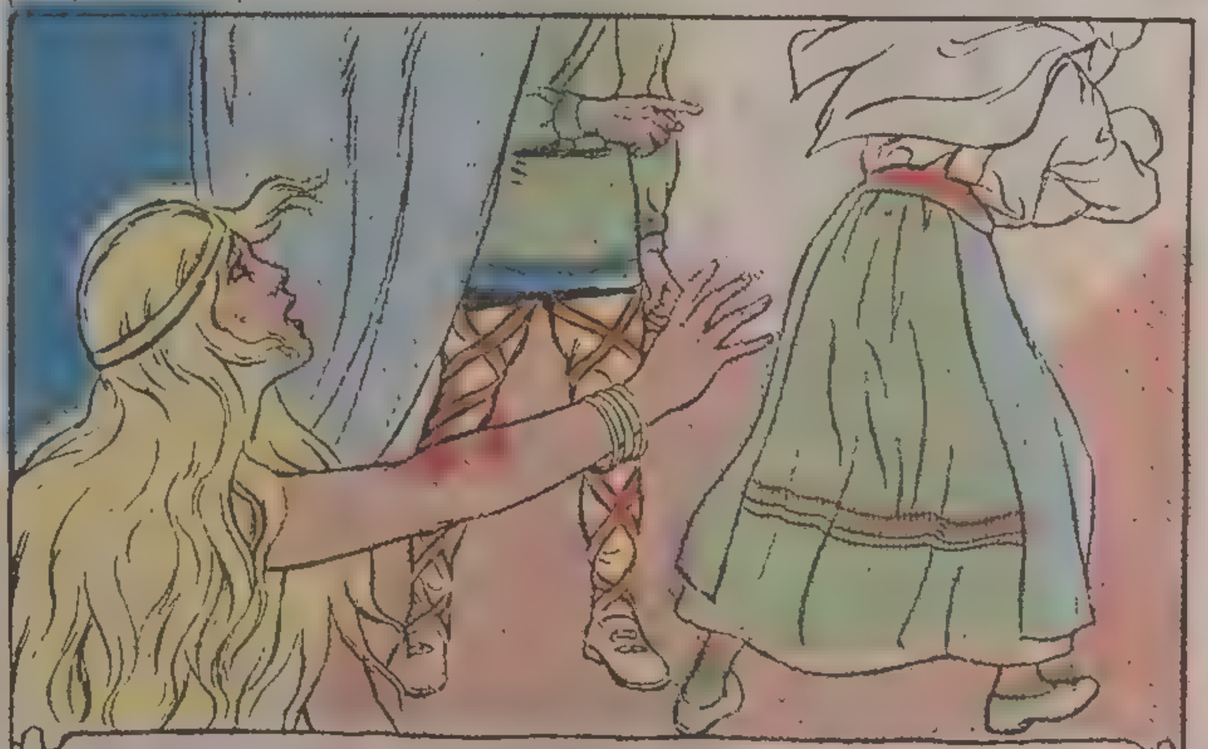


WHEN HE SAILED AWAY ON HIS SPLENDID SHIP, IT WAS LIKE DEATH TO SIGRID.



WHEN A FINE BABY BOY WAS BORN, THE SETA PLACED HIM ON THE EARTHEN FLOOR AND SENT FOR SIGRID'S FATHER.

HAGBARD'S FACE WAS LIKE THUNDER. "TAKE HIM AWAY"! HE ROARED — "HE SHALL NOT LIVE."!



SIGRID WAS FRANTIC. BUT THE SETA HAD TO OBEY. SADLY SHE TOOK UP THE BABE, AND WITH A SMALL PIECE OF SALT PORK ON A STRING, WENT OUT.

SHE LAID THE INFANT IN THE MOSSY ROOTS OF AN OLD HOLLOW TREE, PUT THE SALT PORK IN HIS MOUTH, AND LEFT HIM. SHE HEARD A WOLF HOWL, AND SHUDDERED.

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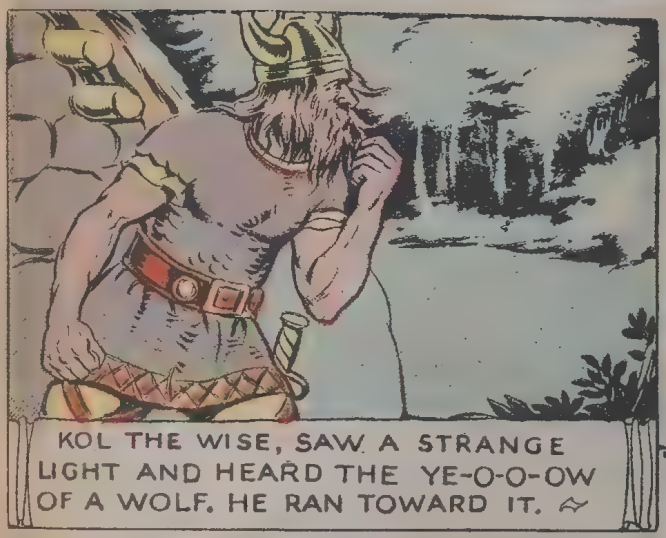
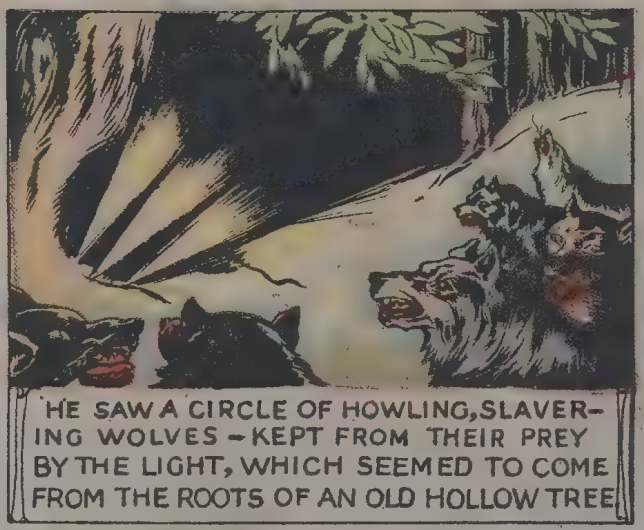
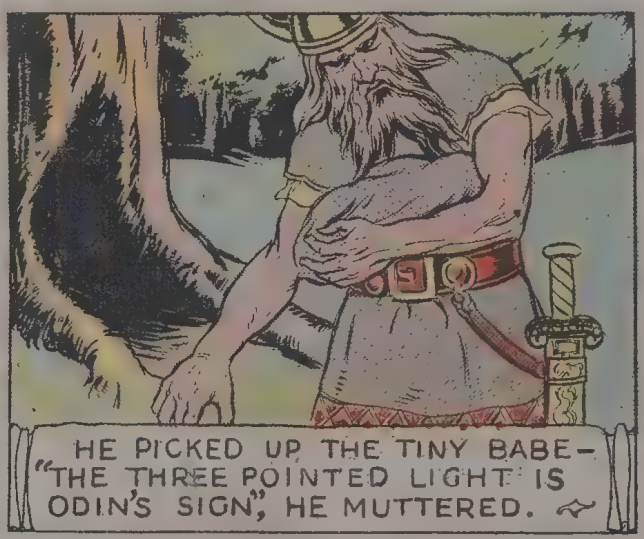


KOL THE WISE, SAW A STRANGE LIGHT AND HEARD THE YE-O-O-OW OF A WOLF. HE RAN TOWARD IT.



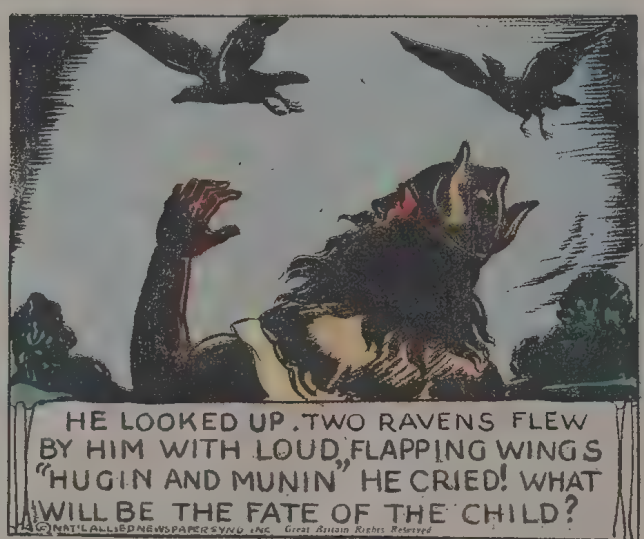
HE SAW A CIRCLE OF HOWLING, SLAVERING WOLVES – KEPT FROM THEIR PREY BY THE LIGHT, WHICH SEEMED TO COME FROM THE ROOTS OF AN OLD HOLLOW TREE

IT WAS SHORT WORK FOR HIM TO KILL THE FIERCEST IN THE PACK. THE OTHERS SLUNK AWAY.



HE PICKED UP THE TINY BABE – "THE THREE POINTED LIGHT IS ODIN'S SIGN", HE MUTTERED.

KOL LAID THE BABE ON THE LONG BENCH. "WERE ODIN'S WOLVES IN THAT PACK"? HE ASKED HIMSELF AS HE STRODE OUTSIDE



HE LOOKED UP. TWO RAVENS FLEW BY HIM WITH LOUD FLAPPING WINGS "HUGIN AND MUNIN" HE CRIED! WHAT WILL BE THE FATE OF THE CHILD?

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J. WORTHINGTON BLIMP, ESQ.

By SHELDON MAYER.

WELL, FOLKS— YOU ARE NOW LOOKING AT A MAN WHO WILL UNDOUBTEDLY GET HIS NAME DOWN ON THE IMMORTAL PAGES OF HISTORY- UM- AHEM—

WHAT AGAIN ??

?

?

YES INDEED - AHEM- I HAVE JUST HAD A CONFERENCE WITH THE PRESIDENT OF A GREAT BICYCLE MANU- FACTURING COMPANY —AND—

I SUPPOSE YOU SHOWED HIM HOW HE COULD INCREASE HIS INCOME BY A MILLION DOLLARS EVERY YEAR?

GEE, UNCLE BLIMP - DIDJA?

I DID! AS AN ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN FOR HIS PRODUCT, I AGREED TO RIDE ONE OF HIS BICYCLES FROM NEW YORK TO THE EXPOSITION IN SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA - UM- AHEM- — BY MYSELF!

HA HA HAW-HAW- HUMPTY DUMPTY ON A BICYCLE! HAW HAW

GOSH - THAT'S A SWELL IDEAR! ANY BIKE THAT COULD STAND YOUR WEIGHT MUST BE GOOD!

AHUMPH — HEM — GO AHEAD — SCOFF, YOU SCOFFER, YOU —! THEY LAUGHED AT COLUMBUS TOO! BUT YOU SHALL SEE — YOU SHALL SEE! AHUM —

HA HA A MONKEY ON WHEELS! HA-HA- HO HO HAW-HAW

TCH-TCH - SUCH TALK

—MEANWHILE—

BICYCLES FOR HIRE 15¢ PER HOUR

HULLO, CHARLIE - ANY BODY COME IN WHILE I WAS OUT?

BIKES FOR HIRE 15¢

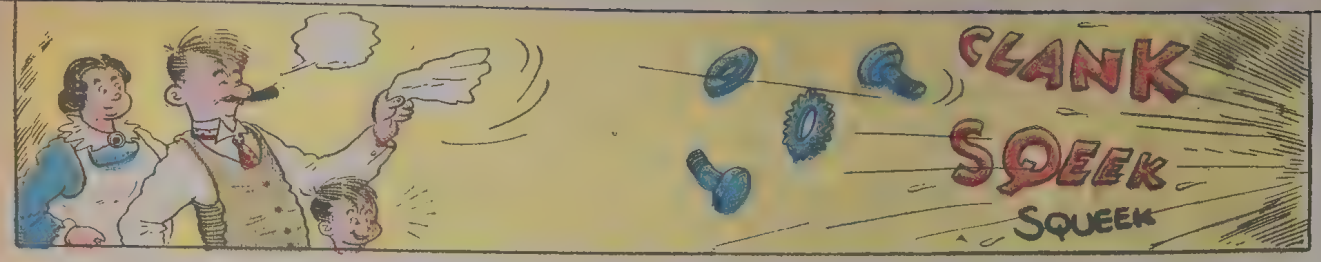
YASSUH, BOSS—

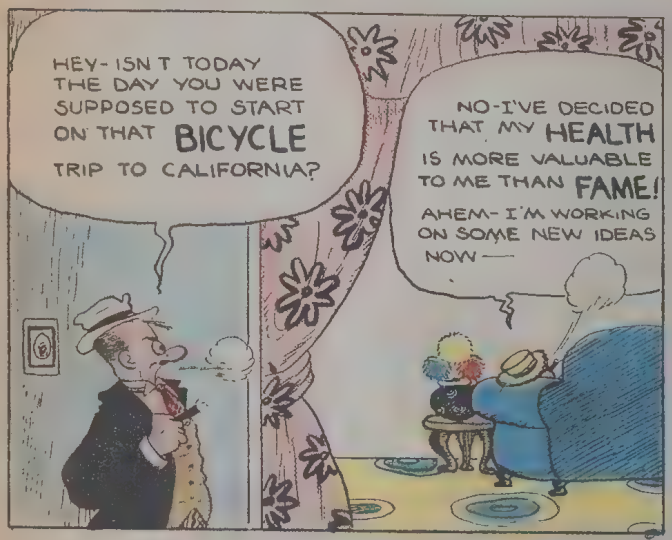
BIG FAT FELLAH COME IN HYAR — HE AST ME FO' A CHEAP BIKE - SO I SOL' HIM DAT OLE WÜTHLESS ONE FO' A BUCK AN' A HALF—

THAT'S FINE, CHARLIE YOU GOT A GOOD BUSINESS HEAD ON YOU, SON —

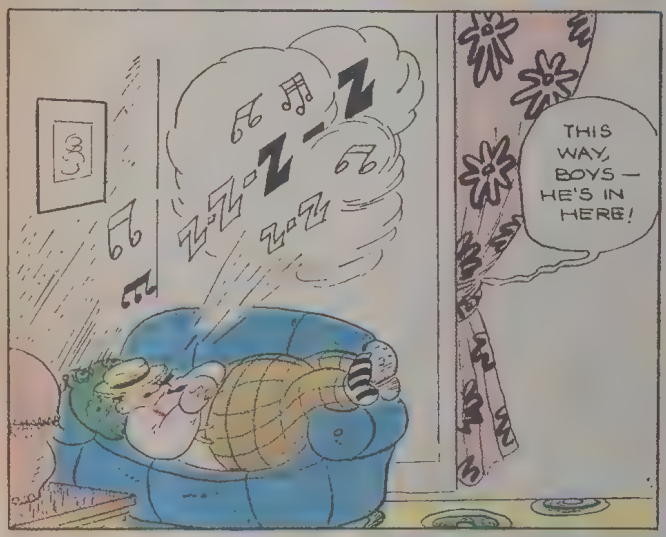
©

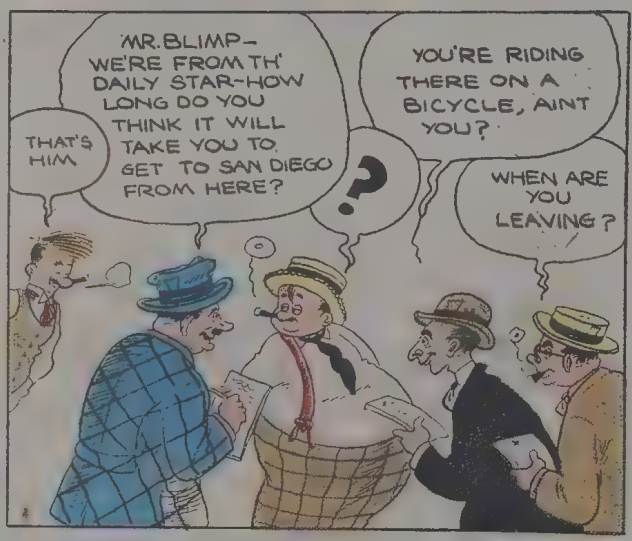
SHELDON MAYER.

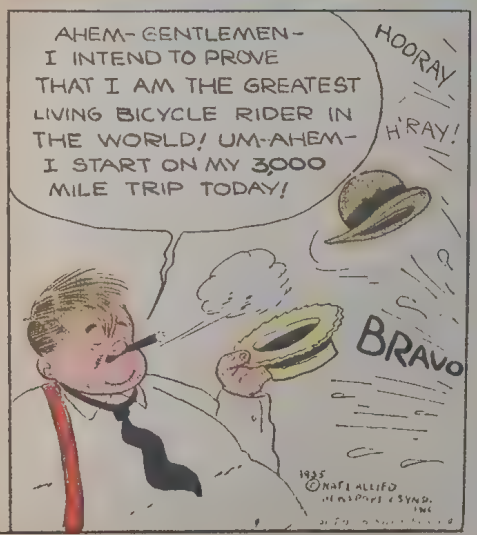

CLANK
SQEEK
SQUEEK


HEY- ISN'T TODAY THE DAY YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO START ON THAT BICYCLE TRIP TO CALIFORNIA?
NO-I'VE DECIDED THAT MY HEALTH IS MORE VALUABLE TO ME THAN FAME! AHEM- I'M WORKING ON SOME NEW IDEAS NOW—

NEW IDEAS— POOEY!
HM—THERE GOES TH' DOOR-BELL—
RING


Z-Z-Z
THIS WAY, BOYS— HE'S IN HERE!

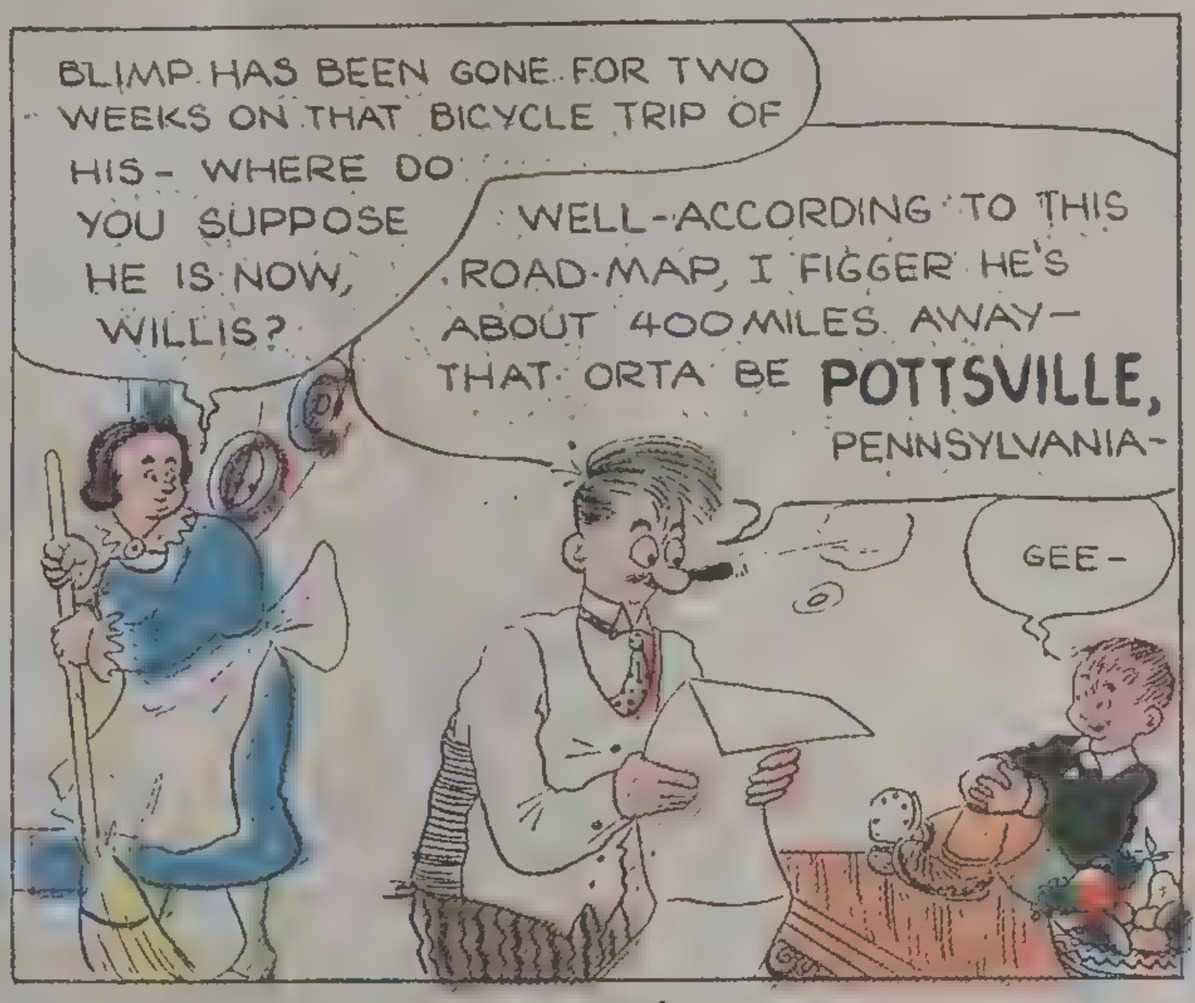

MR. BLIMP— WE'RE FROM TH' DAILY STAR-HOW LONG DO YOU THINK IT WILL TAKE YOU TO GET TO SAN DIEGO FROM HERE?
THAT'S HIM
?
YOU'RE RIDING THERE ON A BICYCLE, AINT YOU?
WHEN ARE YOU LEAVING?

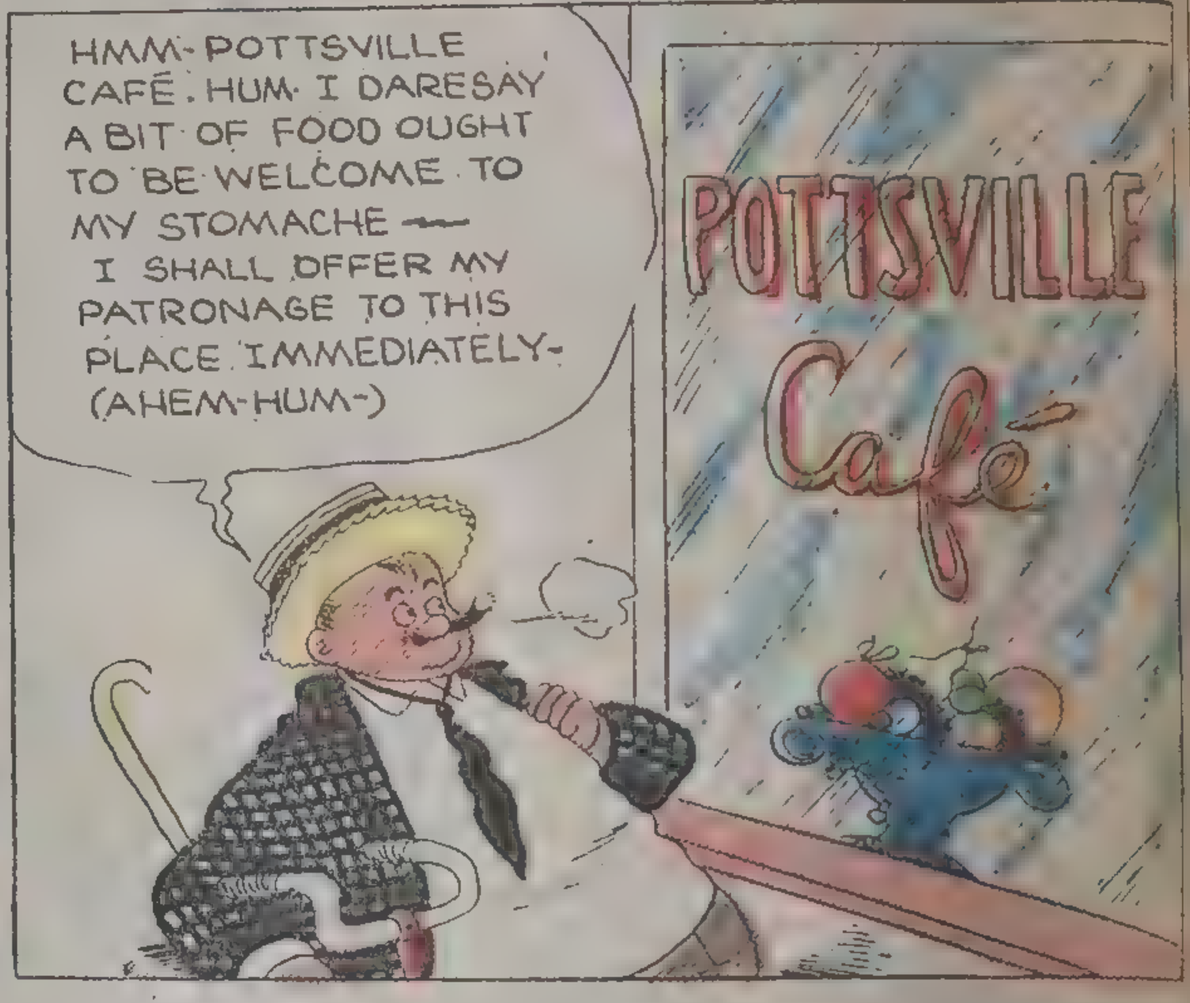

AHEM- GENTLEMEN- I INTEND TO PROVE THAT I AM THE GREATEST LIVING BICYCLE RIDER IN THE WORLD! UM-AHEM- I START ON MY 3000 MILE TRIP TODAY!
HOORAY
H'RAY!
BRAVO
1935 NEA ALLIED NEWSPAPERS SYND. INC.

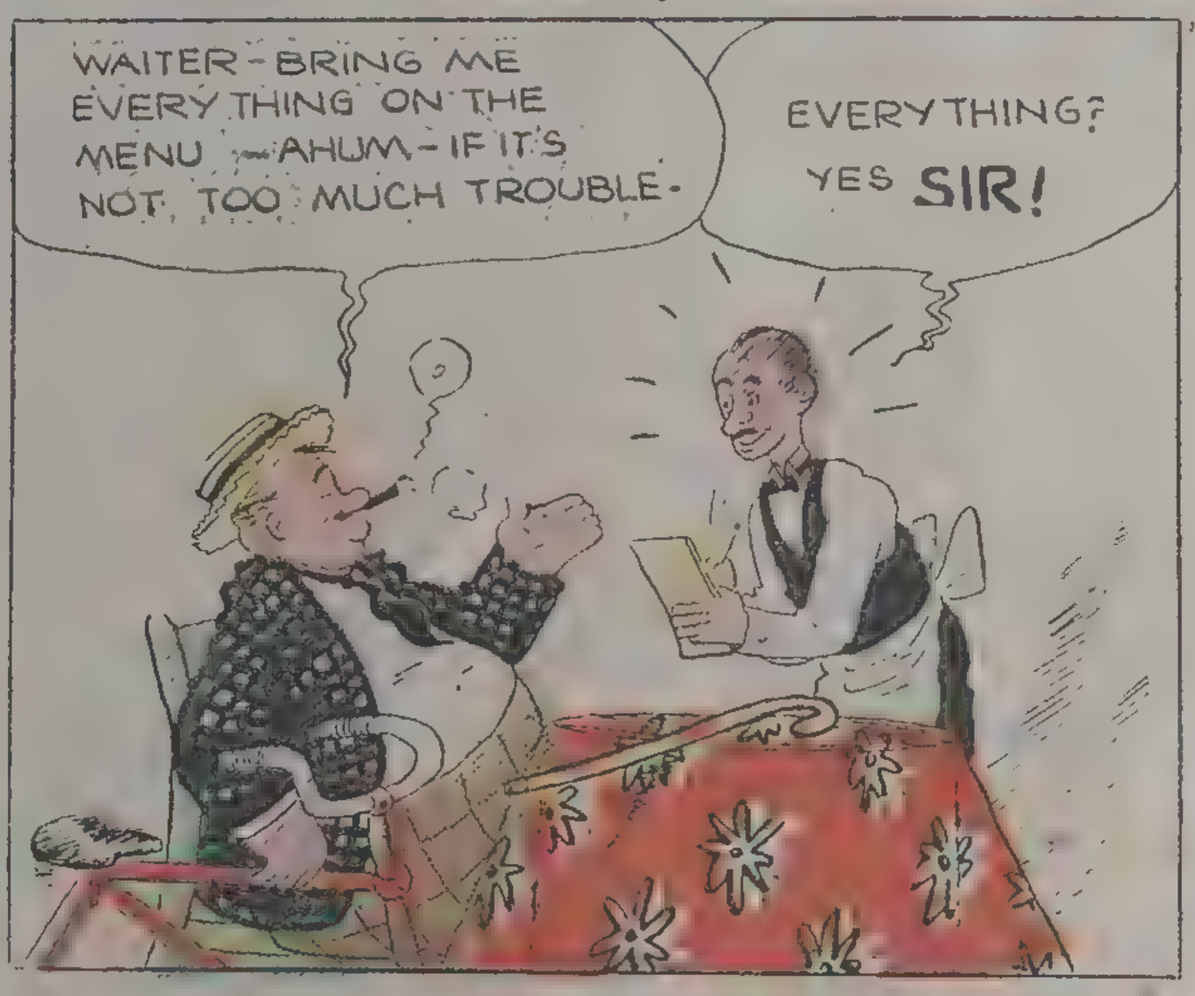
LATER
2999 3/4 MILES TO GO!
BY JOVE! I'M A PEACEFUL MAN, BUT IF I EVER FIND OUT WHO SENT FOR THOSE REPORTERS—
@☆~@!!!
NEW YORK TO SAN DIEGO!
SHELDON MAYER

J. WORTHINGTON BLIMP, ESQ.

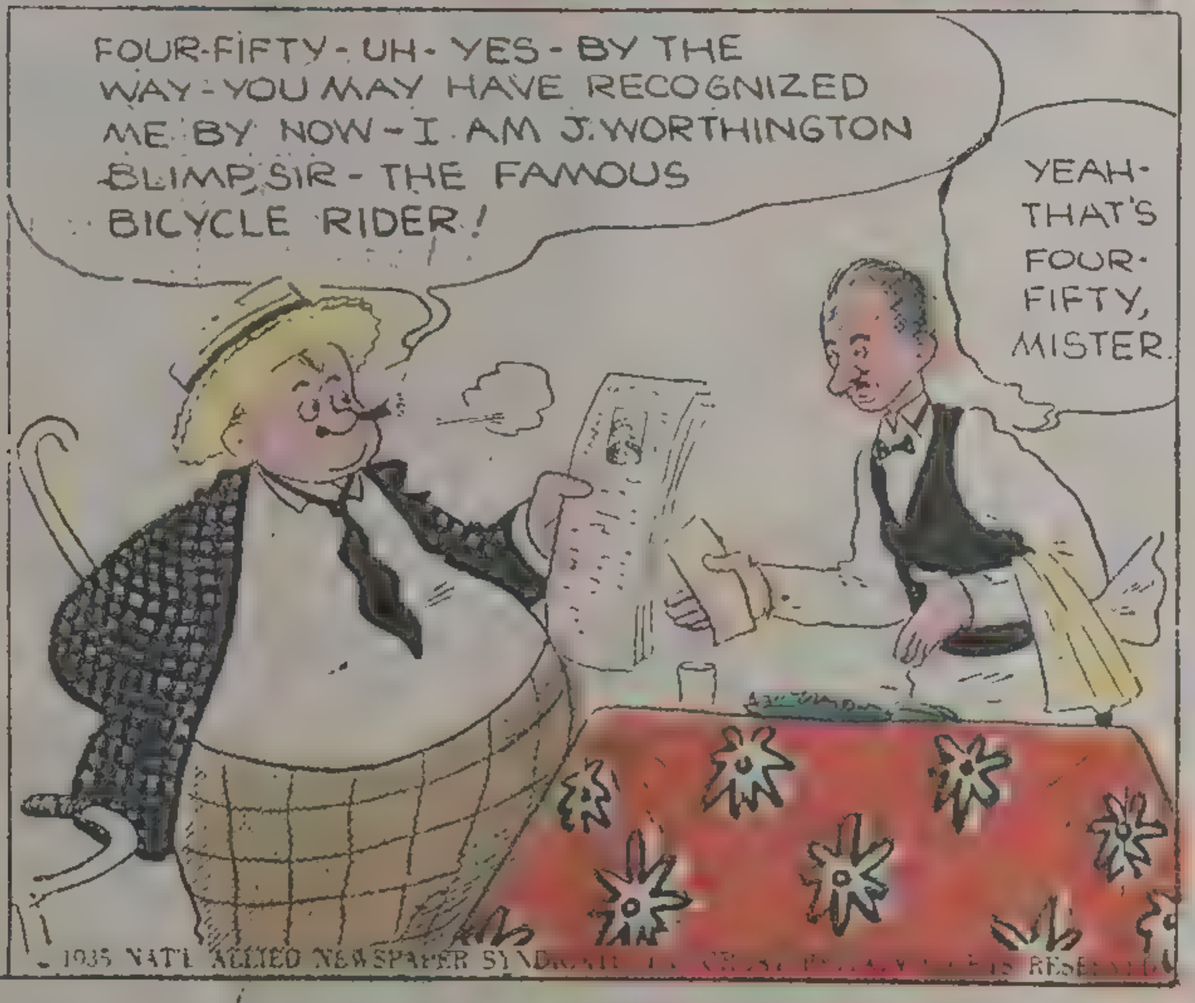
BY SHELDON MAYER


BLIMP HAS BEEN GONE FOR TWO WEEKS ON THAT BICYCLE TRIP OF HIS - WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE HE IS NOW, WILLIS?
WELL - ACCORDING TO THIS ROAD-MAP, I FIGGER HE'S ABOUT 400 MILES AWAY - THAT ORTA BE POTTSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA -
GEE -


HMM - POTTSVILLE CAFÉ. HUM. I DARESAY A BIT OF FOOD OUGHT TO BE WELCOME TO MY STOMACHE — I SHALL OFFER MY PATRONAGE TO THIS PLACE IMMEDIATELY - (AHEM-HUM-)
POTTSVILLE
Café



A SPLENDID MEAL, SIR - ABSOLUTELY PERFECT! I WILL REMEMBER YOU THE NEXT TIME I AM IN POTTSVILLE - YES INDEED - AHEM-HEM -
THAT'S FOUR-FIFTY, SIR -


FOUR-FIFTY - UH - YES - BY THE WAY - YOU MAY HAVE RECOGNIZED ME BY NOW - I AM J. WORTHINGTON BLIMP, SIR - THE FAMOUS BICYCLE RIDER!
YEAH - THAT'S FOUR-FIFTY, MISTER.
1935 NATL ALLIED NEWSPAPER SYN

IN RETURN FOR THE FREE MEAL WHICH YOU HAVE JUST GIVEN ME, I WILL GIVE THIS CAFÉ A MULTITUDE OF PUBLICITY IN MY NEXT NEWSPAPER ARTICLE - AHEM -
FREE MEAL? JUST A MINUTE, BUDDY -
HEY, BOSS!

?
A FIGHT?
HOT DAWG!
OW
POW
BAM
SOCK
POW
WAM
Cafe
YIPPEE!
HYAR I COMES - L'KOUT BELOW!
HEY, BOSS!
SOCK
OW
POW
MY WORD!
WELL, M'BOY— WE CERTAINLY DID A GOOD JOB THAT TIME, EH?
WHO'S WE? SO FUR EZ I KNOWS YO'ALL WUS UNDUH THU TABLE HALF THU TIME - AND T'OTHUH HALF YOU WAS A-RUNNIN' LAK A SCAIRED RABBIT-!
NEW YORK TO SAN DIEGO
WELL, M'BOY - I'LL ADMIT THIS WAS AN OFF-DAY FOR ME - BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN ME THE TIME I WAS IN THE BELGIAN CONGO. SINGLE-HANDED I WIPED OUT FIFTY-FIVE VICIOUS CONGOINS! AHEM - ALL BY MYSELF -
?
NEW YORK TO SAN DIEGO
PERHAPS YOU HAVE HEARD OF ME, SIR - I AM J. WORTHINGTON BLIMP - THE FAMOUS BICYCLE RIDER? AHEM - HUM -
NO - NEVUH DID - I'M JUPITER JONES, THU NOTED FENCER, FIGHTAH, ADVENTUR- -AH, AN' GENTLEMAN OF FO'TUNE!
EVUH HEARD O ME?
NEW YORK TO SAN DIEGO
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?
HM — NOTED FENCER, FIGHTER, ADVENTURER, AND GENTLEMAN OF OF FORTUNE! - - AND HE DOESN'T EVEN SHAVE YET.
POOEY — LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING TO HAVE TROUBLE WITH THE LAD!
NEW YORK TO SAN DIEG
SHELDON MAYER

The TINKER TWINS at PENN POINT

HEH! HEH!

YEP, FLEA- PA SAID WE WOULD GET ALONG SWELL HERE AT PENN POINT IF WE JUST KEPT OUT OF TROUBLE

YOU BET

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SAY, I GOTTA WAY TO BURN UP THOSE TWO PLEBES - THEY'VE BEEN HAVING IT TOO SOFT, THOSE TINKER TWINS

YEAH? YOU MEAN THE GOAT, DUNK?

PENN POINT

TA-DA-DA- DA- DA- DA- DA- DA- DA-

THERE'S TAPS HOOTY - JUMP IN BED QUICK. WE GOT TO OBEY THE RULES

WE'VE BEEN HERE THREE WEEKS NOW AND WE HAVENT BROKEN A RULE. I BET WHEN WE GET THROUGH HERE, WE'LL BE GENERALS ALMOST, FLEA!

YEAH - THERE IS NO USE IN BREAKING RULES. YOU COULDN'T DO IT IN AN ARMY - HUH HOOTY? IF WE GIT GOOD MARKS, PA SAYS WE'LL GIT A BIGGER ALLOWANCE

WE GOT IT PUDGE - NOW LETS GET OUT AND LIFT IT IN - LUCKY I THOUGHT ABOUT GETTIN' THESE OATS IN THE STABLE -- BOYS, THOSE PLEBES WILL GIT A SURPRISE!

SNIFF!

TH- THAT'S THE STUFF - EDDIE! NOW YOU JUST G-GIVE-A-A HEAVE WITH Y-YOUR B.BACK AND I'LL PUSH H-HIM H-HARD (PUFF - PUFF) - HE OUGAT TO GO IN - READY?

PENN POINT 15 MILES

WHO DID IT?

BY JOE ARCHIBALD

JUST ANOTHER COUPLA YARDS AN' WE'LL BE ALL SET—SH—H—H—

41

THIS WILL BE A PANIC!

43

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Z-Z-Z Z-Z-Z Z-Z-Z

39

CRASH! MA-A-A-A-A! BAT

FLEA—FLEA—WAKE UP!—SOMETHIN'S IN HERE!!! —H-E-EY— OH—WHERE'S THAT LIGHT??—

UG-GLUB— H-HUH— WHA-A-A?

LOOK OUT FLEA!! SOMETHIN' HIT ME JUST WHEN I SNAPPED THE LIGHT ON! WHAT IS IT?—GIT OUT OF THE WAY!!

GULP!

BAM!

WHAT'S GOING ON IN HERE?? WHY—YOU—!!

OOF!

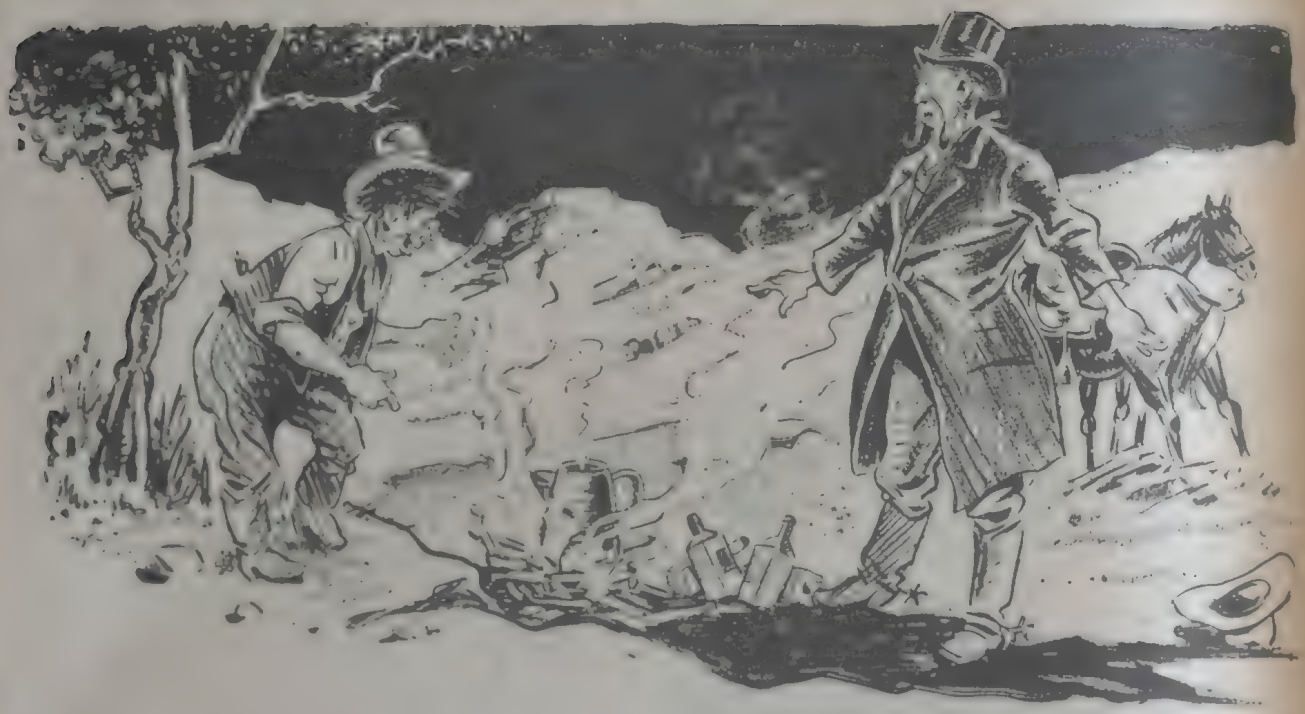
FIGHTIN'—HUH? AFTER TAPS! THE TINKER TWINS! I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT IF I HADN'T SEEN WITH MY OWN EYES! REPORT TO ME IN THE MORNING!

YESSIR!

YESSIR!

CONTINUED

Sawbones, C. O. D.



By JOE ARCHIBALD

They Were Just A Pair of Saddle-Tramps and They Chewed the Dust of the Powder River Range. Yes, Those Two Old Favorites of the Cattle Country Are With Us Again.

A PAIR of tired looking hombres, astride even more tired broncs, stopped at a crossroad in Powder River County and squinted at an old wooden sign that hung drunkenly from a big cottonwood. The taller of the dust-caked duo slipped from his horse and stretched his gangly frame. Under the wispy mustache which looked like a pair of inverted Texas steer horns his mouth formed a great capital O and a long sigh of weariness issued therefrom.

"Jimminy-Gee,' yuh li'l wart," he drawled at his companion, "ain't yuh read that yet? What does it say huh?"

Alfred "Wishbone" Watters slipped to the ground and eyed his tall companion with pronounced disgust. "Yuh long drink of snake oil," he clipped, "yuh better figger out a way tuh stampede yore hookworm. We ain't no longer gents of leisure. Don't yore stummick keep tellin' yuh?" The bowlegged little man waddled over to the signpost. "It says here—Perdition—8 miles. A town of law abidin' gents, saddle tramps keep out. Uh—there's a notice on t'other side of this tree."

Walrus McGonigle's Adam's apple slipped up and down his scrawny neck like a bucket in a well. "Our names on it? Come on, yuh li'l whangdoodle, le's ride to another state. I wish them sheriffs would git parallelsis or somethin'. A elephant is plumb absent-minded next to them. We're bein' persecuted, that's what!"

"Shut up, yuh hunk of crowbait," Wishbone snapped. He began to read the printed message laboriously. "Lissen—Two hundred an' fifty dollars ree-ward fer the app——re—captcher of a gent by name of Dr. Midas Snagby, fake sawbones who sells medicine to cure hay fever. Information leadin' to said swindler's arrest gives the lucky gent two hundred and fifty dollars. Snagby is six feet four, has a mustache an' is skinny like a totem pole. Wears long black coat an' black iron hat. See Sheriff Pike Hogg in Perdition."

"H—Huh—waal, I shore feel easier," Walrus sighed with relief. Let's pilgrim. Maybe we kin captcher the cuss."

"An' starve 'fore we do it! Unless'n we git the hombre in the next twenty minutes, them ornery buzzards up there are goin' tuh peel what's left of our ribs. Haw-w-w-w. captcher the cuss! Uh—er—say, you answer that description, yuh big gimbazoo!"

"Don't say whut yuh're thinkin', yuh li'l sidewinder!" Walrus McGonigle choked out. "Every time yuh git an idea, I kin feel hemp scrapin' my gullet. Adios, Wishbone Watter. I reckon we'll be seein' each other sometime ag'in."

"Pilgrim, yuh skinny coyote, an' I start tellin' the sheriff in Perdition about that hawse yuh stole."

"I was scalded an' got the wrong bronc," Walrus gulped, eyes bulging. "Yuh know that I was innercent, yuh—I—"

"Sit down," grinned Wishbone

and he spat a stream of brown saliva at a crawling bug, completely deluging it. "Yuh're Dr. Midas Snagby, sabe? We git a long black coat an' iron hat from the cawpse rustler in Perdition. He sleeps plumb sound, Epitaph Primm does. Then we git some bottles an' make up a mess of medicine an' label same. I take yuh intuh Perdition an' I says 'Here's the varmint, Sheriff! Do yore duty.' I git the reward dinero an' then I figger a way tuh let you outo the calaboose. I giss I ain't smart, huh?"

"Yuh druv me to it," Walrus spluttered and pulled his sixgun. Wishbone leaped and straddled the gangly ranny, hooking his curved props about the lean short ribs like a pair of ice tongs.

"Ongrateful, huh? I figger a way tuh insure us from workin' at menial labor like nursin' moo cows an' look how yuh ack. Yuh'd oughta be ashamed. Waal, if yuh want tuh git hung fer hawse stealin'—"

"Awright," Walrus growled, "but, dang yuh, I'll haunt yuh fer the rest of yore days if yuh don't git me outa the jail, yuh mothet li'l dogie."

"Why I am yore friend, ain't I?" Wishbone grinned.

"I shore would hate like the deuce tuh have yuh fer an enemy," Walrus moaned. He shook Wishbone loose from his skinny frame. "Reckon I'll even risk a rope tuh git me a bushel of ham an' aigs under my belt pronto. Yep. Waal. what do we do next?"

"We got tuh wait ontil it's dark," opined Wishbone. "Then we sneak intuh Perdition. I figger we kin find a lot of empty bottles out in back of the Blue Chip Saloon an' we kin make labels out of some old writin' paper I got in my saddle bag. Le's git off the trail now an' rest."

"I could eat a hawse," groaned Walrus as the two waddies stumbled into a thicket. "I—whoa thar! Stop yore stampin', yuh danged four-legged washboard!"

"Haw-w-w-w-w!" the bowlegged man enthused. "That bronc understands yuh. Reckon we eat 'fore mawnin'. Mebbe not tuhgether as yuh'll be a guest of the sheriff. but—"

"I don't know why I let yuh live. yuh sawed-off, hooked-laiged banty," Walrus ululated. "Danged if I ain't plumb hoodooed. That sawbones couldn't have been bowlaiged an' stumpy like a bunch of mesquite. could he? Nope! Dang it. I was born under the wors' sign of the horrorscope, I bet. Mebbe yuh'll git shot though trin' tuh git me out the the jug, yuh wart. Haw-w-w-w!"

Night ambled in. Wishbone bit off a fresh chunk of weed and got up. "Come on, dang yuh, stop moanin'," he shot at Walrus McConigle.

"Man I'm hongry," the skinny cowpoke protested, "if I swallered a pebble, yuh could hear it hit bottom . Lead on, yuh li'l coyote!"

UNDER cover of darkness the two mismated range wanderers slipped into Perdition. Wishbone tied his horse to a rack in front of a general merchandise emporium and motioned to his pard. Sounds of revelry came from the Blue Chip thirst palace as the scheming pair headed for a small frame building marked—**EPITAPH PRIMM — UNDERTAKER.** They skirted the corner of it, came to a back door. Wishbone knocked. Walrus drew his forty-five.

"Just a li'l tap now, don't fergit," Wishbone warned. "Yuh might kill the cuss."

"Dang it, I ain't got strength enough tuh mash a fly, yuh li'l gimbazoo."

"Stop talkin' yuh danged o' fool. Somebody's comin'."

The hinges of the door squeaked. It swung open and a long, cadaverous face peered out into the dusk. Epitaph Primm's head began to jut out then like a turtle's. Wishbone wondered if there were no end to his neck.

"Evenin'," the bowlegged little man said. "How much are yore funerals?"

"Come in, gents!" chuckled Epitaph, rubbing his hands, "Fer twenty dollars yuh kin have paddin' put in the box an'—"

Kerwhop! The corpse rustler of Perdition sighed deeply and lay down as if he had become very weary. The waddies dragged him into his wikiup and secured him fast with rope. They slipped out a few seconds later with the desired apparel, bundled under Wishbone's arm.

"Tuh the saloon nex'." the little waddy tossed out. "Foller me."

"Reckon there ain't nothin' else fer me tuh do," the tall cowpoke gulped. "Dang it, I might as well hang as die from starvation, yep. But I got a feelin'—"

In back of the saloon the rummaging waddies found six empty square bottles. Hurriedly they crammed the bottles into their pockets and ran for their broncs. They did not pull up on the leather straps until they were well into the geological hash five miles from Perdition.

"Whew-w-w-w!" breathed Wishbone. "That was fas' work. Now, yuh scarecrow, we got tuh make medicine. Git some weeds an' some water an' soak it fer a spell. It ought tuh taste an' look like mos' any medicine them sawbones give yuh."

For ten minutes after they had built a fire the two wandered about yanking up villainous looking plants. After they had garnered an armful they stacked the heap close to the burning brushwood. Walrus produced a coffee pot from his saddle bag and went down to a little stream to scoop up water. The next procedure was to cram the weeds into the pot of boiling water and brew them. The operation monopolized the better part of an hour.

"Smells awful," snorted Walrus. "Phew-w-w! I bet that'd kill even a rattler if it drunk some."

"Stop sittin' there doin' nothin'," Wishbone barked at him. "Start fillin' up them bottles. The quicker yuh do the quicker we git vittles in our stummicks."

"An' the quicker I git to jail! Dang yuh, I got a good mind tuh back out. Yep. I refuse tuh—"

"I'll comb what's left of the ha'r on your scalp with a six-gun if yuh don't stir them beanpole laigs, yuh whangdoodle!"

WALRUS chewed viciously on the last plug and went to work. The bottles filled and duly labeled by Wishbone, Walrus donned the undertaker's long black coat and iron hat. Wishbone burst out into guffaws of mirth.

"Judasamighty, yuh look awful," he gasped.

"I feel gravel hittin' me in the face with this scenery on," the skinny man groaned. "Hurry up, let's git it over. I'll eat jest once 'fore I git shot or hung, I hope. Dang yuh! But it'll be wuth it. Jest think—bacon sizzlin' in a pan. Ham steak an' fried pertaters."

"Shet up or I'll shoot yuh!" Wishbone yipped. "Git ontuh your bronc! I'm takin' yuh in, Doc Snagby. Haw-w-w-w!"

Perdition's citizens poured out of the buildings on Main Street as Wishbone Watters herded Walrus McConigle alias Midas Snagby toward the sheriff's office.

"I got the cuss!" the bowlegged man yipped. "Found 'im out in the hills tryin' tuh sell them slopes of his'n tuh a Mex shepherd. Whar's the sheriff?"

"Here I be," a sawed-off little hombre squeaked. "So yuh got 'im, stranger, huh? That's him all right. Said he'd cure my hay fever. Soaked

me ten dollars for a bottle of that stuff of his'n. Miracle Brew he called it. Haw-w-w-w! Waal, hello Doc. I hope yuh like our jail. Right this way, yep."

Inside of two minutes Walrus was sitting on the hard bench in the Perdition calaboose. Outside the Wishbone Watters was receiving two hundred and fifty dollars in legar tender. Six bottles of alleged hay fever medicine stood on the lawman's desk as evidence.

"Thank yuh," chuckled Wishbone. "Reckon I'll be in the feed palace if yuh want me. See yuh later. Let this be a lesson tuh you, Doc!" he shot through the bars at Walrus.

"Dang yuh!" the skinny man bellowed. "Git me that grub yuh promised. Yuh batted-down hunk of crowbait. Yuh said—"

"Huh?" rasped the sheriff.

"Wh-Why—er—huh," Wishbone explained stutteringly, "the Doc is hongry. I said I'd see he got fed an'—haw-w-w-w!"

"I'll git him some bread an' water," the arm of Perdition's law chuckled. Then he whipped out a square bottle from his pocket and took a long pull. "Ah-h-h-h-h-h!" he enthused.

Walrus licked his lips and stamped his boots.

"Waal, Doc," Wishbone said with a wink, "I'll be seein' yuh."

"I'll git hunk, dang yuh!" stormed the prisoner. "You wait, yuh bow-lagged—!"

Just then a skinny hombre with little or no chin came running into the sheriff's office waving a letter at the lawman.

"Jest come in!" he yipped. "From Jackpine."

The sheriff ripped it open. Three lines he read, then yanked out a gun.

"Stop that li'l cuss," he yowled. "That bowlegged swindler! Doc Snagby just got caught over in Jackpine this mawnin'. Git him!"

Walrus' lower jaw dropped. Apprehension gnawed at his solar plexus. His long mustache sagged dejectedly, the ends almost scraping his insteps. "Jingoneddy!" he groaned. "I knowed it. I never should've lissened tuh the li'l jackrabbitt! Oh-h-h-h!"

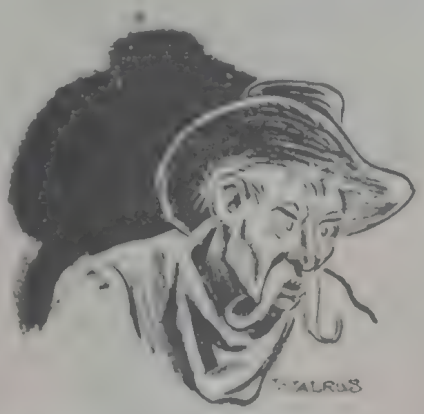
APPARENTLY Wishbone was desperate. A shot rang out. A bullet singed the ear of the sheriff as he started through the door. A dull thump sounded out in the street.

"We got 'im, Pike," somebody yelled. "Come an' git 'im!"

In a very few moments Wishbone Watters was sitting on the bench beside Walrus.

"Haw-w-w-w-w!" the skinny man guffawed. "See me later, will yuh? Goin' tuh the feed palace, huh? Smart ain't yuh? Waal, I reckon I'll hang easy knowin' yuh'll be on the end of the other rope, Ha-w—!"

"Swindlers, huh?" the sheriff yelped between sneezes. It was hay fever season and the pollen of many types of vegetation was being wafted across the western landscape. "Waal, give me back that dinero,



dang yuh! Hand it over, yuh li'l coyote! Framed it all up tuh git the reward an' then yuh was goin' tuh bust youre skinny pardner out of jail!"

Reluctantly Wishbone withdrew his sudden, albeit dishonestly acquired fortune from his pocket and handed it through the bars.

"Nothin' tried, nothin' got," he sighed and hunkered down in a corner.

"Gimme a gun," howled Walrus to the sheriff. "I'll promise I won't shoot yuh. I'm goin' tuh salivate this [illegible]"

Sheriff Pike Hogg, however, was more interested in his bottle. He took a big swig, sneezed most of it out, then took another pull. He sneezed again and set the bottle down.

"Dang this hay fever, dang it!" he sniffed and wiped his eyes with a bandanna big enough to make a tent fly. His fingers groped for the bottle again.

WISHBONE WATTER'S head snapped up. The sheriff had raised the wrong bottle. He started to yell a warning, then clamped his teeth shut.

"Mebbe it'll give him convulsions an' we kin escape," he muttered.

"Huh?" snapped Walrus. "What did yuh say, smart aleck?"

"Nothin'." grinned Wishbone. He watched Pike Hogg take a deep draught of the weed liquor. The wearer of the tin star did not blink. In fact he smacked his lips.

"By jupiter," he grinned, "reckon that whiskey is shore gittin' better all the time." He took another swig, pocketed the bottle and rose to go. "See yuh in the mawnin', gents. Give yuh a trial, too, mebbe. Adios!" He went out and slammed the big door. A heavy key rasped in the lock.

"Look what yuh went an' done," groaned Walrus. "Look at where we are, huh? Of all the no'count empty-haided sage hens I ever did see, yuh're—" He got up and went to the barred window. "Hey! Yuh fergot tuh feed us. Come back hyar, yuh ol' coot! We know our rights."

"I wonder what jail we'll go tuh," speculated Wishbone. "Danged if I want tuh go tuh Yuma. There's a gent in there that I don' like. I heerd they feed poor in Deer Lodge."

"Menshun grub jus' once more," howled Walrus, "jus' once! I'll break this bench over yore scalp, yuh pair of human ice tongs."

"Shet up!" Wishbone spat. "I got tuh think.

"Haw-w-w-w! Then scratch the seat of yore pants an' it'll help stir yore brain. If I ever git outa this calaboose, I'll ride so fer from yuh that it'll take twenty years fer tuh git a post card to yuh even if a antelope carries it. My Maw warned me 'bout gittin' intuh the wrong company but I was smart—yep—I have seed the error of my ways."

THE night seemed as long as an Eskimo winter to the empty cowpokes. Walrus took his belt in another notch as the pink rays of dawn seeped in through the barred window.

"One more hitch breaks me in two," he moaned. "Lookit! I look like a wasp."

"I could tell yuh just what yuh look like, yuh big snooted totem pole," snapped Wishbone. "But I'm too weak tuh swear."

The sheriff walked in then, face split by a grin that moved his ears far back.

"Good mornin' friends," he greeted the prisoners. "Jest wait ontil I opens up the lock an' shakes yore hands."

"He's ready fer a loco lodge," Wishbone whispered. "Or stiff scalded."

"Come on out," Pike Hogg yipped. Let's go down an' git ourselves some ham an' aigs. How did yuh discover it, huh? Dang it, I'm shore sorry I locked yuh up but mistakes'll happen, yep. Heh heh, first time I ever drunk anythin' what stampeded hay fever. Woke up this mawnin' an' felt like a [illegible]. Didn' sneeze oncet. Shake, gents. Le's fergit bygones, huh?"

"Shore," Wishbone grinned. "But, uh, huh what's got intuh you, Sheriff? Ain't yuh takin' us tuh jail?"

"Huh? Lock up the gent what kin make hay fever medicine like that? Las' night I happened to pick up the wrong bottle' an' this mawnin' I sees it on the table near 'tuh my bed. An' dang it fer the first time in weeks my haid don't feel like it was stuck up with cactus inside. How do yuh make it, huh? Fer the recipes I hands out

that two hundred an' fifty dollars back."

"Why—er—huh, it's a secret," grinned Wishbone. "Reckon I kin write it down fer yuh if yuh'll gimme a piece of paper."

"Lissen—I'm goin' tuh the feed palace pronto!" Walrus howled. I'll see yuh locoed varmints later Ma-a-a-an, I kin smell that ham cookin' from here. Adios!"

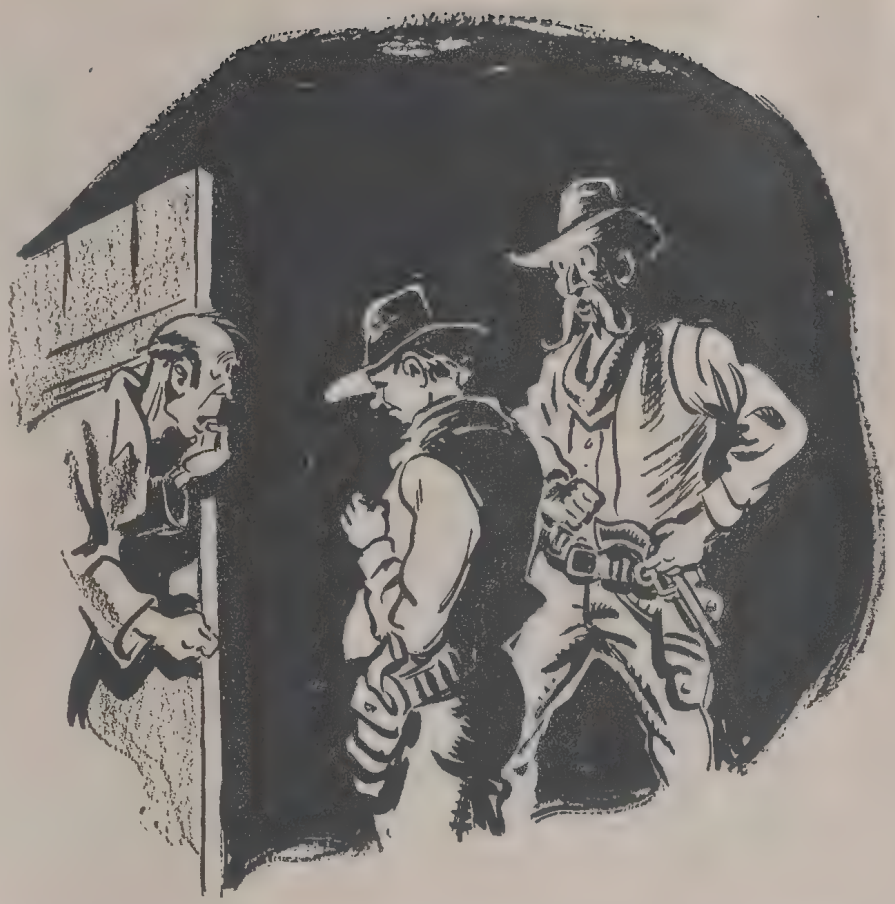
An hour later, gastronomic desires well sated, two hundred and fifty dollars, less the cost of their meals in their jeans, Walrus and Wishbone headed for the hills.

"Yuh said yuh'd give him that recipee," Walrus sniffed. "How could yuh know the names of them weeds? I only sabed one—soapweed."

"I made up the names," Wishbone said complacently. "I reckon we'd better not pilgrim through this county ag'in fer a hundred years. If that sheriff gits pizened after the first stock gives out—haw-w-w!"

"Yep — haw-w-w-w-w!" echoed Walrus. "Reckon we ain't smart, huh? Look over yonder at them poor cusses nursin' moo cows. Reckon a gent has tuh have brains tuh live without workin' huh?"

"Or ride with one as has," Wishbone shot out and forked his bronc toward a boulder-strewn flat.



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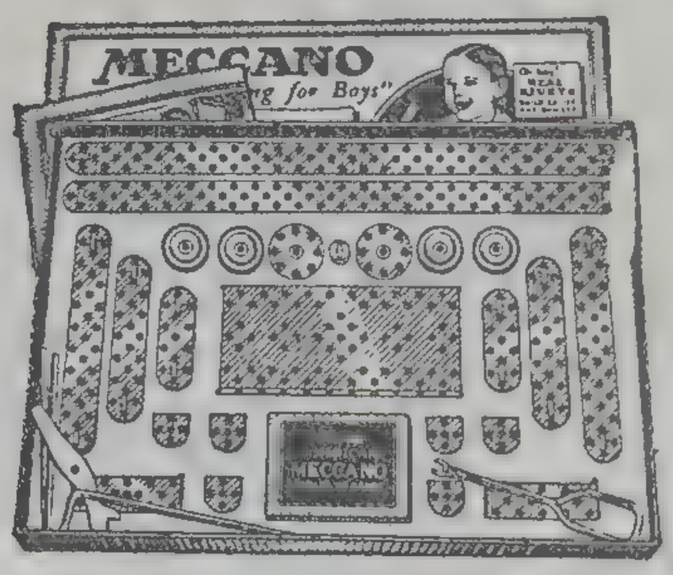

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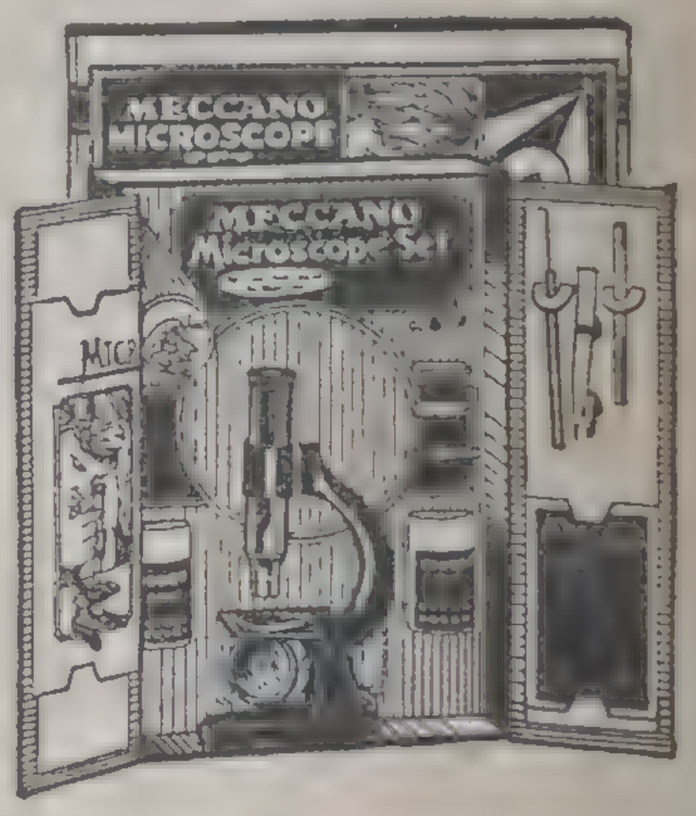
No. 2001 Magic Set

Six tricks with instruction booklet included. Size 12½"x8¾"x1⅛". Price 25c Postpaid.

No. 00 Chemistry Set

Equipment for performing simple Chemistry experiments. Manual included listing 33 different experiments. Size 10⅛"x8¾"x1⅛". Price 25c. Postpaid.

No. 1050 Outfit. Contains assortment of parts permitting construction of over 50 models. Features new snap rivet and wider strips in colors. Manual included. Size 12⅜"x8¾"x⅝". Price 50c Complete, Postpaid.



No. 100 Microscope Set. Contains 200-power microscope with tilting device and spring clip to hold slides; adjustable mirror, slides, dissecting needle, tweezers, specimen collectors, slide covers and manual. Size 9½"x6¾" (open 9⅝"x2¾"). Price only $1.00, postpaid.

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IT'S MAGIC

By ANDRINI, THE GREAT

WITH this first issue of **NEW COMICS**, attention, you readers who are fascinated by the mysteries the enchantments of Magic. I, Andrini the Great, who have followed in the footsteps of the Master Magicians of all times, will describe, in this magazine alone, some of the tricks that have baffled thousands. Each month I shall tell you first, the effect that you can create by a magic puzzler; and then exactly what must be done in order to perform this trick yourself.

Remember, these are not mere second-rate or fourth-rate tricks—they have been known to all the great magicians. And, though the circle of magicians is a closed one, I shall share with you some of their great secrets. If you will save each copy of **NEW COMICS**, you will eventually have for your own a knowledge that hitherto has been possessed only by the wizards of the world in their secret places.

I will now reveal the first trick of the series, which is known as

THE MYSTIC TEN CARD TRICK

This is a magic puzzler.

Effect. Ten playing cards are placed face down in a row on the table. The performer, standing with his back to the table and audience, tells some one to move a number of cards from the left to the right. The performer does not know the number of cards moved. When this has been done, the performer turns around, picks up a card and shows its face. The number of spots on the card tells the number of cards that were moved.

Secret of the Trick. Ten cards are used, from the ace to the ten spot. Start by placing the ace to the left, and the other cards in rotation up to and including the ten spot. In other words, from one to ten. Any number of cards may be moved from left to right. The performer has only to pick up the last card at the right of the row and its spots will tell the number moved. Performer puts this card back and turns around again asking some one else to move some cards from left to right. This time he adds one to the number of cards previously moved, and counts that many from the right where he again turns up a card.

An Example. You have ten cards, one to ten, in a row. Move three cards from left to right of row, then pick up last card and it will be a three spot. This proves that you have moved three cards. Now more cards are moved from left to right while your back is turned. All you have to do is to remember how many cards were moved by the first person (three cards in all). Add one to the three and you will have four. The next card you turn up must be the fourth from the right end of the row. This will also tell you the number of cards moved. You must always add cards previously moved plus one.

Note. In moving the cards from left to right, they must all be moved together and not be disarranged. In other words, if three cards are moved, the numbers one, two and three must all be moved together so that number one will be put next to number ten card on the right-hand side; then number two will be next, and number three will now be the last card in the row on the right-hand side.

This trick can be repeated as many times as you wish so long as you keep in mind how many cards have been moved.

THE MESMERIZED BALL

This trick was invented by a Chinese magician many many years ago, and puzzled and mystified many of our most famous and well-known magicians. The Chinese kept the secret of this marvelous trick to themselves for many years. Now, I am going to tell you just what the effect of this trick is.

Effect. A golf ball (or wooden ball) is laid on the dinner table. The performer makes a few mysterious passes over the ball and commands it to roll slowly across the table from one end to the other. He may pick it up several times and hand it out to the audience for examination to prove that there are no attachments connected in any way with the ball.

I performed this trick at a banquet not so long ago and it created more amazement than any that I performed that evening. It was termed a miracle by the audience. Not one person detected or even guessed just how I controlled the ball without even touching it. Although it seemed to be a miracle, it is very easy and simple to do.

I will reveal the secret and workings of this clever trick in the next issue of **NEW COMICS.** It will be the regret of your lifetime if you fail to get the magazine and see how this is performed.

THE HOUSE OF MAGIC

Featuring thousands of tricks and joker novelties from the four corners of the globe.

SIBERIAN TRANSPORT CHAIN. Performer makes sensational escape two seconds after his wrists are securely chained and locked. **Price 50 cents.**

FAMOUS DIME AND PENNY TRICK. The dime disappears while in plain view. Suitable for many other effects. It is a wonderful pocket trick. **Price 50 cents.**

PROF. ANDREEN'S MARVELOUS MEMORY STUNT. The performer apparently memorizes hundreds of numbers running into the hundred thousands. Very interesting and easy to do. **Price 15 cents.**

HINDU CONES. Three cones all alike. Article hidden under one, instantly detected. **Price 25 cents.**

IMP BOTTLE. You cannot make this little bottle lay down unless you know the secret. **Price 10 cents.**

CHINESE RING ILLUSION. A very clever pocket trick. Causes coins to appear and disappear at will. **Price 10 cents.**

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Send a three-cent stamp for list of tricks and joker novelties.

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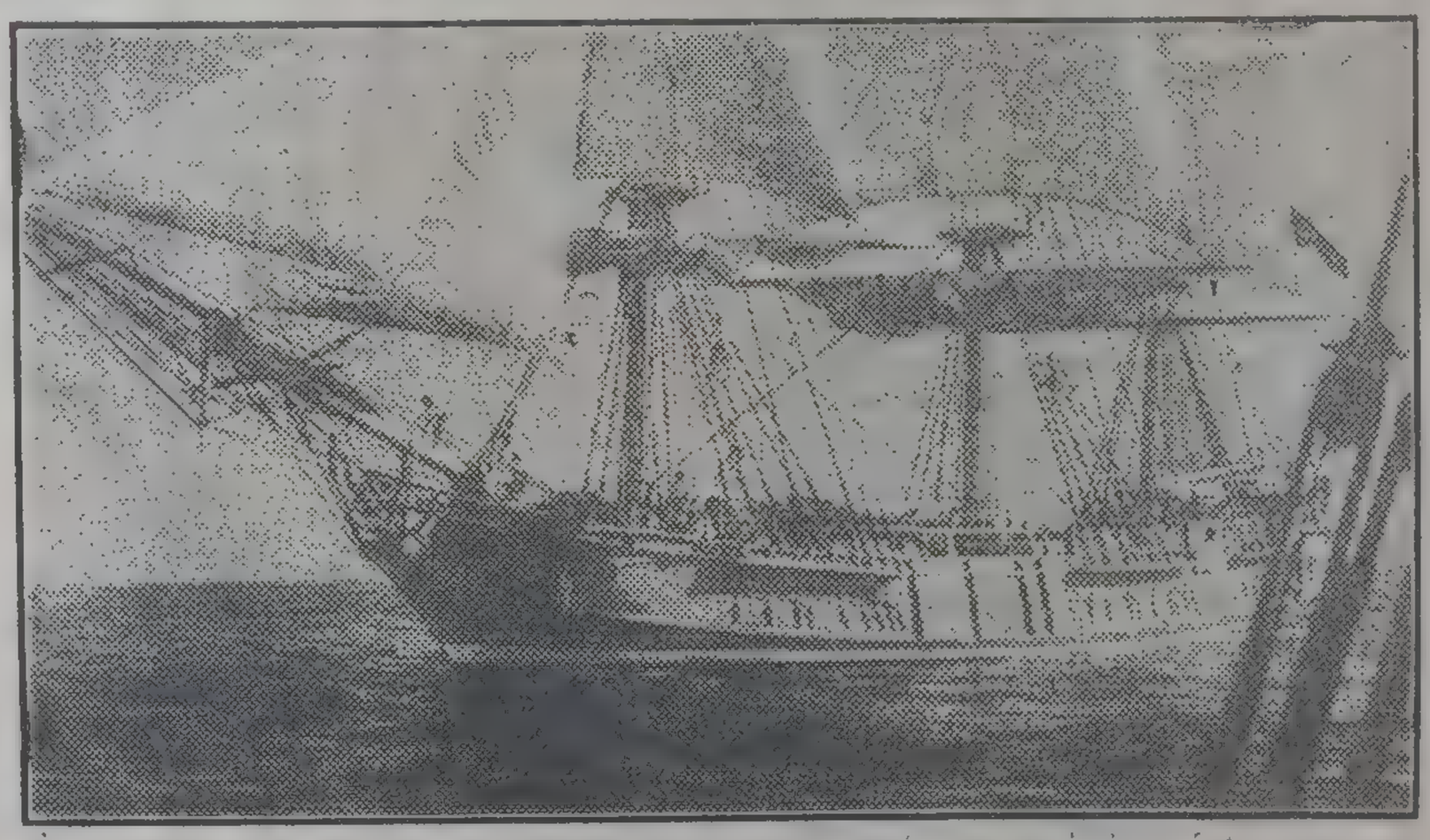
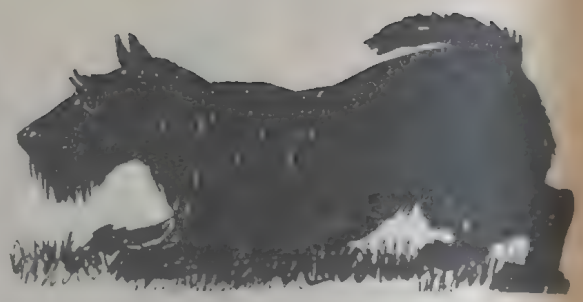


Old Sailing Vessel in Metro's "Mutiny on the Bounty"

PETEY THE PUP
by CONSTANCE NAAR



A Story of the Wintry Day and the Real Young Readers . . . Pictures by the Author

CAROLS FOR CHRISTMAS

IT WAS only three days more till Christmas and Petey the Pup was making furry little tracks in the snow. Jimmy came running out of Cuddle-the-House with his arms full of tinsel and a basket full of candy canes.

"Come on, Petey," he cried. "We're going down the road to sing Christmas carols." And holding up the tinsel so it wouldn't drag in the snow, he ran through the swinging green gate. Petey the Pup frisked along in front of him. Christmas time made Petey the Pup feel very cocky, and he held his ears high like a soldier carrying a flag.

Soon they came to the Cranky House with the cross-patch gate.

"Petey," whispered Jimmy, catching hold of his puppy's ear. "That's a cross old house. And once I saw the man who lives in it. I call him Tiger Man, 'cause he has long, cross whiskers, and he scowls just like the windows in his house."

Petey the Pup rumbled down in his throat. He would remember all that and come back later. Just now he had to follow Jimmy, and Jimmy was scurring on down the road to the brook.

"Lazy brook," thought Petey the Pup, "fast asleep in the day time, with the shiny white covers pulled up tight around him."

Petey the Pup tried to run up and down on the covers and wake the brook for Christmas carols. But out sprowled Petey's feet, and down on his stubby tail he slid.

"Come here, silly Petey," called Jimmy, who was standing near the twin bushes that grew beside the brook. The bushes waved all their little frozen fingers at Petey, "Come on, Petey" called Jimmy, "Let's sing."

SO ROUND and round the twin bushes marched Jimmy and Petey the Pup. And over and over they sang their Christmas song. Then around one bush Jimmy flung a rope of tinsel. And around the other bush Petey trailed a rope of tinsel.

"Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas," they called as they started back toward Cuddle-the-House. The twin bushes waved Merry Christmas till their stiff little fingers rattled.

Before long Petey caught sight of Cranky-House and he cocked up both ears and his stubby little tail. His puppy heart wasn't afraid of any house. With a short bark he flung himself against the cross-patch gate.

Cross-patch gate scowled. No little dog had ever dared to touch him before. Petey growled and pushed in to the gate again. Cross-patch gate scowled blacker than ever. Then cross-patch gate unlocked his arms.

and into the yard tumbled Petey the Pup, head over heels.

"Petey!" called Jimmy. "Petey, come back."

But Petey scampered up the path. Jimmy couldn't let him go on alone. Through cross-patch gate rushed Jimmy. Petey the Pup waited for him. Then they went up the path to Cranky-House together.

"Let's sing a Christmas carol," said Jimmy. "It isn't so scary when you sing.

Singing Christmas carols suited Petey. He didn't like the way Cranky-House windows glared at him. It wasn't friendly. Jimmy sang his loudest; Petey sang his loudest. It was beautiful singing, thought Petey the Pup. "Let's sing another one," he barked.

So they sang another one about merrie gentlemen. Petey didn't know it very well, but he filled in the pauses with short barks and long howls. Anything to make those window-eyes stop glaring so.

Suddenly a window in Cranky-House opened.

"It's the Tiger Man," whispered Jimmy, and he clutched the hair on Petey's back. Down came Petey's ears. Down came Petey's tail.

"WHAT'S all this noise?" shouted the Tiger Man.

"It isn't noise; it's—singing" said Jimmy in a very scared voice.

Tiger Man scowled, "Noise I call it—disgusting, shameful noise."

"No, sir—Chirstmas carols," declared Jimmy bravely. "We sang them to you.

Tiger Man had never had Christmas carols sung to him before. He stared at Jimmy and Petey the Pup. Jimmy wondered whether he would make them stay at his house forever and ever. No more Cuddle-the-House. No more Mummie. No more Daddy. Only Tiger Man and windows that glared and a cross-patch gate that scowled and locked you in. Such a lot of scariness to have to sing away. His feet felt as if they were fastened to the snow.

"Would you want us to sing Chirstmas carols to you all the time?" he asked Tiger Man.

Jimmy thought Tiger Man crinkled up his eyes. Petey the Pup thought Tiger Man's whiskers quivered. Jimmy drew a deep breath. Then he marched bodly up to Tiger Man.

"I brought you a candy can," he said politely. "It's for Christmas."

Jimmy smiled up at the astonished Tiger Man. Petey the Pup barked once, just to let Tiger Man know he was to protect Jimmy. Then Jimmy and Petey the Pup turned and ran fast as they could down the path and through the cross-patch gate.

"Here's some tinsel to wear for Christmas, Mr. Gate," said Jimmy quickly. And he flung a long shining rope of it around cross-patch gate.

The Tiger Man was still standing in the window of Cranky-House watching them. But Jimmy and Petey the Pup never looked back. They just scampered on up the road, feeling very, very brave. Petey the Pup cocked up his two ears and his stubby tail gain. "Let's sing," he barked. So up the road they went singing:

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel
Born is the King of Israel.

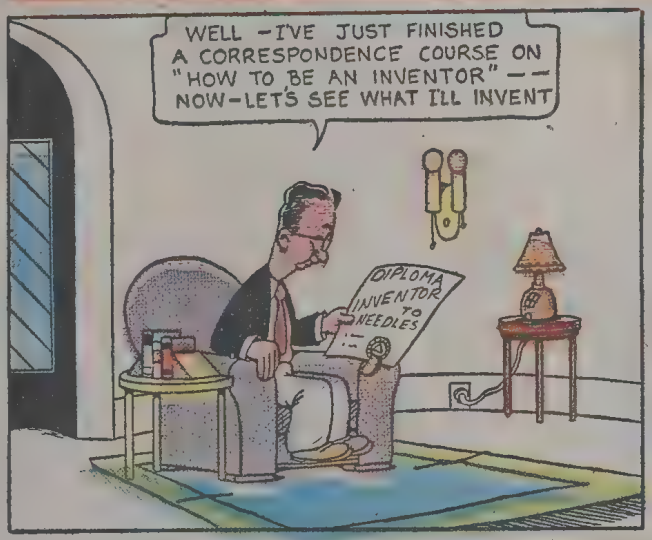
And there before them was Cuddle-the-House, smiling gayly in the winter sunlight.

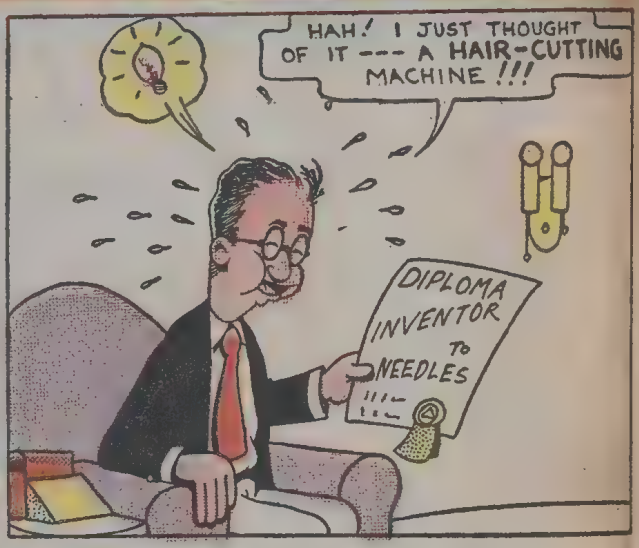
Petey the Pup frisked home through the snow. His puppy heart full of gladness.

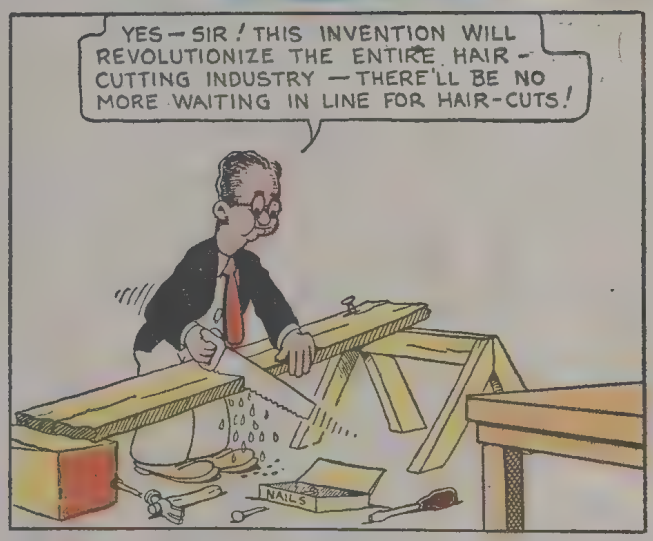
"NEEDLES"

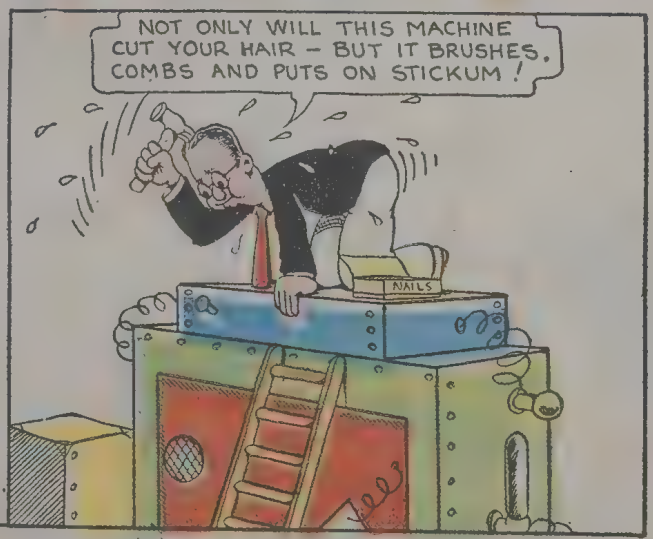
by AL STAHL

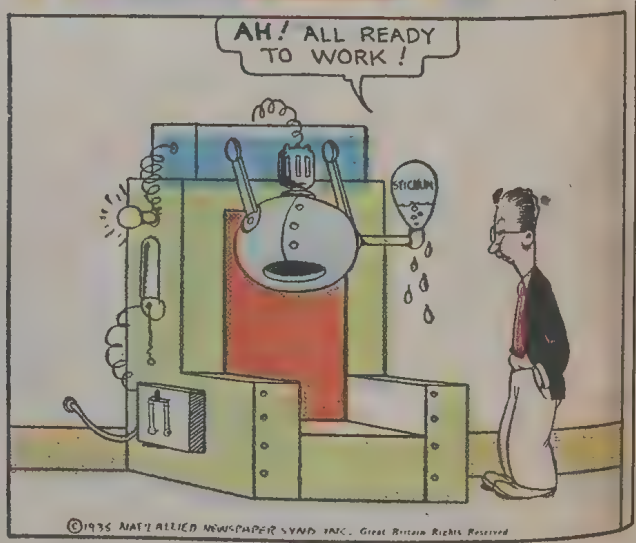
"NEEDLES" USES HIS NOODLE!


WELL - I'VE JUST FINISHED A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE ON "HOW TO BE AN INVENTOR" -- NOW - LET'S SEE WHAT I'LL INVENT
DIPLOMA INVENTOR TO NEEDLES




YES - SIR! THIS INVENTION WILL REVOLUTIONIZE THE ENTIRE HAIR-CUTTING INDUSTRY - THERE'LL BE NO MORE WAITING IN LINE FOR HAIR-CUTS!
NAILS





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AL STAHL

I'LL JUST SET THIS HOOD OVER MY HEAD-

STICKUM

I'TS WORKING LIKE A CHARM!

BUZ-Z

STICKUM

WHERE IN THE WORLD IS THAT SWITCH !!

STICKUM

HAH! I GOT IT!

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BOOM!

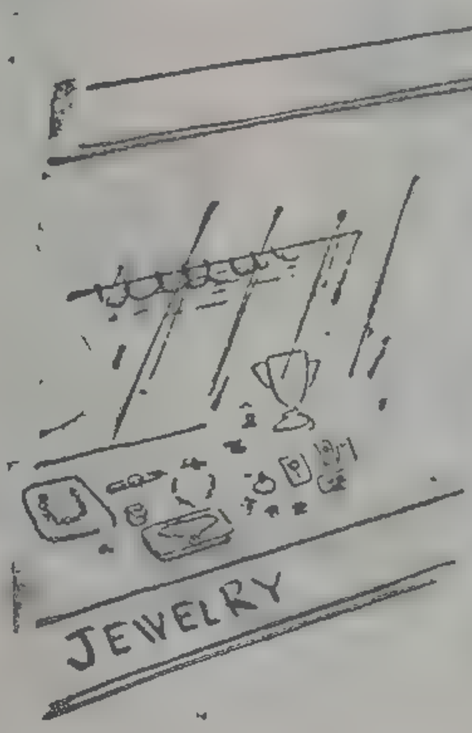
STICKUM

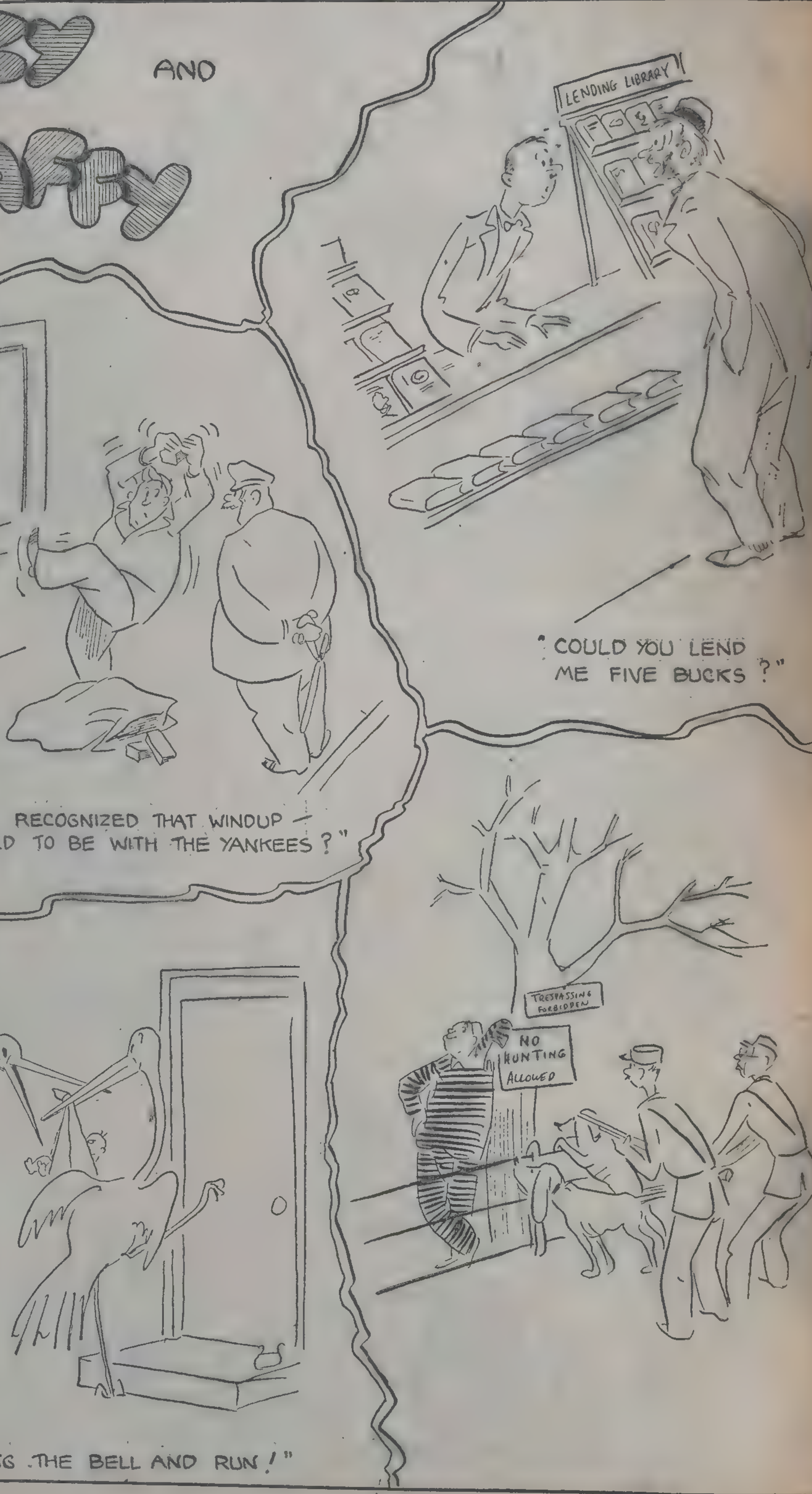
?

AL STAHL

DIZZY AND DAFFY

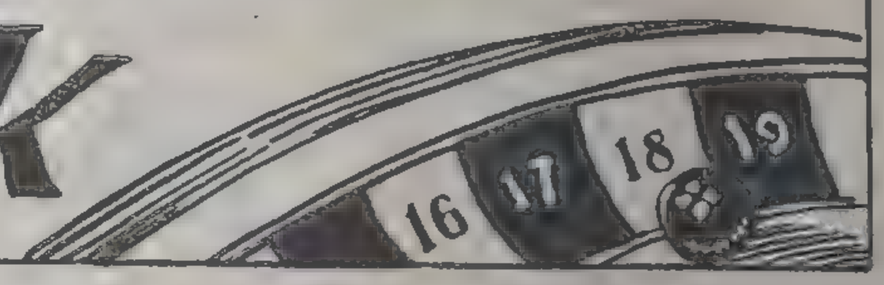
by BO BROWN




LENDING LIBRARY
"COULD YOU LEND ME FIVE BUCKS?"
"I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED THAT WINDUP — DIDN'T YOU USED TO BE WITH THE YANKEES?"
TRESPASSING FORBIDDEN
NO HUNTING ALLOWED
"LETS JUST RING THE BELL AND RUN!"

17-20 - IN THE BLACK

By Billy Weston



THE STORY OF HOW JIM GALE ENDED HIS GAMBLING CAREER TO FOLLOW A MORE USEFULL LIFE --

YOUVE TAKEN ALL MY CASH - HOW ABOUT THIS FOR A STAKE?

O.K

JIM WINS THE PEARL NECKLACE, BUT-

WELL! THERE ARE OTHER WAYS O' GET-TIN' IT--

SORRY YOU DIDN'T HAVE BETTER LUCK—

FRISK HIM BOYS!

A FLIP OF A MYSTERIOUS HAND-AND-

THIS WAY MISTA GALE

THANKS VERY MUCH KIM, FOR SAVING MY LIFE. I HOPE YOU DIDNT KILL HIM?

ALEE LIGHT MISTA GALE ONLY WOUND ON ARM

WHAT NEW ADVENTURE WILL THE PEARLS LEAD TO -

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17-20 ON THE BLACK

BY BILLY WESTON

HAVING WON A PEARL NECK-LACE, ALMOST AT THE COST OF HIS LIFE, JIM GALE, IS SAVED BY A YOUNG ORIENTLE

THANKS AGAIN KIM!

MUST GO NOW MISTA GALE

WELL! THIS IS INTERESTING!

NEXT MORNING - -

17-20? WILL HAVE TO LOOK INTO THIS!

LOST- VALUABLE PEARL NECK-LACE. $1000. REWARD-NO QUESTIONS ASKED-APPLY - 17-20 CALIFORNIA ST.

17-20

KIM!

MISTA GALE!

TO JIM'S SURPRISE, HE FINDS KIM THE HOUSE BOY - - -

YOU HAVE THE PEARLS SIR?

YES!

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HERE THEY ARE LADY IN BLACK

OH! THANK YOU SIR! HERE IS A CHECK FOR $1000. – THE REWARD

NO MADAM! I'VE NEVER.. TAKEN A CENT FROM A WOMAN!

I HAVE IT! I'LL PLACE THE THOUSAND 17-20 – ON THE BLACK!

WHY DO YOU GAMBLE?

I DON'T KNOW MADAM – I GUESS I'VE ALWAYS DONE IT – BUT LET ME PLAY THIS ONCE?

IF IT IS THE LAST TIME YOU WILL EVER GAMBLE – ALRIGHT

SURE MISS! IF I WIN!

THAT EVENING

I DO HOPE HE WINS!

Tom Cooper

LATE THAT NIGHT—! SEE NEXT ISSUE!

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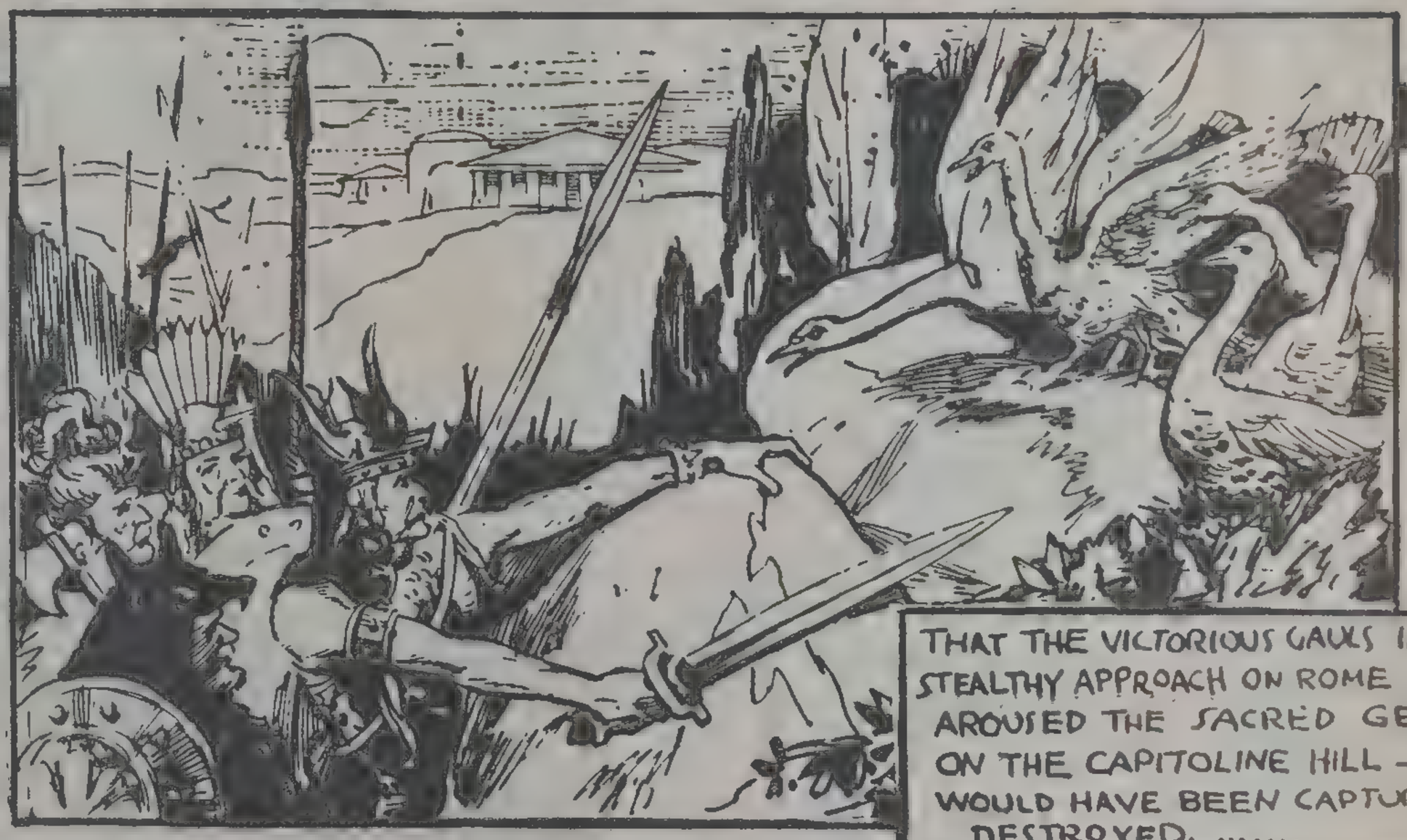
JUST SUPPOSE..



THAT THE VICTORIOUS GAULS IN THEIR STEALTHY APPROACH ON ROME -HAD NOT AROUSED THE SACRED GEESE ON THE CAPITOLINE HILL - ROME WOULD HAVE BEEN CAPTURED AND DESTROYED. .....

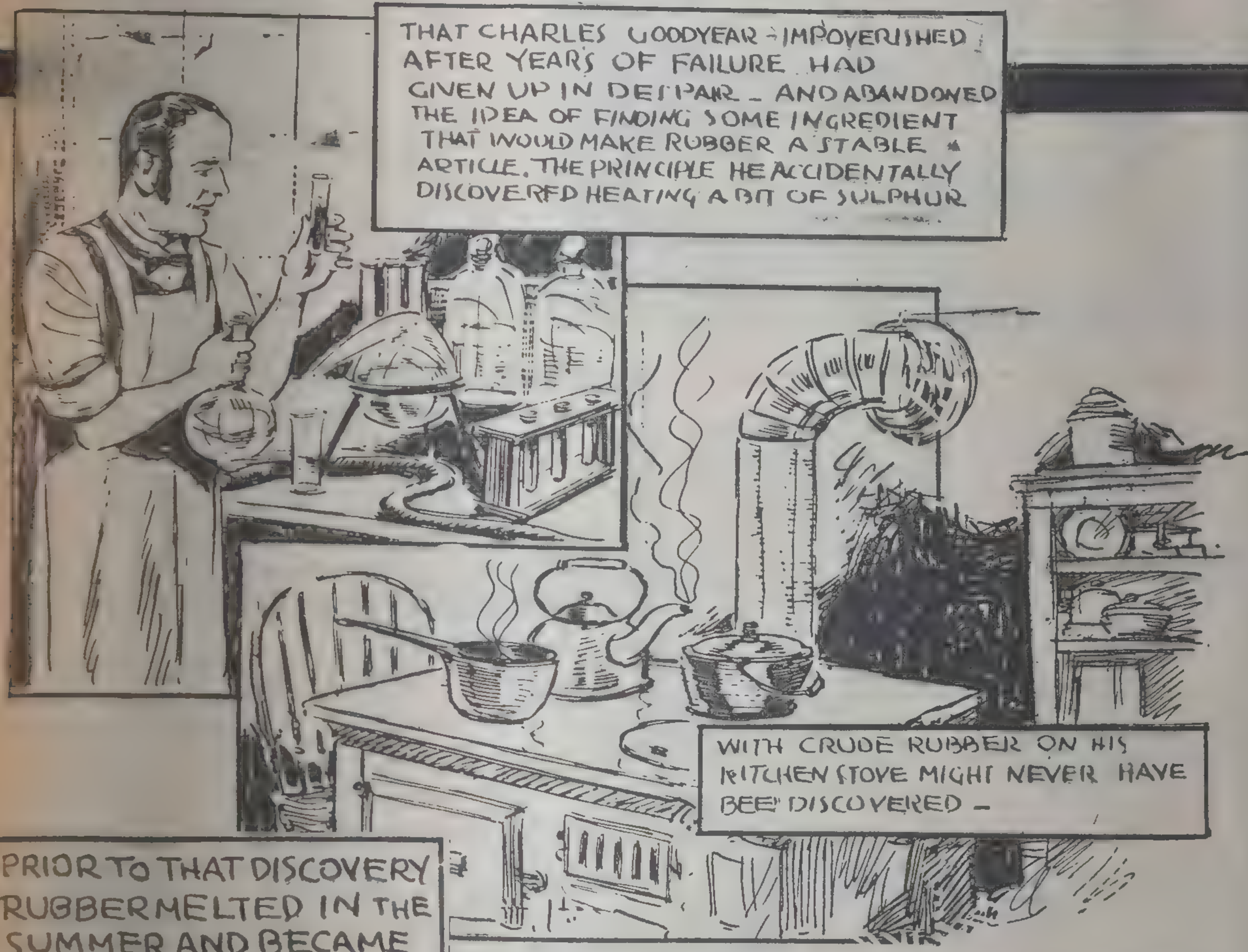
SHE COULD NEVER HAVE CONQUORED THE THEN KNOWN WORLD-AND SPREAD HER CIVILIZATION

THROUGHOUT EUROPE — AND WE SHOULD HAVE A DIFFERENT LEGAL CODE & CALENDAR

JAN. 1

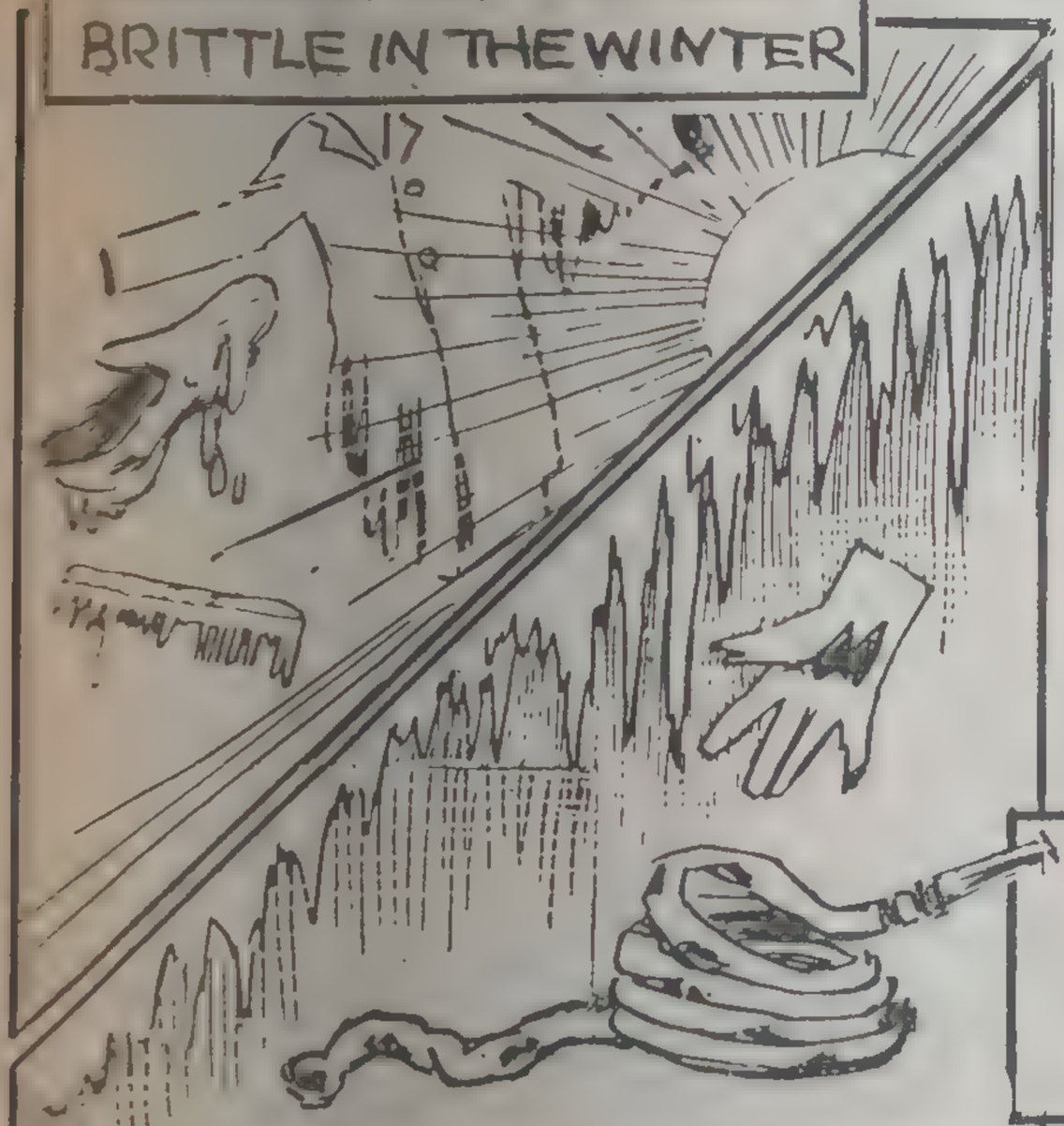
.....by H.C and A.D. KIEFER

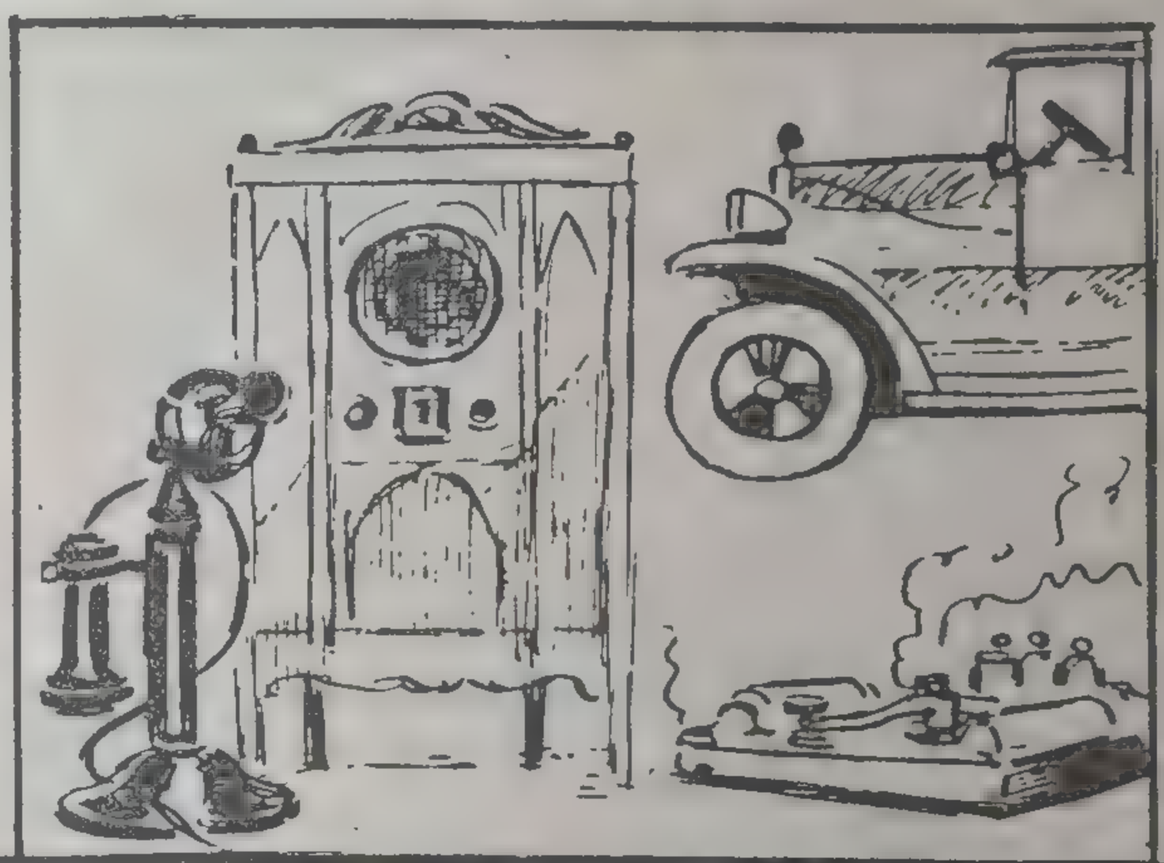
THAT CHARLES GOODYEAR IMPOVERISHED AFTER YEARS OF FAILURE HAD GIVEN UP IN DESPAIR - AND ABANDONED THE IDEA OF FINDING SOME INGREDIENT THAT WOULD MAKE RUBBER A STABLE ARTICLE. THE PRINCIPLE HE ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVERED HEATING A BIT OF SULPHUR



WITH CRUDE RUBBER ON HIS KITCHEN STOVE MIGHT NEVER HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED -

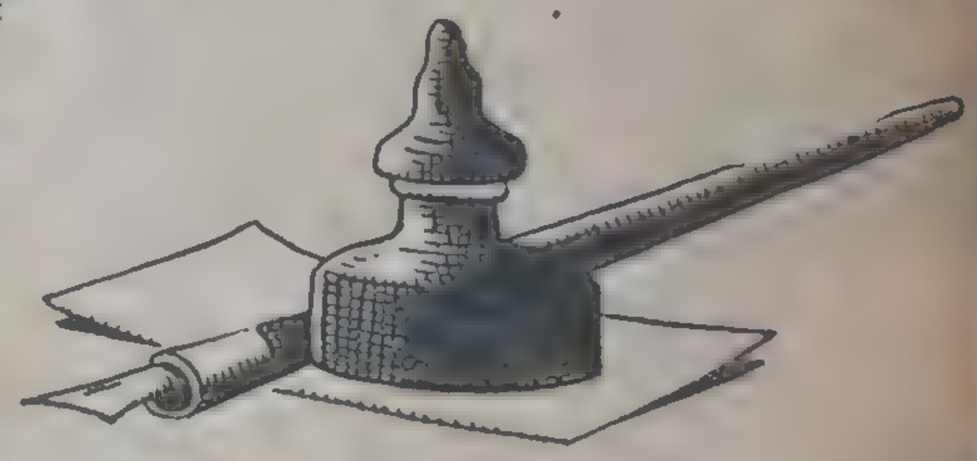
PRIOR TO THAT DISCOVERY RUBBER MELTED IN THE SUMMER AND BECAME BRITTLE IN THE WINTER





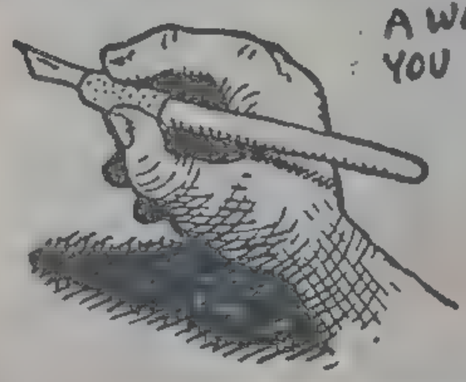
THEN SUCH GREAT INDUSTRIES AS THE AUTOMOBILE, RADIO, TELEPHONE ETC. WOULD HAVE BEEN HANDICAPPED OR IMPOSSIBLE FOR RUBBER IS THE BASIC INGREDIENT FOR ELECTRICAL INSULATION. ITS USES IN ALL FIELDS ARE INDISPESIBLE.

CARTOON CORNER



PEN LINES

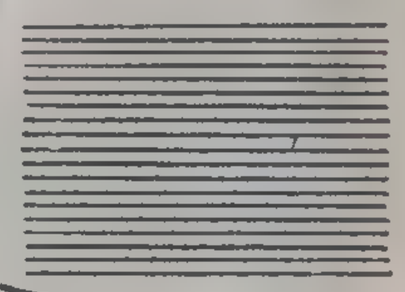
DEAR KIDS, HERE IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN HOW TO DRAW CARTOONS, WITH EVERY FORTH COMING ISSUE OF "NEW FUN" THERE WILL APPEAR A LESSON IN CARTOONING, DEPICTING THE VARIOUS TRICKS OF THE TRADE GETTING UP IDEAS, SELLING YOUR WORK, AND MANY OTHER HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS ABOUT THIS INTERESTING PROFESSION. SO GET OUT YOUR PENCIL, INK AND PAPER AND COMMENCE WITH THIS FIRST LESSON—

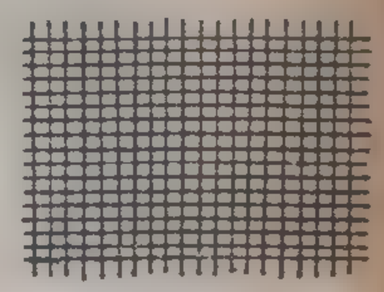


HOLD YOUR PEN IN A WAY WHICH WILL ENABLE YOU TO DRAW IN A FREE AND EASY MANNER

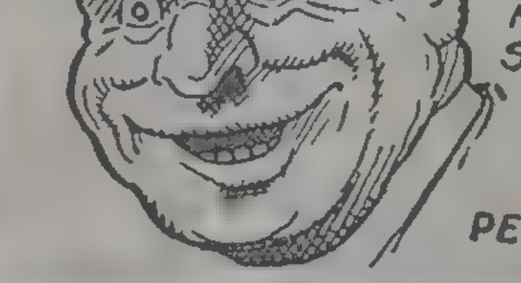
LESSON I

-STANLEY-





THESE ARE THE LINES MOSTLY USED IN CARTOONING—PRACTICE THEM MANY TIMES WITH PEN AND INK.



FIRST MAKE PENCIL SKETCH OF PICTURE YOU HAVE IN MIND

THEN GO OVER PENCIL LINES WITH PEN AND INK

AN IDEAL DRAWING FOR YOUR PRACTICE WORK. NOTICE HOW LINES ARE DRAWN TO FORM SHADOW ON THE GROUND

DRAW YOUR SKETCH TWICE AS LARGE AS IT APPEARS IN PRINT-

SUGGESTIONS

ALWAYS USE A JET BLACK WATERPROOF INK-
FOR LINE-WORK, USE GILLOTTS NO. 170, 303 OR 404 PENS-
FOR SOLID BLACKS, USE A CAMEL HAIR BRUSH-
ERASE ALL PENCIL LINES AFTER YOU HAVE INKED IN YOUR SKETCH.
INK YOUR DRAWINGS BY STARTING AT TOP OF THE PAPER, AND WORKING DOWN TO THE BOTTOM.

THE PIXIE PUZZLE ADVENTURES

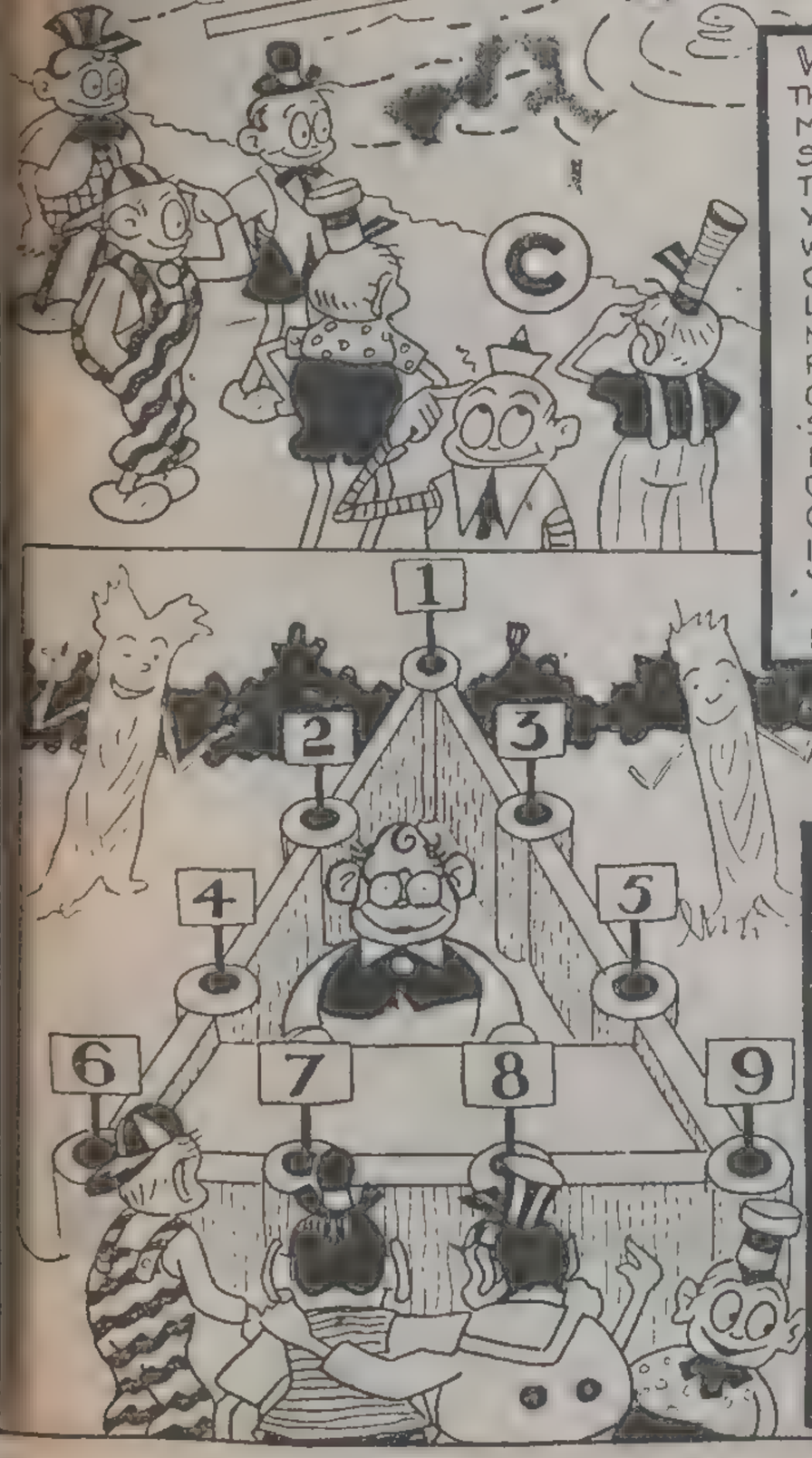
By Matt Curzon

No 1

WHERE ARE THE PIXIES FLYING TO? TO FIND OUT, START WITH A CERTAIN LETTER. THEN SELECT EVERY SECOND LETTER UNTIL YOU ARE BACK AT THE STARTIN POINT IF YOU START WITH THE CORRECT LETTER AND PROCEED IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION THE LETTERS YOU PICK OUT WILL SPELL THE NAME OF THEIR DESTINATION

No. 2

WHEN THE PIXIES REACHED THEIR DESTINATION THEY WERE MET BY AN OLD MAN WHO SAID 'BEFORE I WILL OPEN THE GATES FOR YOU SHRIMPS YOU MUST MAKE A BRIDGE WITH THE THREE BOARDS TO CROSS THE RIVER. BUT THE LENGTH OF THE BOARDS DOES NOT COVER THE WIDTH OF THE RIVER" — PLACE THREE CORKS OR OTHER OBJECTS IN THE SAME DISTANCE AS IN ILLUSTRATION A-B-C. THEN CUT OUT THREE BOARDS FROM CARDBOARD THE SAME SIZE AS IN ILLUSTRATION - NOW SEE IF YOU CAN ARRANGE THE THREE BOARDS ON A-B-C TO FORM A BRIDGE I SMELL WOOD BURNING!



No. 3

WHEN THE OLD MAN OPENED THE GATES FOR THE PIXIES THEY WERE FIRST GIVEN A SPELLING TEST—PUNKY TOOK THE RIFLE AND HIS PROBLEM WAS TO SHOOT OFF ONE MAN AT A TIME SO THAT IT STILL LEAVES A WHOLE WORD EVERY TIME A MAN IS SHOT DOWN - THERE WERE SEVEN WORDS IN ALL - HOW DID HE DO IT?

No. 4

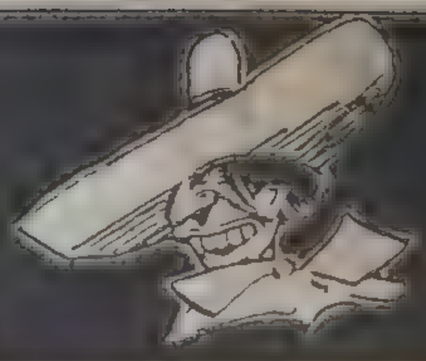
AFTER THE PIXIES PROVED THEY ARE GOOD SPELLERS THEY WERE CONFRONTED WITH A MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM. THE MAN IN THE TRIANGLE SAID- "IF YOU REARRANGE THE LETTERS FROM 1 TO 9 IN THE THREE ROWS, IN SUCH A WAY THAT IT ADDS UP TO 17 IN EVERY ROW - EACH ONE WILL GET AN ICE CREAM POP

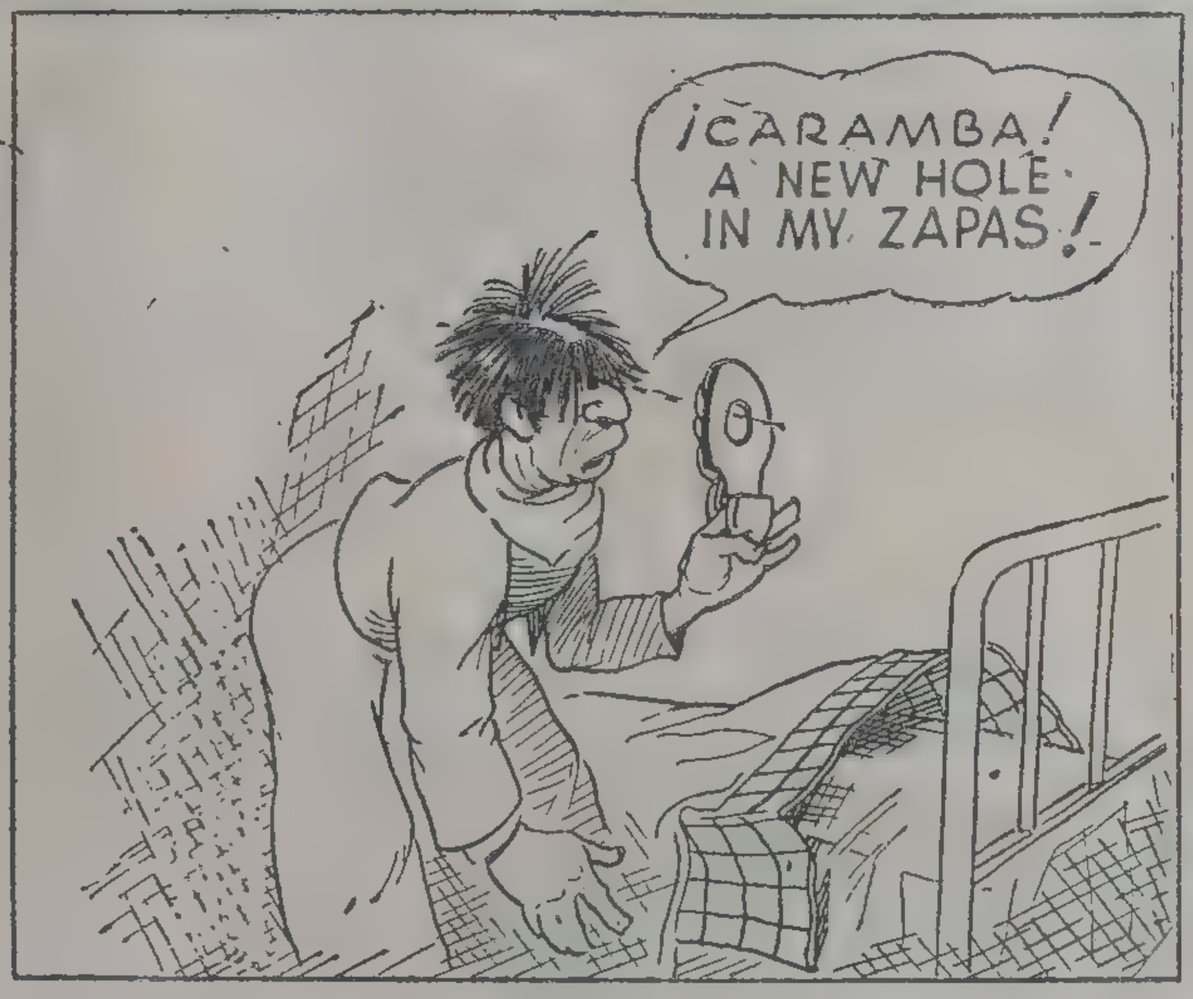
No. 5

OH BOY! THE ICE CREAM TASTED GOOD. ON THEIR WAY BACK TO THE AEROPLANE THEY MET A PIEMAN WHO SAID: THERE ARE EIGHT OF YOU PINKIES HERE AND I HAVE TWO PIES - YOU WILL HAVE TO CUT EACH PIE IN FOUR EQUAL PARTS SO THAT EACH PART SHOULD HAVE TWO STRAWBERRIES. DID THE PIXIES SOLVE IT? HA HA YOU MAKE ME LAUGH!

CHIKKO CHAKKO

by ELLIS EDWARDS





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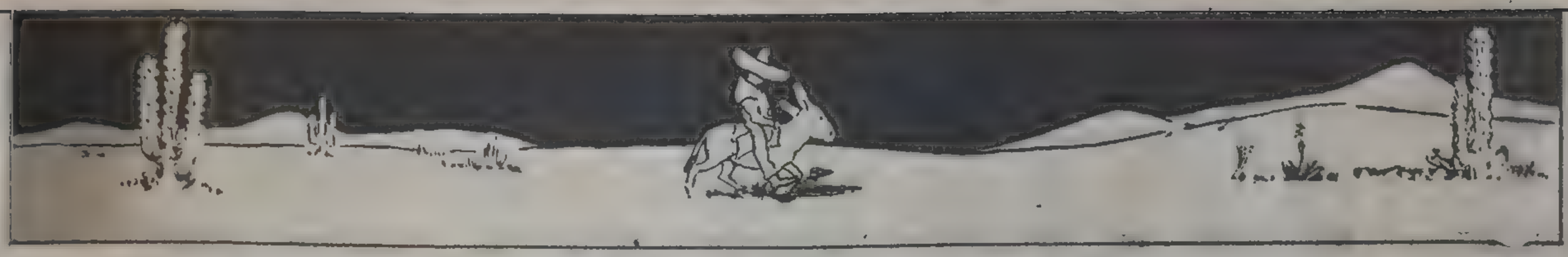

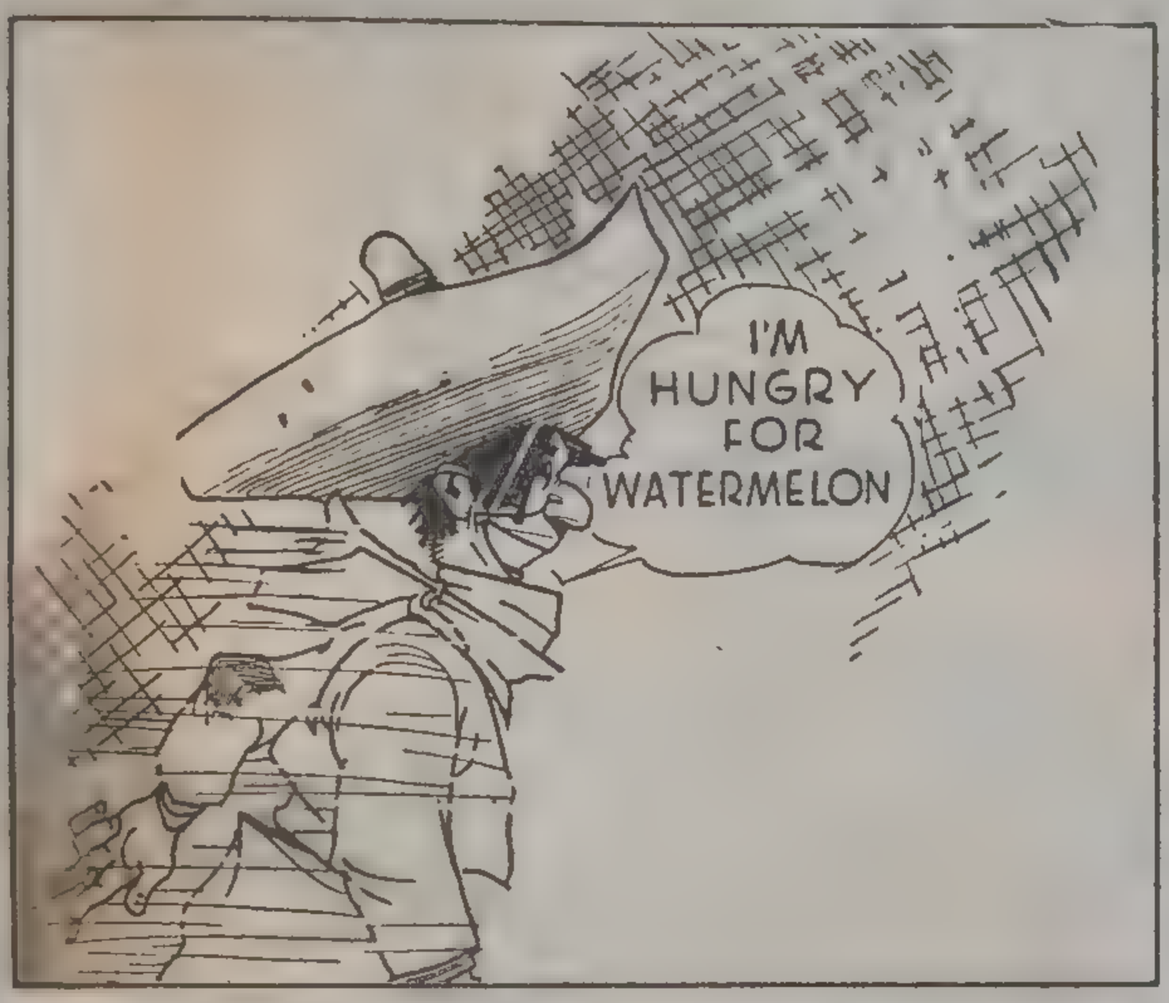

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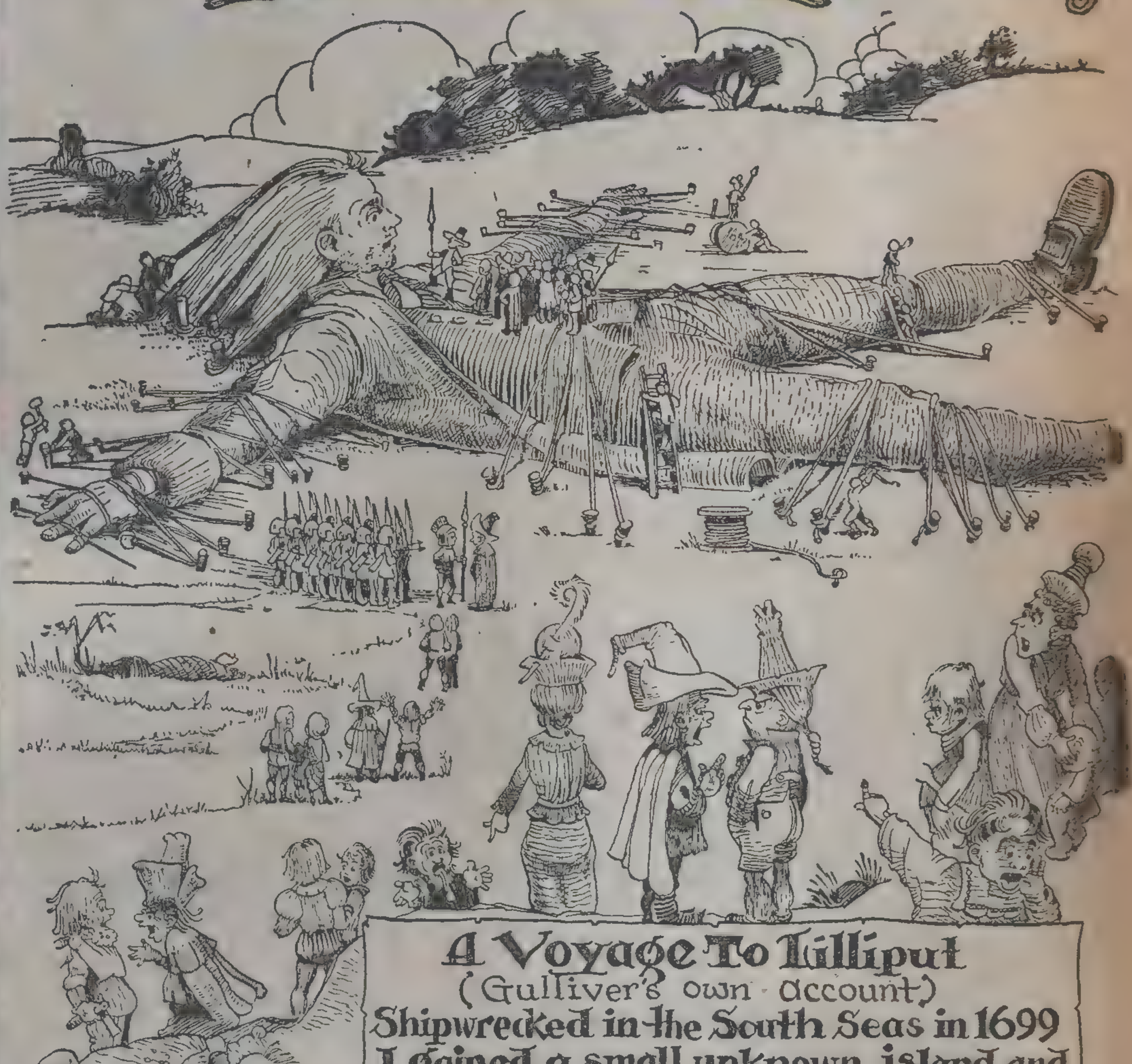
Gulliver's

Originally Related By Jonathan Swift



A Voyage To Lilliput

(Gulliver's own account)

Shipwrecked in the South Seas in 1699 I gained a small unknown island and fell into a deep sleep, utterly weary. I awakened at daybreak to find myself bound to the ground by slender ligatures. In astonishment I beheld a score of tiny humans on my chest!

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Travels

Illustrated By Walter C. Kaulay

Keeping me bound fast, the creatures slung me to a long, low carriage which I later learned was for the transportation of trees and Men-of-War. Over 500 carpenters, engineers and 900 laborers were needed for this project. I then discovered that they wished to take me to their Village but were puzzled with the problem of housing me.

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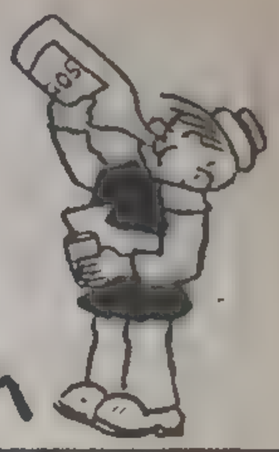
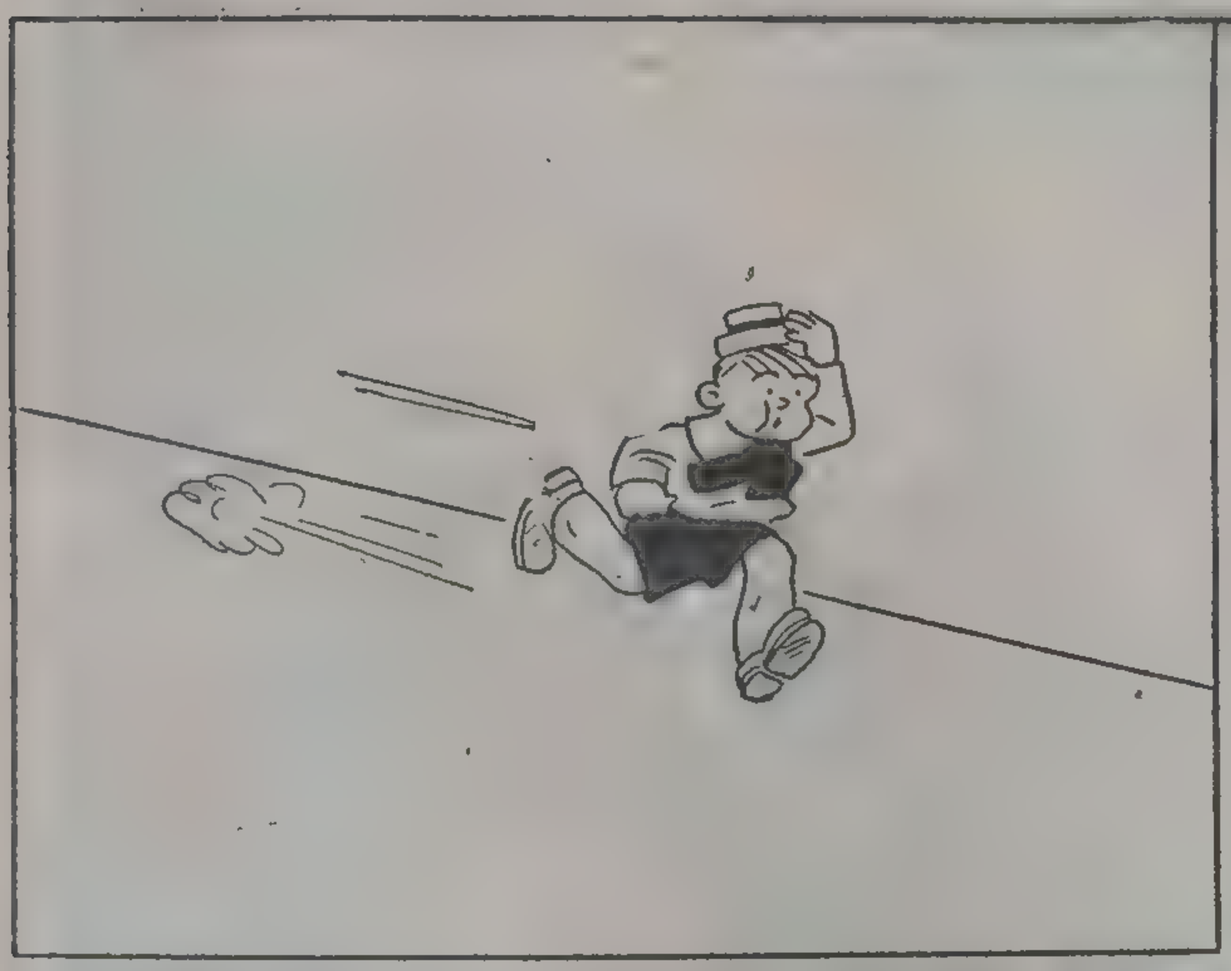
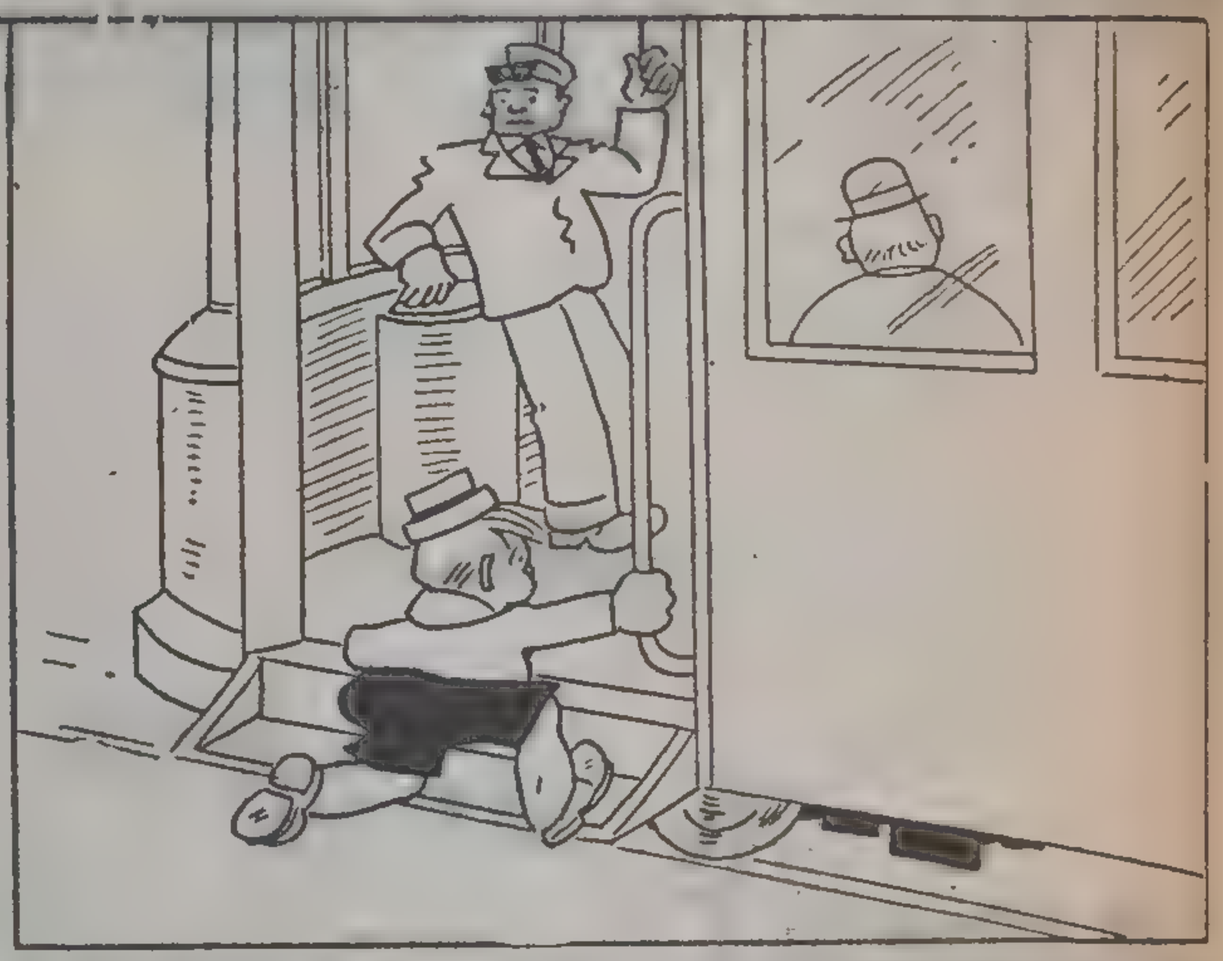
FREDDIE BELL

HE MEANS WELL

by Matt Curzon







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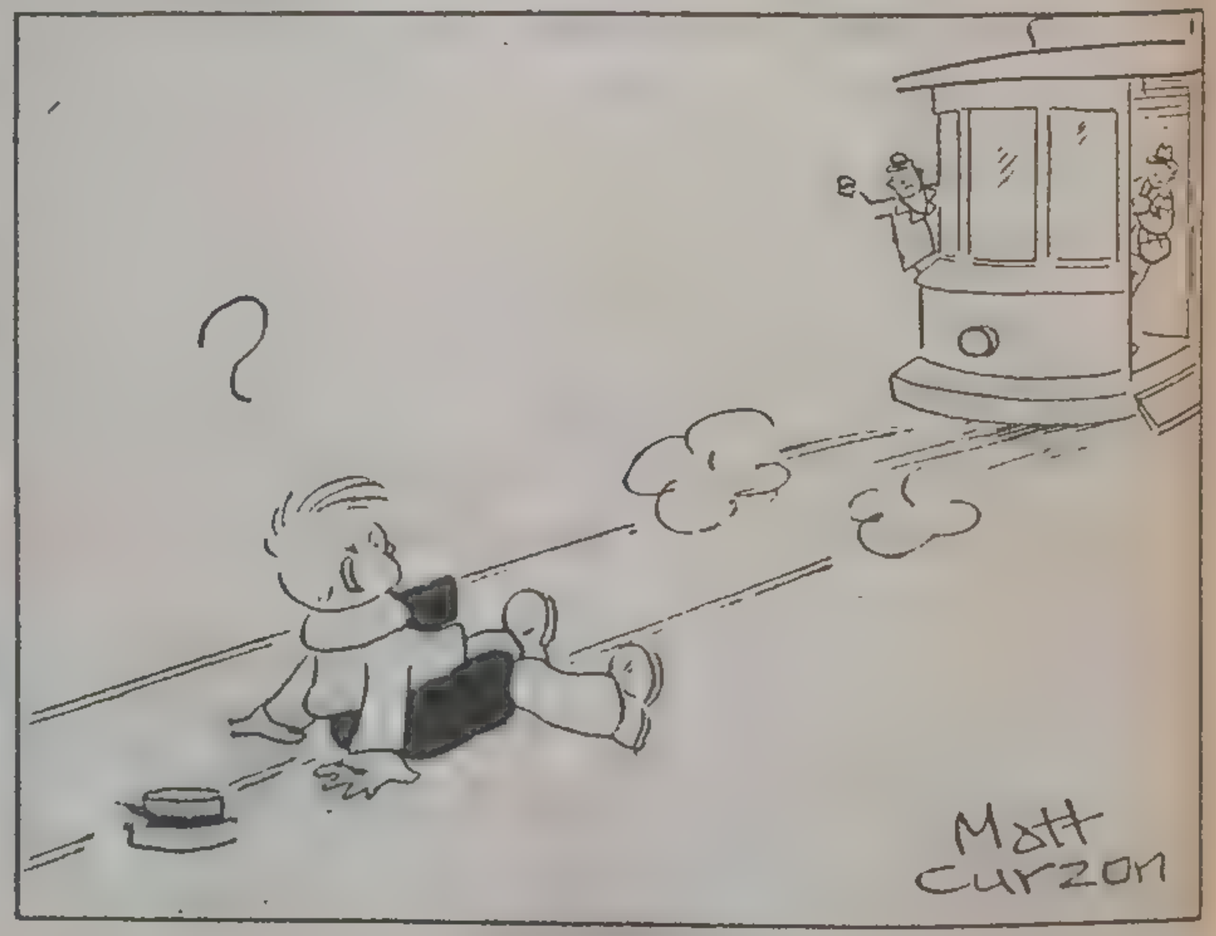

WHOOPS "

HELP ME LITTLE MAN!

?

YOU LITTLE SCALLYWAG!

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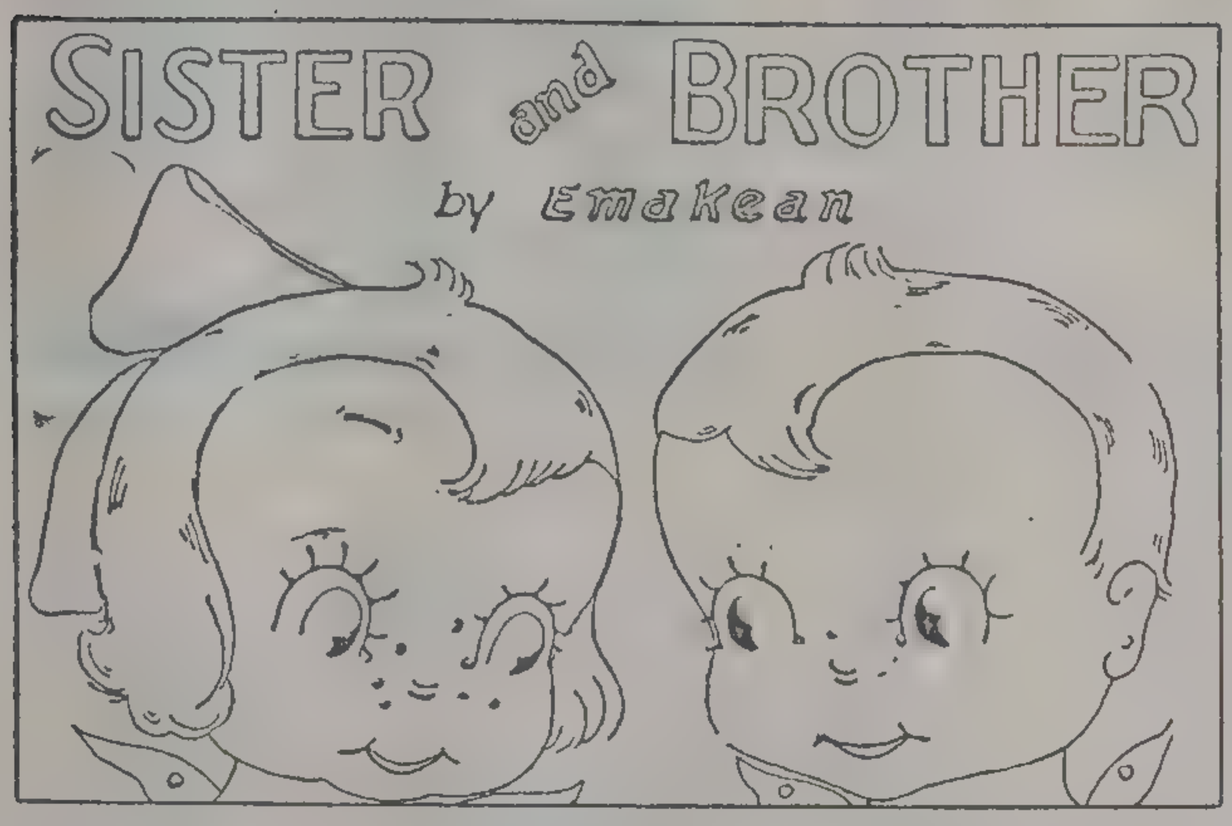
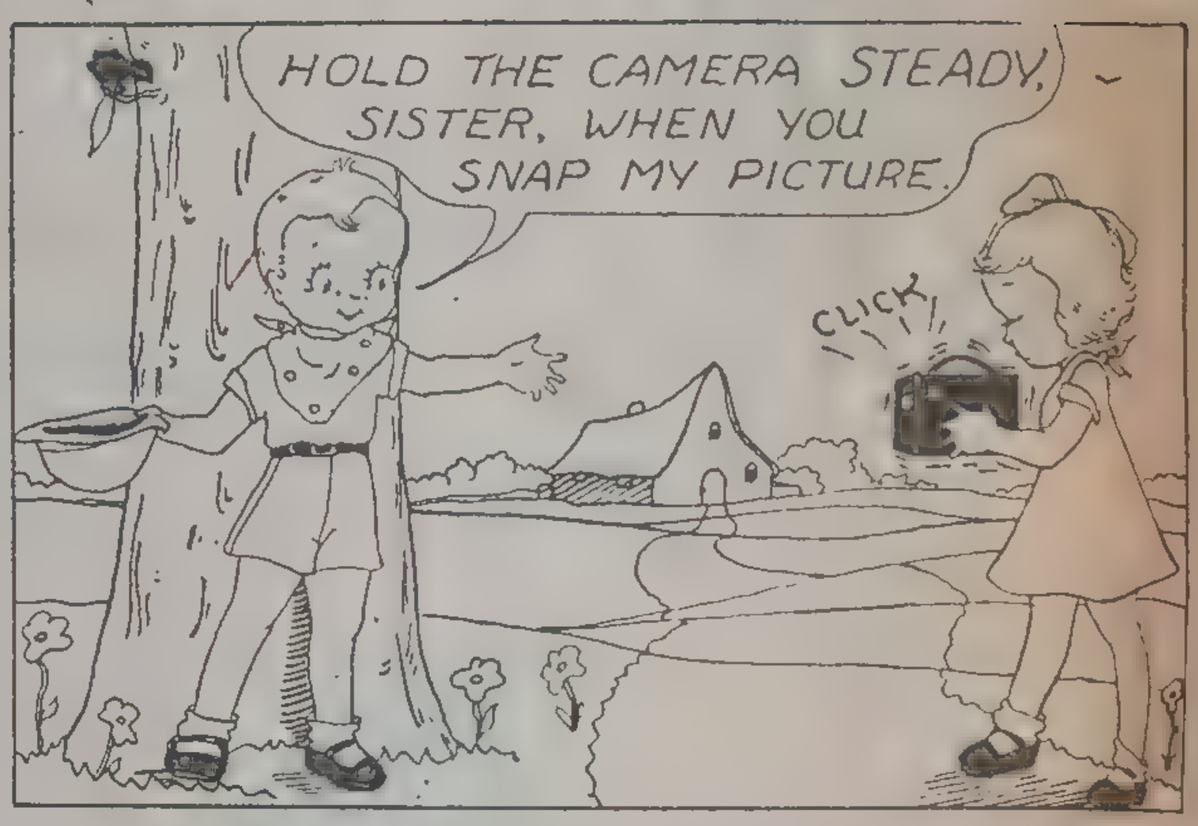
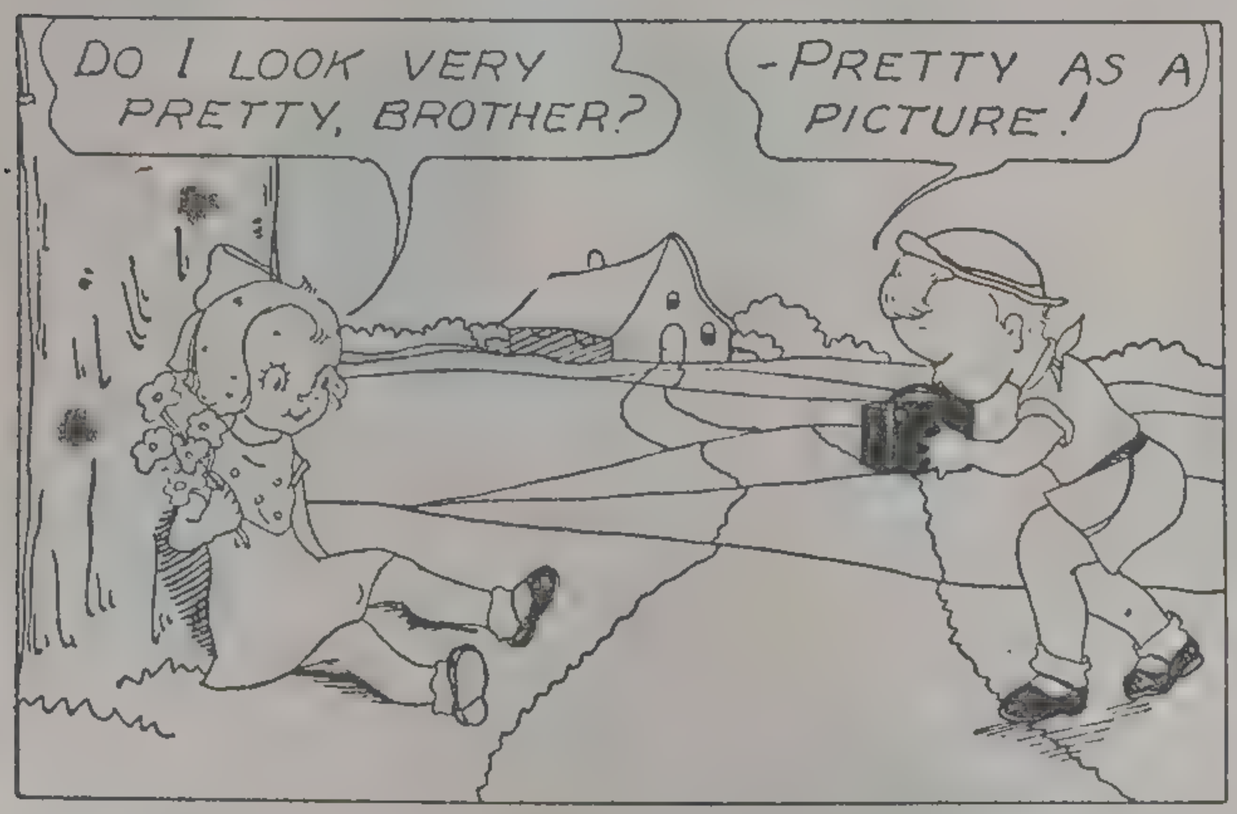
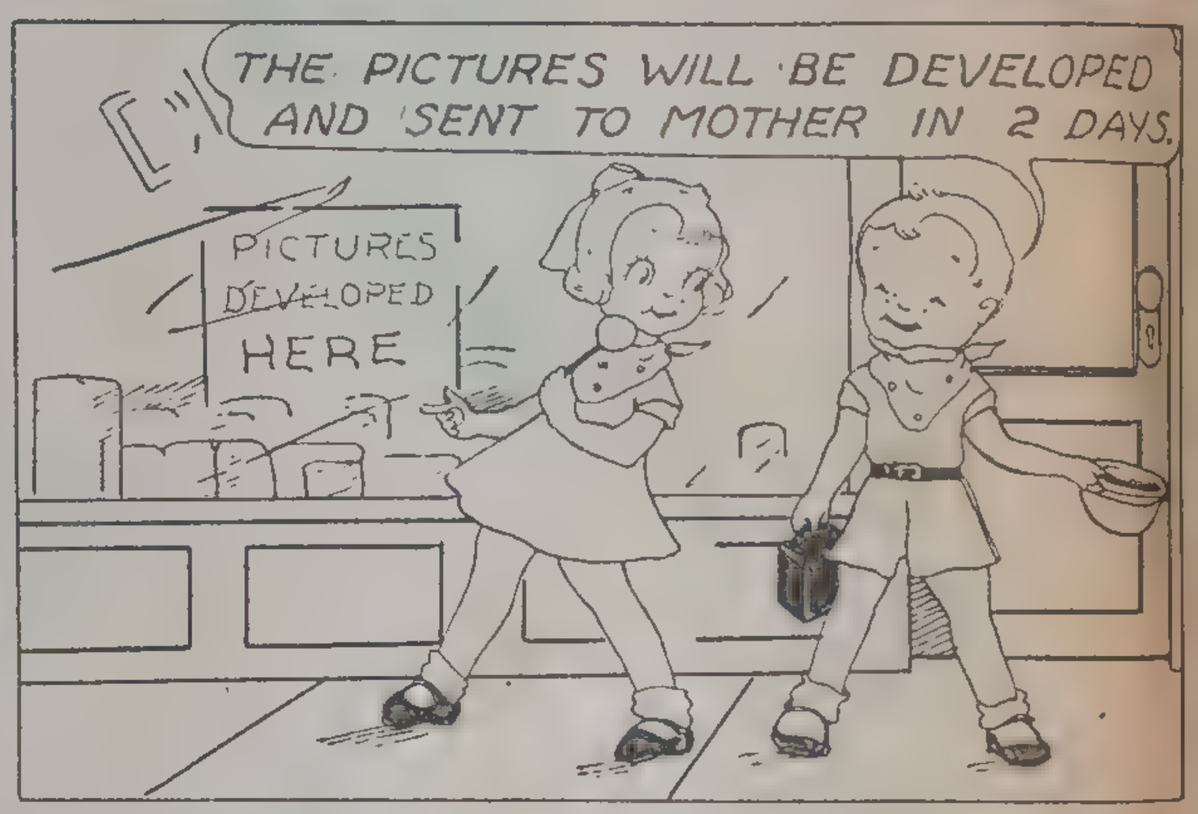
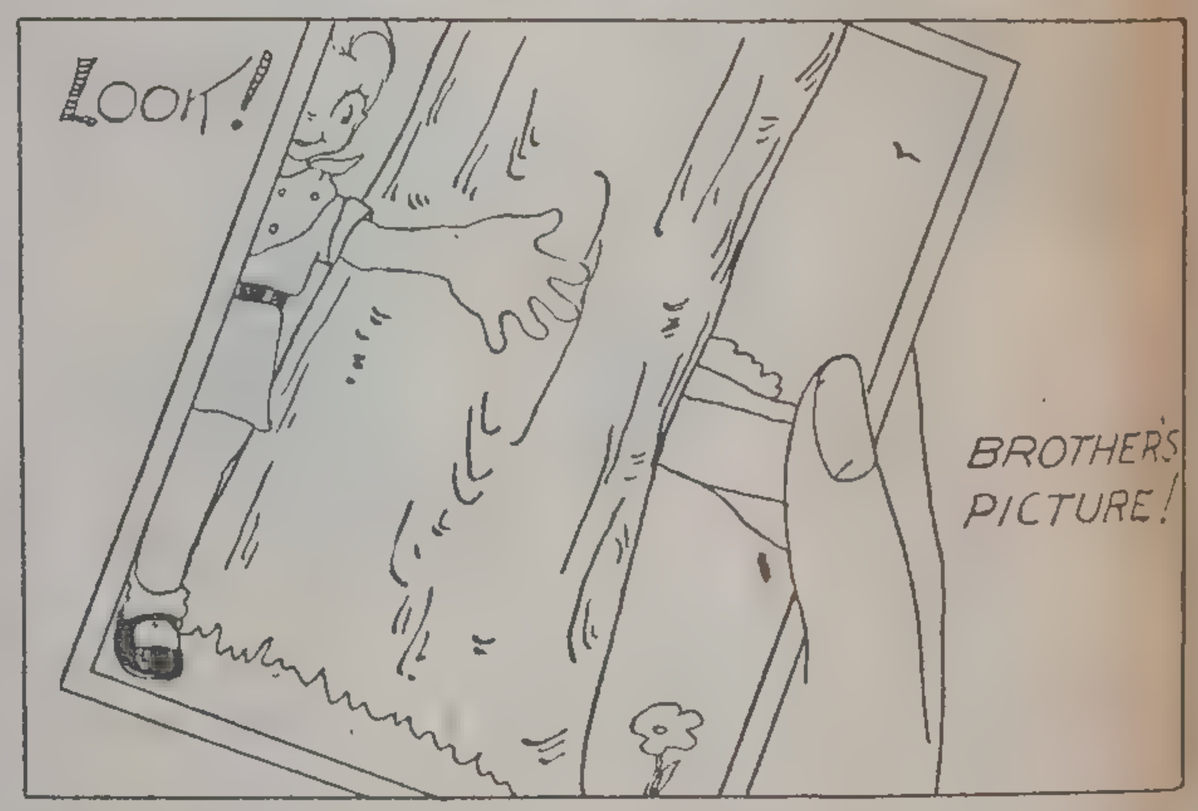
JUNIOR SECTION

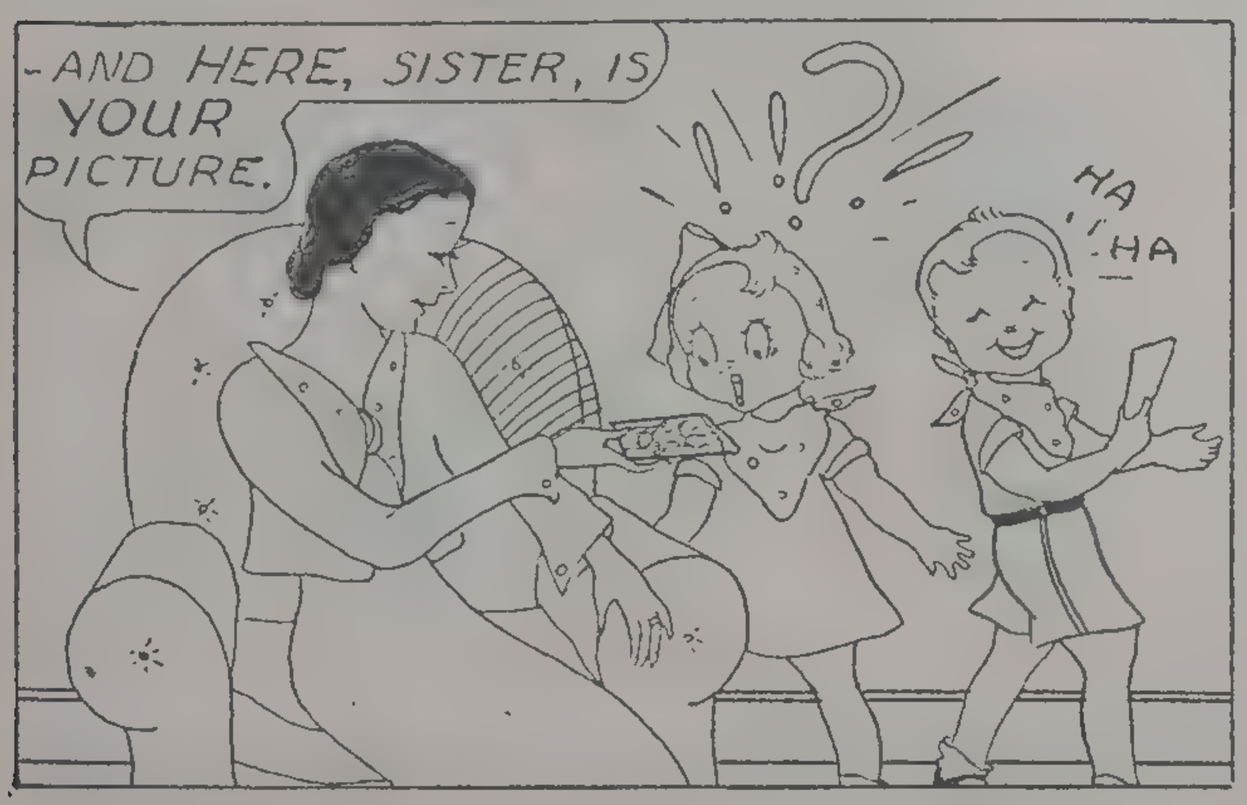


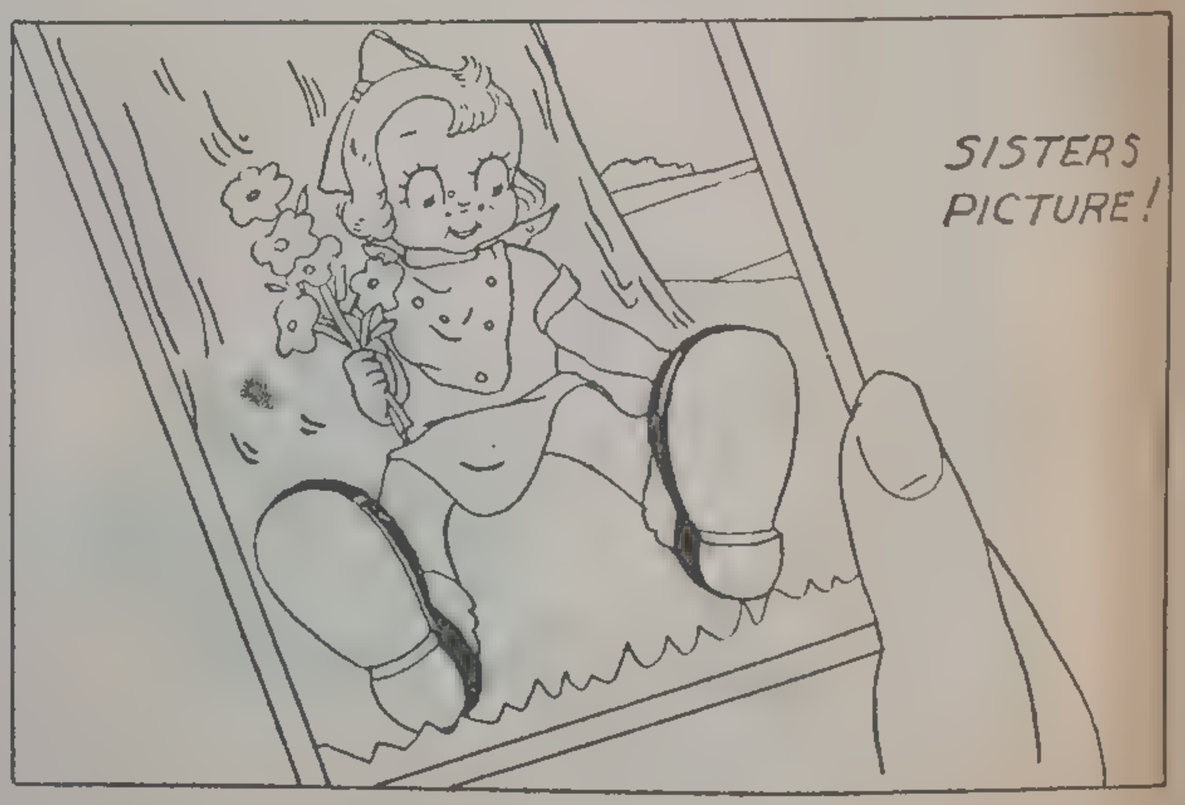




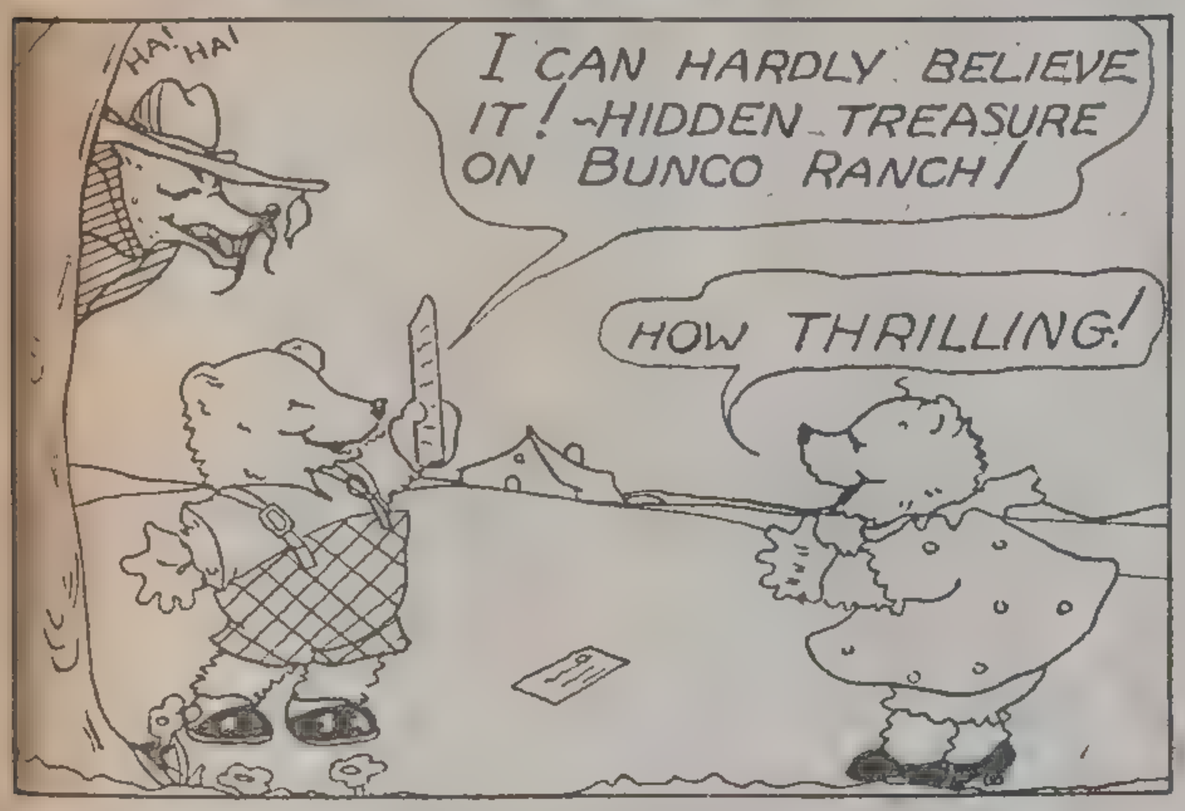




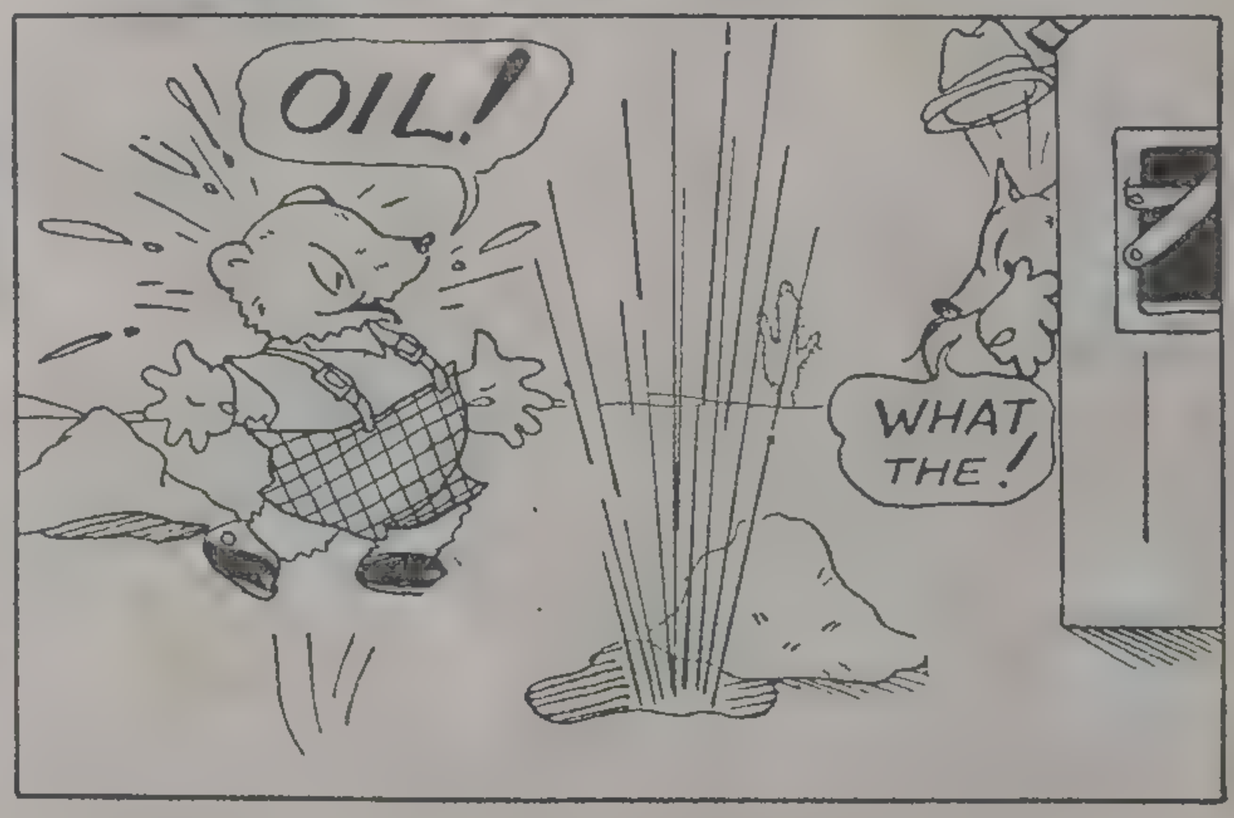




FOR YOUNGER FOLKS



LITTLE DO THEY SUSPECT IT WAS I WHO SENT THAT MAP AND NOT UNCLE GRIZZLY - HA! HA! WHAT A JOKE!
GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK!
SNIF "DON'T CRY HONEY.



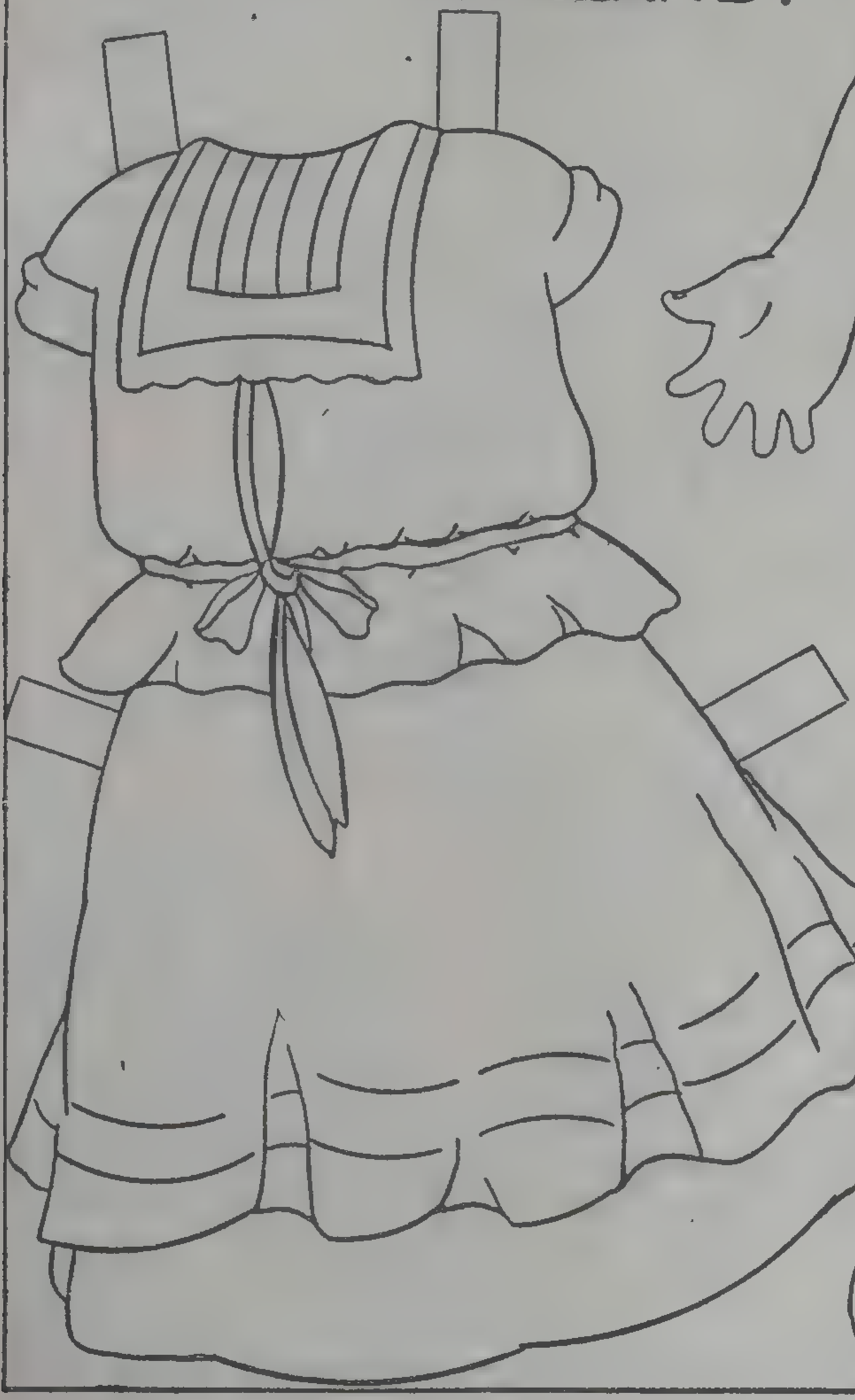
YOUNG LADIES - - - TRY THESE CUT-OUTS

Paste the Page on Cardboard, Color and Cut Carefully

THE TRAVEL TWINS

They wished to talk to Gretchen;
They wished to learn so much;
But they spoke only English,
And she spoke only Dutch!

HERE IS GRETCHEN FROM HOLLAND.



PASTE PAGE ON HEAVY PAPER. CUT OUT CAREFULLY WHEN DRY.

EMMAC M'KEAN

FUN FOR ALL --- A TEST FOR EYE AND WIT

Use Pencil, Crayon or Water Colors

MISSING COLORS TO RHYME.

A HANDSOME CRANE OF CREAMY_____,
ONE SKY-BLUE DAY WHEN ALL WAS BRIGHT,

ESPIED HIS FRIEND, A FOX OF _____,
A-PICNICING OUTSIDE OF TOWN.

UPON THE GROUND OF GRASSY_____.
TWO PLATES OF TASTY STEW WERE SEEN.

"NOW ONE'S FOR ME, AND ONE'S FOR YOU,"
SAID MR. FOX, BUT WELL HE KNEW

THAT MR. CRANE COULD NEVER EAT
FROM OUT THE PLATTER AT HIS FEET.

TO MR. FOX, SAID MR. CRANE,
"WE'LL DINE TOGETHER ONCE AGAIN."

AND IN HIS HOUSE OF TAN AND_____,
HE SERVED IN TALL RED JARS, ONE DAY,

THE FINEST TASTY FOODS. I THINK
THE FOX COULD NEITHER EAT NOR DRINK,

BECAUSE THE JARS WERE MUCH TOO LONG.
ASKED MR. CRANE, "CAN THIS BE WRONG?

ONE DAY WHEN I WAS HUNGRY, TOO,
YOU GLADLY ATE MY SHARE OF STEW."

"Wing" Walker

BY THOR

"WING" WALKER, — TEST PILOT HAD BEEN "GROUNDED" ON TRUMPED-UP CHARGES — BEING "BROKE" AND DISCOURAGED —

A WELL-DRESSED STRANGER'S OFFER OF A CHANCE TO TRY OUT AS CHAUFFEUR SOUNDED LIKE SWEET MUSIC TO HIM.

KEEP ROLLING UP BROADWAY "WING" — WE KNOW YOU!

AND THEN A COLD CIRCLE OF STEEL AT HIS NECK

WE GOT HIM SKIPPER!

WALKER, I'M TAKING YOU ON AS PILOT — WE SHOVE OFF AT ONCE FOR PANAMA — SEE YOU MAKE IT FAST!

I CAN'T TAKE A FLYING JOB — THEY REVOKED MY LICENSE — TELL THESE RANNIES TO TURN ME LOOSE!

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SILENCE! THE SONS OF THE RED CORMORANT NEED NO LICENSE TO FLY! — I HAD YOU GROUNDED SO YOU WOULD DO MY BIDDING!

O.K.! YOU WERE BIDDING FOR THIS!

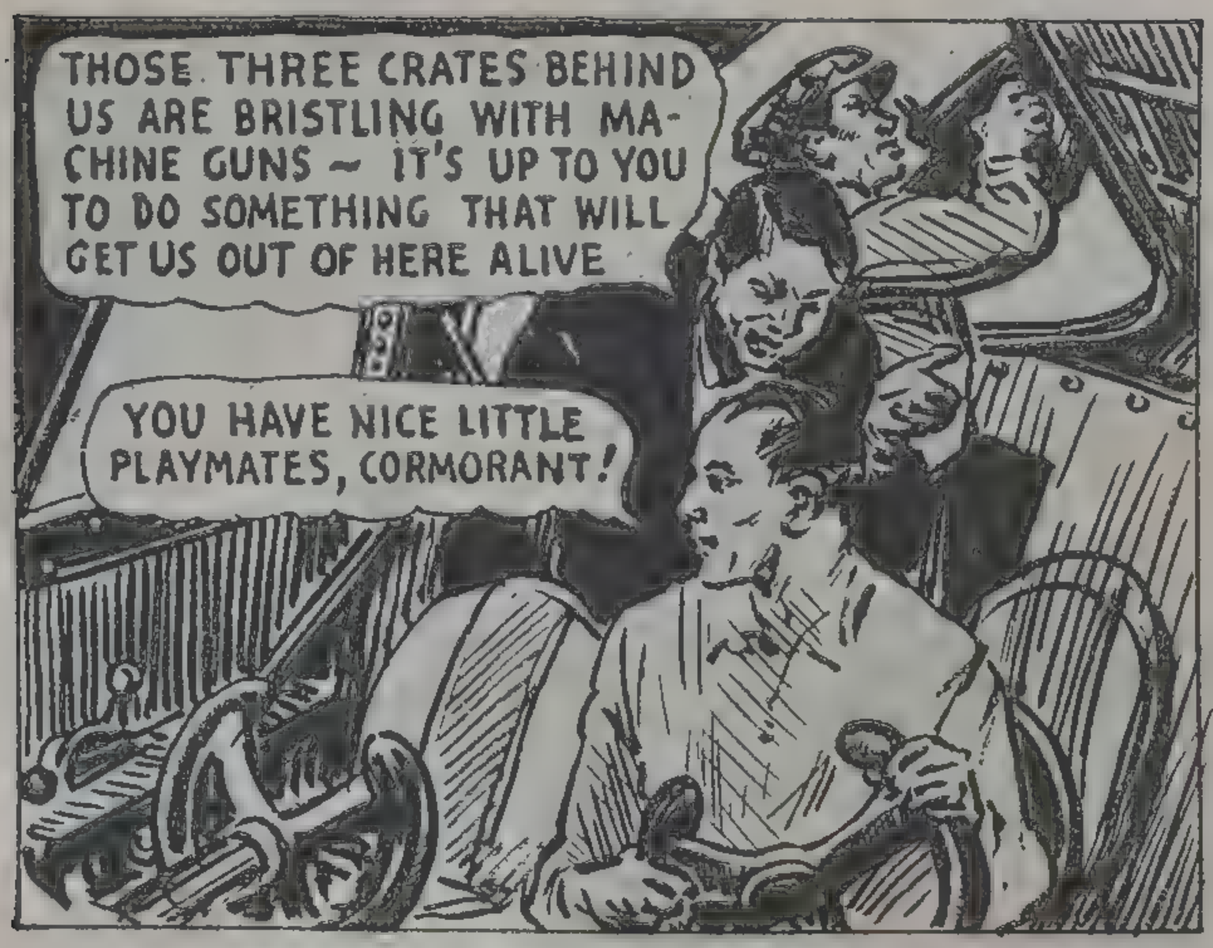
NOW MAYBE YOU'LL LISTEN TO REASON

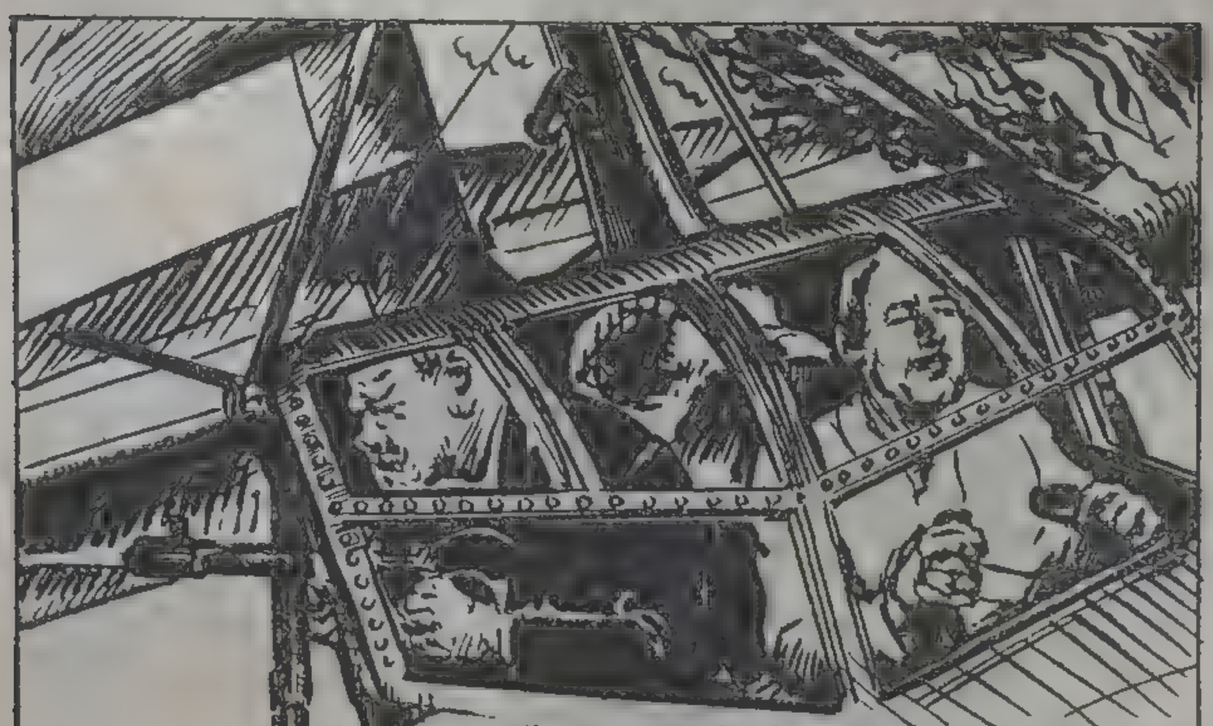
DO YOUR STUFF AND I'LL CUT YOU IN ON THE PROFIT FROM THE TRIP ~ OTHERWISE?

OVERPOWERED AND SLUGGED UNCONSCIOUS, "WING" WALKER WAS REVIVED TO FIND HIMSELF IN THE PILOT'S SEAT LOOKING INTO AN AUTOMATIC.

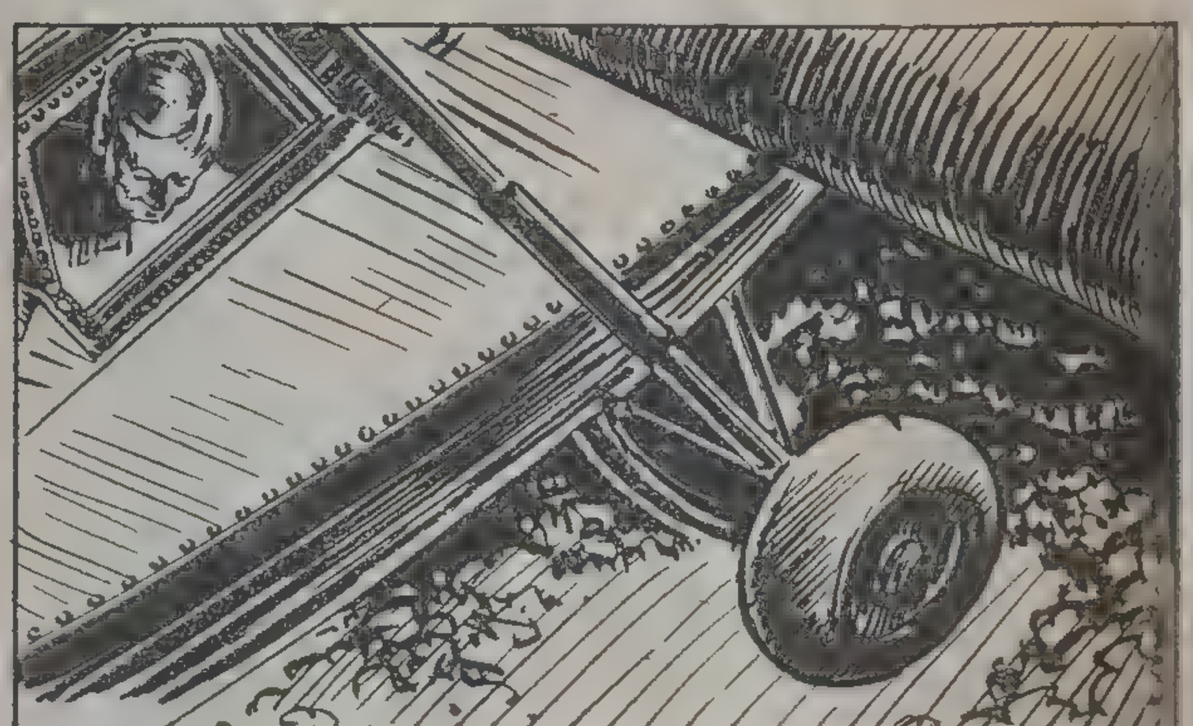
HERE'S YOUR COURSE WALKER! ~ MAKE FOR COLON IN THE CANAL ZONE

IT'S THE "NIPPER"! ~ I KNEW THAT ST. LOUIS MOB WOULD TAIL US


THOSE THREE CRATES BEHIND US ARE BRISTLING WITH MACHINE GUNS ~ IT'S UP TO YOU TO DO SOMETHING THAT WILL GET US OUT OF HERE ALIVE
YOU HAVE NICE LITTLE PLAYMATES, CORMORANT!



THE "NIPPER'S" FIRST ONSLAUGHT CUT OUT THE ENGINE AND PERFORATED BOTH GAS TANKS, ONE OF WHICH BURST INTO FLAME



"WING" GLANCED OVERSIDE AND DISCOVERED A CAMP-FIRE IN A CLEARING OF THE DISMAL FLORIDA LANDSCAPE ~ THEN

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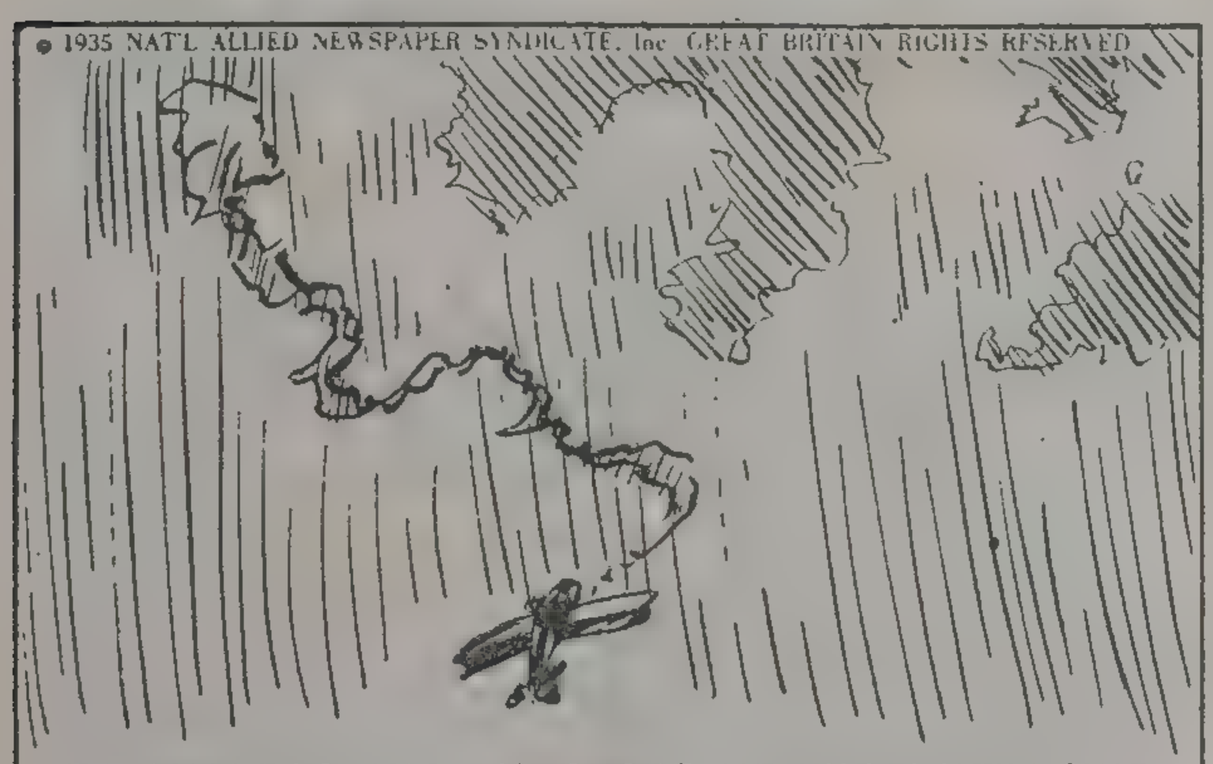
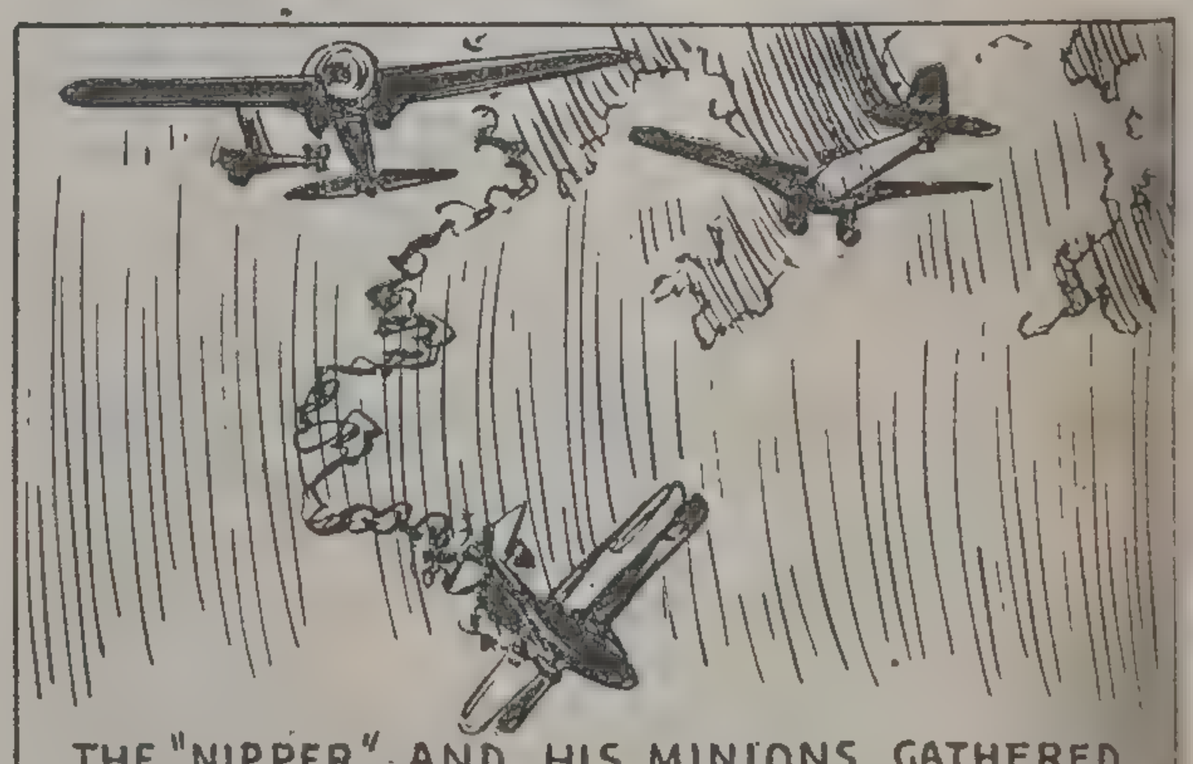
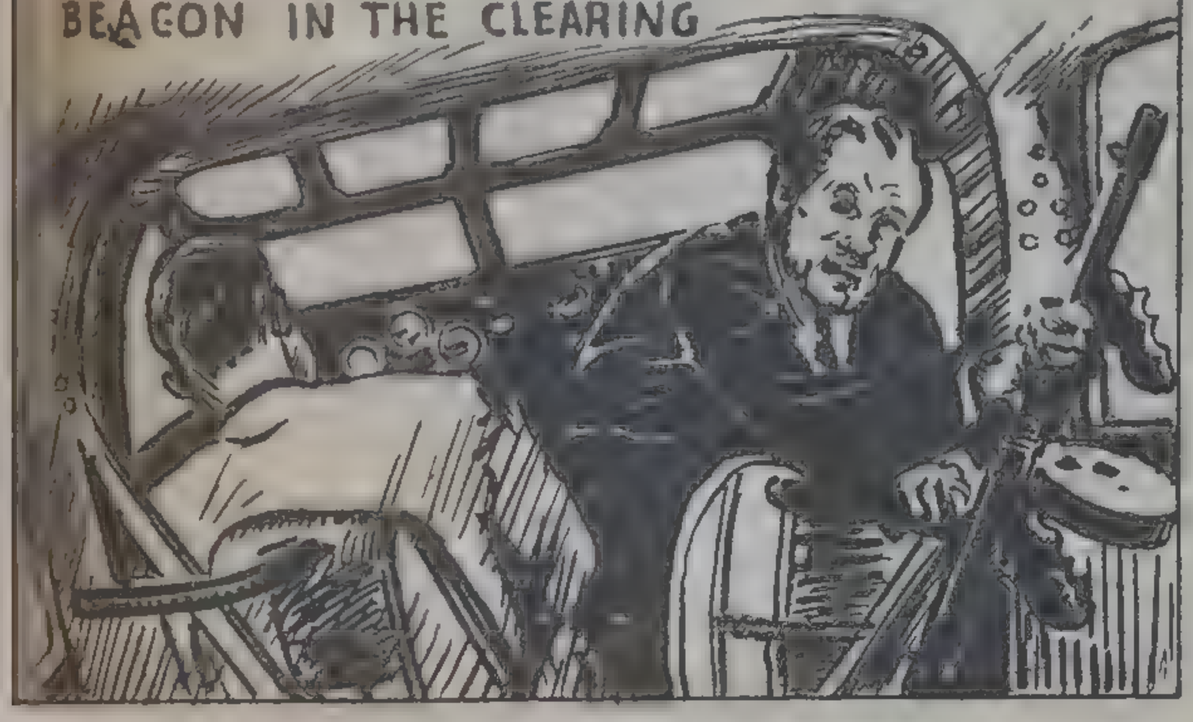


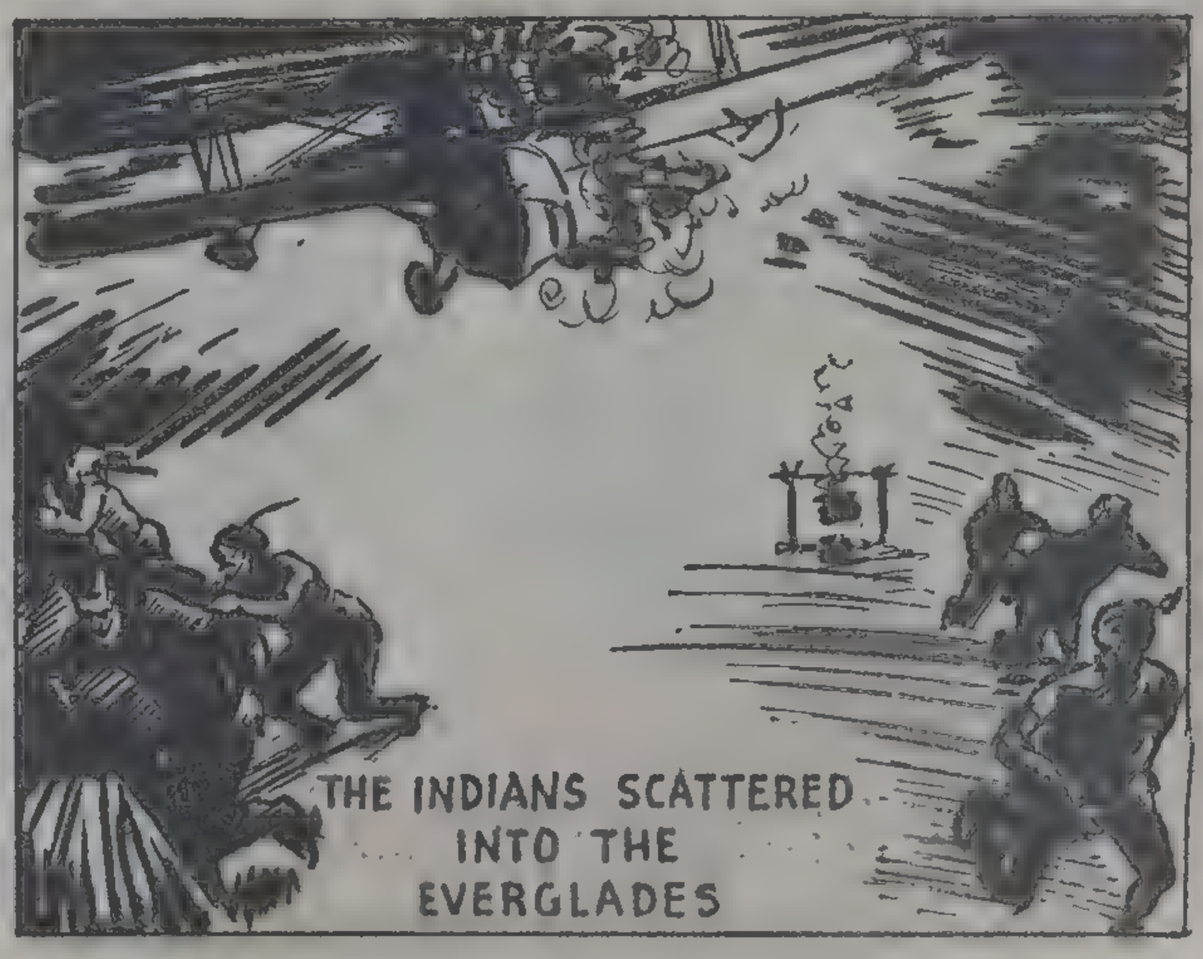
TO MISLEAD HIS PURSUERS HE THREW THE SHIP OVER INTO A WILD, GYRATING SPIN AS IF A DEAD HAND WERE ON THE WHEEL



THE "NIPPER" AND HIS MINIONS GATHERED EXPECTANTLY, AWAITING THE CERTAIN CRASH, LITTLE KNOWING THE RESOURCEFULNESS OF "WING" WALKER ~ VETERAN TEST PILOT

PULLED OUT OF THE SPIN AT THE LAST INSTANT, WITH GROANS FROM TORTURED STRUCTURE AND A ROARING INFERNO IN THE GAS TANK ~ THE GOOD SHIP HEADED FOR THE CAMP-FIRE BEACON IN THE CLEARING





THE INDIANS SCATTERED INTO THE EVERGLADES

STEPPING BACK INTO THE UNDER-GROWTH, "WING" STUMBLED OVER A CROUCHING GIRL

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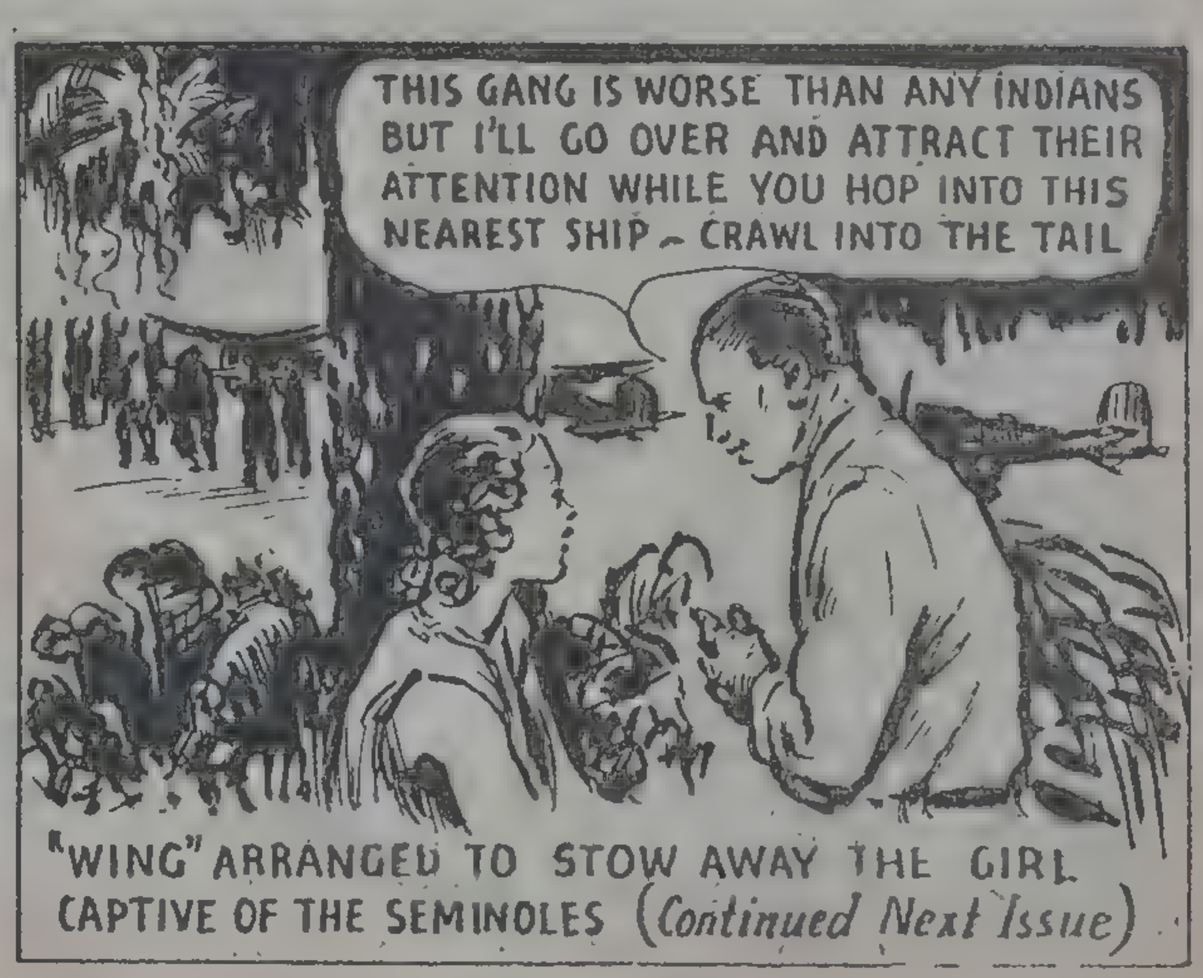
THIS GANG IS WORSE THAN ANY INDIANS BUT I'LL GO OVER AND ATTRACT THEIR ATTENTION WHILE YOU HOP INTO THIS NEAREST SHIP ~ CRAWL INTO THE TAIL

"WING" ARRANGED TO STOW AWAY THE GIRL CAPTIVE OF THE SEMINOLES *(Continued Next Issue)*

CAP'N SPINNIKER

BY TOM COOPER

CAP'N SPINNIKER STARTS BORING BENEATH THE ICE, IN SEARCH OF THE POLE

I CALC'LATE WE ARE BENEATH THE NORTH POLE!

WE'LL SHIFT THIS PLANKIN AN MAKE REPAIRS...

AYE! MR. STERNPIPE

LOLLYPOP

BLAST MY SCUPPERS! THAR'S THAT CONCARN'D THING AGAIN!

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CAP. STERNPIPE CANNOT CONTAIN HIMSELF - SO WE OMIT HIS STRONG WORDS!

?

THAR AINT A LIVIN' FISH THET CAN INSULT THE MASTER OF A SELF-RESPECTIN' VESSIL!

AMEN! MISTER STERNPIPE

Z I Z Z !

SCUTTLIN' CUTTLEFISH! IT'S YOU! I MIGHT'A KNOWN!

WELL IF IT AINT OLD SWIVEL PIPE!

CONTINUE ON NEXT PAGE

MISTER STERNPIPE'S THE NAME! AND AS FER THAT CAN — OPENER O' YOURN!

IS THIS THE NORTH POLE?

LOLLYPOP

LOOK OUT MISTER STERNPIPE! THAR'S A SPARM WH'LE!

SAY?

HO! HO! GOOD RIDDANCE TO THAT CONTRAP-SHUN! NOW WE KIN GET ON WITHOUT THAT PEST!

SAY CAP! THIS BOAT MUST BE AMPHIBIAN!

YES! BUT NOT FOR LONG!

FRESH THING!

SUFFERN MACKERAL!

IT SEEMS AS THOUGH CAP'N STERNPIPE GOT THE BREAK THIS TIME - BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL - SEE NEXT ISSUE!

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SUCH A QUEER LOOKING FISH!

AW NUTS

MAK'UM NICE FISH CHOWDA!

Stamps and Coins

An Important Stamp

MENELIK II

HISTORY points out that the present crisis in Ethiopia is due to a large extent to the result of the hostilites in 1893-96 during the reign of Menelik II. This ruler's liberal version of the Treaty of Uccialli in granting concessions without the intermediate assistance of the Italians was the prime cause of the war of 1893. The Ethiopian stamps of 1894, picturing Menelik II, a gift of the French and postal facilities furnished by them, also helped along this war which the Italians lost in 1896 at the town of Adowa. History, as is so often quoted, surely repeats itself.

ALL eyes seem turned to Ethiopia at this time, to witness the stand or fall of the last remaining kingdom of Africa through Italian aggression, and in the stamps of this country we may trace many of the causes which lead to the present crisis.

Ethiopia, or as we know the country—Abyssinia, has consisted, from biblical times, of a number of petty kingdoms which have joined together in rather a loose confederation, all under the rule of an emperor. The hereditary ruler was supposedly a direct descendent of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

Following the death of John, King of Tigre in 1889, Menelik, King of Shoa, proclaimed himself Emporer of all Abyssinia and subdued all dissenting districts formerly controlled by King John. It was not long after this that the Treaty of Uccialli was entered into by Italy and Menelik. This famous document was written in both Amharic, the court language of Abyssinia, and Italian. Apparently the Amharic version was much more liberal to Menelik than the Italian version for we find Menelik granting concessions to others to develop postal, railway and telegraph rights within the kingdom without the aid of Italian advice. Menelik also made application to the Universal Postal Union at Berne and the Italians at once made objection, citing their version of the treaty.

Menelik contended that, according to his version, he had the right to negotiate without the aid of Italian intermediation. The argument grew quite heated and Menelik finally denounced the treaty and tore it to pieces. Hostilities finally broke out in 1893 and the Italians advanced southward from Eritrea until their forces reached Adowa late in 1895. Here they were stopped by overwhelming numbers of Abyssinians. In March, 1896, the Italians attacked the forces of Menelik, but in some way their brigades became separated, and the Abyssinians cut the brigades to pieces one by one. It was this defeat at Adowa that still rankles and is in no small degree the reason for the warlike attitude of the Italians. A new treaty in 1896 recognized the complete independence of Abyssinia.

In 1894 the French presented Menelik with postage stamps and postoffice equipment. These stamps, one of which bears the likeness of Menelik and the other a central design of the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, saw the start of the present postal system in the country. This issue served with various overprints and surcharges until 1909 when Menelik had printed a set of seven stamps of three designs, two of which picture him in native and royal dress and the third a view of the throne of King Solomon. In February, 1917, Waizeru Zauditu, daughter of Menelik II was proclaimed Empress and at the same time Ras Taffari Makonem, Prince of Harrar, was proclaimed Regent and Heir Apparent to the throne.

On the postal issues of 1919 and 1928 appear the likeness of both the Empress and Ras Taffari. In 1912 Taffari married Waizaro Beñen, granddaughter of the great Ras Mikael and thus secured the succession of the throne in a direct line from the great King Selassie of the House of Solomon. On the death

of the Empress Zauditu in 1930, Ras Taffari proclaimed himself King of Kings and designated himself Haile Selassie the First.

In honor of the coronation, a special set of stamps was ordered from Paris, but these did not arrive until too late so the current set was overprinted in Amharic with appropriate wording. The Paris stamps bore the Lion of Judah and other symbols of the empire. The coronation of Haile Selassie was attended by representatives from nearly every country in the world and the ceremonies were accompanied by scenes of barbaric splendor.

In 1931 a new set of stamps, both postal and airmail, were issued. On

1. The Haile Selassie coronation issue showing Abyssinian lion and royal symbols.

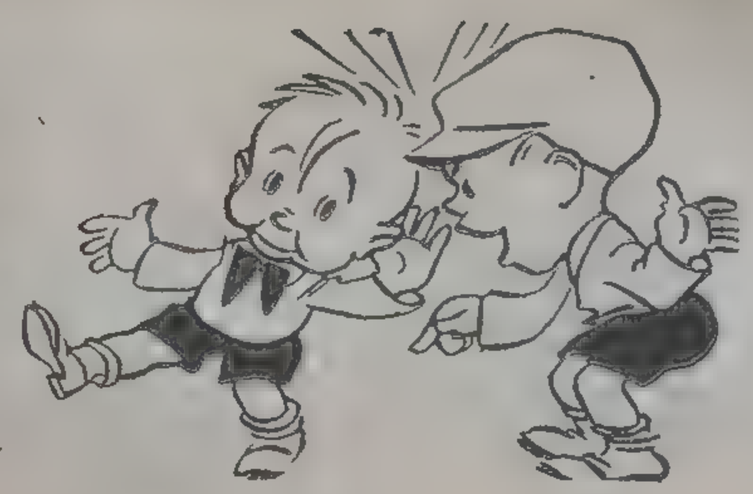
2. Ras Taffari Now Haile Selassie I.

3. Railway bridge across the Hawash River near Awash on the road to Addis Ababa.

this set we see portraits of Haile Selassie, the Empress Manen, Ras Makonen, a statue of Menelik II and, on the ¼ guerche value, the railroad bridge over the Hawash River. It is this bridge that the invading Italians threatened to bomb. Should the throne of Haile Selassie totter and his house crash there will, no doubt, be a brisk demand for the stamps of Abyssinia and the present supply will be found far from adequate, thus causing a rapid advance in catalog price.

Mail arriving at Harrar on muleback from Addis Ababa, before the railway was constructed, was received and forwarded under supervision of the Mission Brothers. In 1910 a railroad line from the coast was opened as far as New Harrar (Dire Daoua) and finally reached the capital of the country. Abyssinia was finally admitted to the Postal Union on November 1st, 1908. This marked the real control by the government of postoffices in Abyssinia.

BIG Premium OFFER



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Editor's Note:

THE "Hobbies" department is entirely in the hands of ***NEW COMICS*** readers. It will be conducted strictly in accordance with the wishes of the readers. Our "Hobbies" editor, Danny Ryan, has spent eighteen years studying hobbies, and is an ardent follower of many arts, crafts and sciences. His job here is to help each one of you individually with any problem that may arise in connection with hobbies. Call on him freely. And now to hear from Danny Ryan, himself.

HOWDY, boys and girls, and mothers and fathers!

I wonder how many of you have a hobby. Those of you who haven't are missing a lot of fun. Whether you realize it or not, there is a hobby exactly suited to every one in the world, and if you haven't yet discovered yours, you will, and the sooner the better.

What is a hobby? Many people have asked me this question.

Generally speaking, anything we do "just for the fun of it" might be called a hobby. Actually, however, I believe that anything we do to be classed as a hobby must be something that holds our interest to such an extent that we can't seem to get enough of it.

There are four different classes of hobbies.

(1) *Doing things, such as playing games, swimming, gardening, and so on.*

(2) *Collecting things, such as stamps, coins, match boxes, autographs, theater programs, medals, and so on.*

(3) *Making things. Under this heading comes practically all of the arts and crafts. The field ranges from basketry, beadwork and beaten metal work, down through drawing, etching, furniture making, leather tooling, model making, rug making, sauareknotting, and wood carving. These are just a few possible classifications of the making branch of the hobbies world.*

(4) *Learning things would include microscopy, astronomy, chemistry, or any branch of science or history.*

Hobbies in any of the four fields may be as expensive or as inexpensive as one cares to make them. For instance, the collecting of old street-car transfers or safety match boxes would not be at all expensive. The collecting of fine old paintings or suits of armor would, on the other hand, come high. Yet the collector of transfers would get as much pleasure out of finding a rare old transfer from some out-of-the-way place as would the wealthy collector in acquiring a suit of armor used by some dead and gone hero of the Crusades.

So much for hobbies in general. Now let's get down to the business of making this department worthwhile! We'll do something! To begin with, we'll tackle one of the simpler, easier and least expensive pastimes. Most anybody can find some pieces of colored felt. And now we're off.

FELT HANDCRAFT

A Felt Map

THIS first of the series of handcraft articles points out one of the many uses for old discarded felt hats, pennants, etc.

The map described here is a very interesting project and when finished makes a very pleasing article to hang on the wall of your room or den.

The materials required are merely several scraps of felt of about the same thickness, at least five shades being necessary. One of these shades should be light blue. This blue felt is to be used to represent the water in the oceans, Great Lakes, Great Salt Lake, etc. You will also need a piece of muslin or other cloth slightly larger than your finished map, and some transparent cement such as is used in making model airplanes.

The first step in making the felt map is to draw the map on a sheet of stiff paper or thin cardboard. When this is done it should look like the map shown here.

Numbers shown on the map illustrated indicate the colors of felt to be used; that is, every state marked "1" will be the same color, every state marked "2" will be the same color, etc. It doesn't matter if, for instance, one of the states marked "1" is dark brown and another state marked "1" is a lighter brown, so long as none of the other colors is brown. You will, of course, notice that in no case does a state of one color touch another state of the same color.

Now, with a pair of scissors or a razor blade, carefully cut out the felt for each state. After each state is cut out lay it aside carefully so that it will not get misplaced or confused. You will avoid confusion if you start cutting and laying the states in some regular routine; say left to right, from the northwest corner. When all of the states have been cut out your paper or cardboard pattern should fit together like a jig-saw puzzle.

Starting with the State of Washington, then Oregon and California, place the pattern over the proper colors of felt as indicated by the numbers, and, with a sharp razor blade, cut the outline of each state. Do this with all of the states in turn, working from the west to the east. As you finish each state, fasten it in place to a board or piece of heavy cardboard with a pin, making certain that the states fit together properly, as shown in the drawing. Then, cut out the bodies of water the same as you did the states.

Now stretch the piece of muslin on a table, holding it in place with some heavy weights. Transfer the states to this cloth one at a time, fastening each state in place with cement spread evenly across the back of each piece of felt.

When all of the states have been put in place I would suggest indicating Canada and Mexico in some solid color other than those used for the states. The lines between the various provinces in Canada are shown in case you want to put more detail in your map. The dotted line through four of the Great Lakes indicates the boundary line between the United States and Canada.

The dotted lines in the State of Wyoming indicate Yellowstone National Park. You will notice the District of Columbia, a small square on the boundary line between Virginia and Maryland. This might be made of a bright, contrasting color or by using color "1".

This map will be just as effective and much easier to make if the shore line is made more regular than shown on the map. Also, it will be much easier to match the blue felt to the pieces representing the states bordering on water.

When you have finished making this map, if you would like something further along this line try making a county map of your own state, indicating principal cities and rivers.

If you would like further articles on the use of felt let me hear from you to that effect. At any rate, you've done something worthwhile; enjoyed yourself, pleased somebody else and—perhaps—filled out a rainy day, at the same time starting yourself on the "hobby" road.

OF COURSE, this is the first issue and we must start somewhere. We will be very happy to receive a few suggestions from you. How about each one of you dropping me a postcard or letter, then watch the next issue! Don't delay.

And to help you in your selections, we are listing below several subjects, any one of which might be the answer to your hobby question:

Archery
Astronomy
Basketry
Batik
Beadcraft
Beaten Metal Work
Bird Raising
Block Cutting
Book Binding
Cellophane Handcraft
Celluloid Handcraft
Collecting
  Autograph
  Book
  Coin and Medal
  Label
  Souvenir
  Etc.
Chemistry
China Decorating
Clock Making
Drawing
  Architectural
  Chalk Talks
  Commercial Art
  Map Making
  Mechanical
Electrical Experimenting
Embossing
Embroidering
Enameling
Engraving
Entertaining
  Makeup
  Marionettes
  Minstrelsy
  Parlor Tricks
  Theatricals
Etching
  Metal
  Celluloid
Felt Work
Fingerprinting
Fish Raising
Flower Making
Fretcutting
Furniture Making
  and Modernizing
Gardening
Genealogy
Gesso
Glass Blowing
Gymnastics
Handwriting Analysis
Indian Lore
Inlaying
Inventing
Jewelry Making
Kite Making and Flying
Knitting
Lace Making
Lacquering
Lamp Making
Leaded Glass Work
Leather Crafts
Lithography
Marquetry
Mathematics
Metal Casting
Metal Spinning
Microscopy
Model Making
  Airplane
  Architectural
  Engine and Motor
  Railroad
  Ship and Boat
Music
Needlecrafts
Painted Fabrics
Painting
  Oil
  Water Color
Passe Partout
Patchwork and Applique
Photography
Plaque Making
Plaster Casting
Plastic Modeling
Pottery Making
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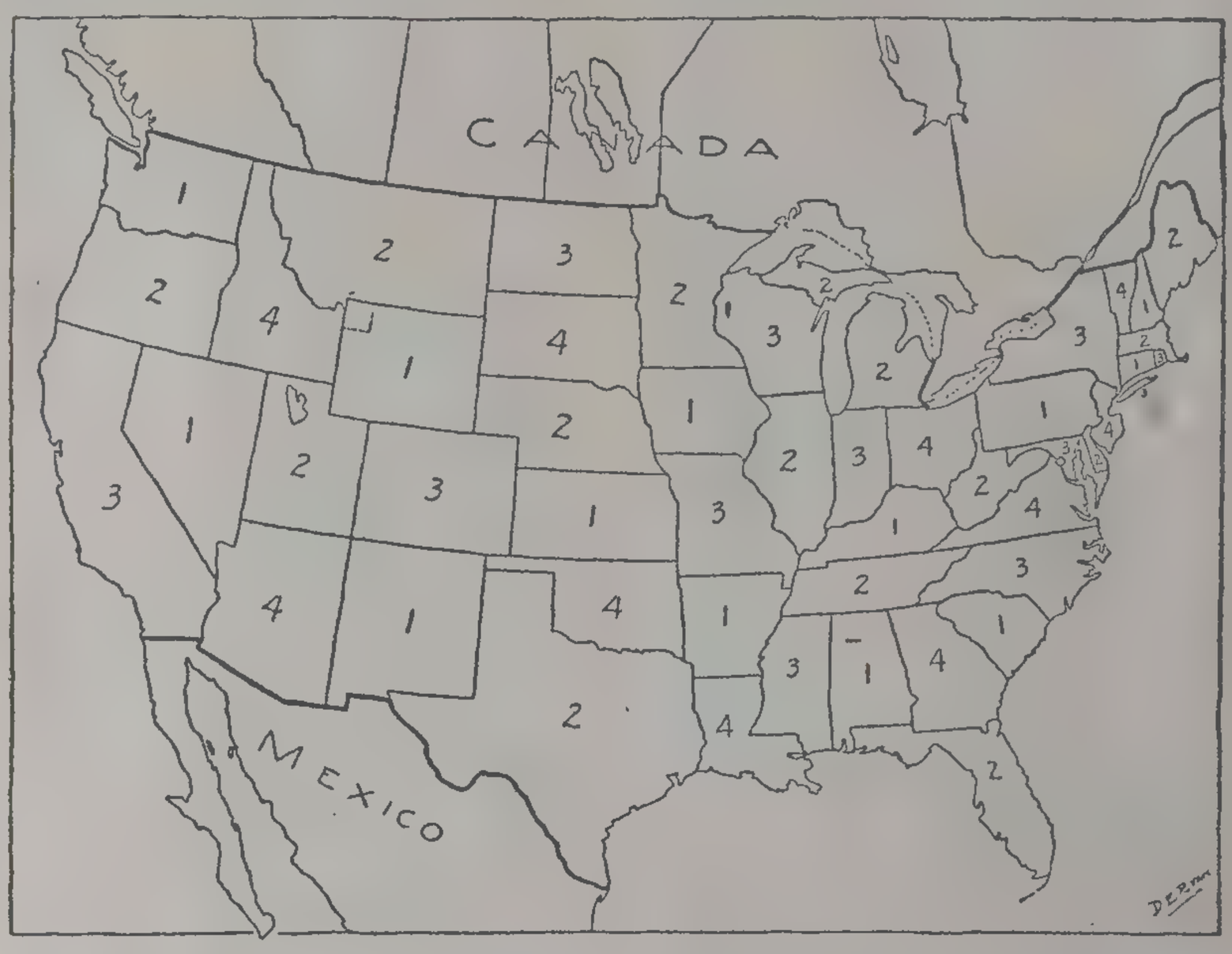
Whittling
Wood Carving and Chip Carving
Woodworking



THE list above is by no means a complete classification of hobbies, but it should serve as a pretty good guide. You may be interested in something not listed. If you are riding some unusual hobby, we are sure there are reader fans who would like to know about it. Why not write us all about your hobby?

Let us say again that this is **YOUR** department. If you have questions concerning any hobby, send them along. If you want a direct reply **don't forget to enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope.**

Even if you have no questions to ask, we should be very glad to rereceive a card from you telling us your name, age, school grade and the hobby or hobbies in which you are most interested. If you are desirous of corresponding with others who are interested in the same things, we will see what we can do about arranging that, too.

Now don't hesitate to make a suggestion you think might be worthwhile for your hobby department. Address all mail on this subject to Danny Ryan, Hobbies Chief, care of New Comics, 373 Fourth avenue, New York, N. Y.

And, "so long" until next month!

DANNY

SPORTS

By

ARCHIE

Timely Comments on the Athletic Question; Are Big Schools Going High Hat?; What Is the Right Age?

HIGH HAT! Coaches of many scholastic institutions have directed the scornful word in the general direction of edifices of learning that boast of a patrician student body. They allege that the well-born athletes of these schools are above playing a game of any sort against the boys across the railroad tracks. The athletic mentors of the schools who direct the destinies of the sons of the "hoi polloi" are convinced that the scions of the upper strata cannot take it. Personally we do not agree with them. Yet the fact remains without a doubt that blue blooded schools lift their noses skyward if they spot a date on their schedule that calls for a game with a school that is not listed among the elite.

The parents of patrician students have the right, of course, to demand the same environment for their sons at a seat of learning as they had back home. They pay for the privilege. Yet there should be no lines drawn in competitive sport. The boys across the tracks play a hard, clean game. They have their own code of ethics. Maybe they play a little rough but they attend the school of hard knocks and it is certain that the more fortunate fellows in the Who's Who institutions of erudition could use a few and be the better for it.

There are exceptions to every rule of course. There are high-class prep schools and high schools galore where they are not averse to meeting the roughest sort of opposition and there are patrician athletes who have proven to the world that they can be as rough as any stalwart born in the shadows of the gas house or down by the viaduct. Yet the fact remains that the high hat is being worn on many a scholastic stadium. We think that the students who attend those schools are missing a lot in life. They are missing something they will need when they get out into the business world. Perhaps their fathers will not always be among the opulent and they will have to go out and buck an unsympathetic world without the necessary equipment.

CATCH 'EM YOUNG!

Youth WILL be served. If you've got it, there is no limit to what you can do. There is one gentleman who does not tolerate procrastination. It is Father Time. This fact is especially pertinent in the field of sport. Start in young! You cannot wait until your arteries begin to crackle, until the old spring leaves your underpinning to become a golf champ, a tennis star or a great dash man!

Look over the records and take a tip from those who began aiming for records when they were hardly out of their teens. Bobby Jones, grand slam fairway luminary, started upsetting veterans of the game in his sixteenth year. Mel Ott, great N. Y. Giant outfielder was signed up by John McGraw at the same tender age. Helen Wills, with pigtails flying, was winning tennis titles on the Pacific coast. Who was on first base for the Cubs in the last world series but one Phil Cavaretta, an eighteen-year-old kid?

Youth! Unafraid—reckless! Coordination of brain and muscle. The combination that makes a perfect athlete. At twenty years of age, Wilcox, the Kansas schoolboy set a world's dash record. Why, there is a female diving champ at the age of eight! A five-year-old trick shot golfer! True, there are aged atheltes still demanding recognition in every branch of sport but they started in young, are still going along with the impetus and energy stored up in their halcyon days. You cannot start in late! Old sages say that you are never too old to learn. They're wrong!

A man can never be a great golfer unless he starts swinging the clubs as a kid. We say that you are never too **young** to learn. If we had our way, those amazing quints up in Canada would be taking golf and tennis lessons right now!

GRAMMAR SCHOOL AGE.

Football players begin developing in high school. That is not soon enough. They should start getting orientated to the pigskin game in the grammar schools. There should be competitive play between the public schools. A Tom Thumb conference. We hope that those in charge of recreation at those schools throughout the land will begin to launch such a movement before many more years have passed. Imagine the thrill the kids would get out of it. They read the College football on Sunday morning as thoroughly as their parents! They can tell you how many games Old Siwash lost during the last decade.

If Joe Louis' record is a little hazy in your mind, ask your kids. They know Babe Ruth's batting average for 1924; the number of years Ty Cobb played in the Majors.

Grammar school sports have been sadly neglected! Those kids are old enough to buck a line, smack a horsehide sphere, toss their torsos over a high jump pole. Start them in from scratch you will turn out a crop of record breakers in later years that will knock you off your pins. We maintain that injuries in football will diminish at a rapid rate if potential college stars begin to toughen themselves during the adolescent age. Stamina is the greatest essential in the pigskin game.

Inability to absorb hard knocks has ruined the career of many promising college players. It is easy to single out the players who are easily hurt. They have never been taught to relax soon enough. One hundred and eighty pounds of man slammed against hard frozen ground should be able to withstand the punishment if the player in question does not pull his muscles taut when a tackler strikes. They should know how to let themselves go when they are hit, let themselves fall as loosely as a marionette when the control strings are snipped away. It takes self-control and you should start in young practicing that. You don't get it out of books.

Youth! The greatest asset in sport as well as in any other line of endeavor. If you possess it, you can lick the world!

A REMINDER

Let your newsdealer know that you will want your copy of NEW COMICS next month. Tell him you're to be a regular customer, and he'll save yours!

THEY STARTED YOUNG!

WILCOX-KANSAS YOUTH, SET A WORLD MARK FOR THE 50 YARDS BEFORE HE WAS TWENTY

-BOBBY JONES- WON GOLF TITLES AT SIXTEEN—

"JUNIOR COEN-AT SIXTEEN HE PLAYED WITH TILDEN!"

HELEN WILLS-A CHAMP-SWEET 16

JOE ARCHIBALD

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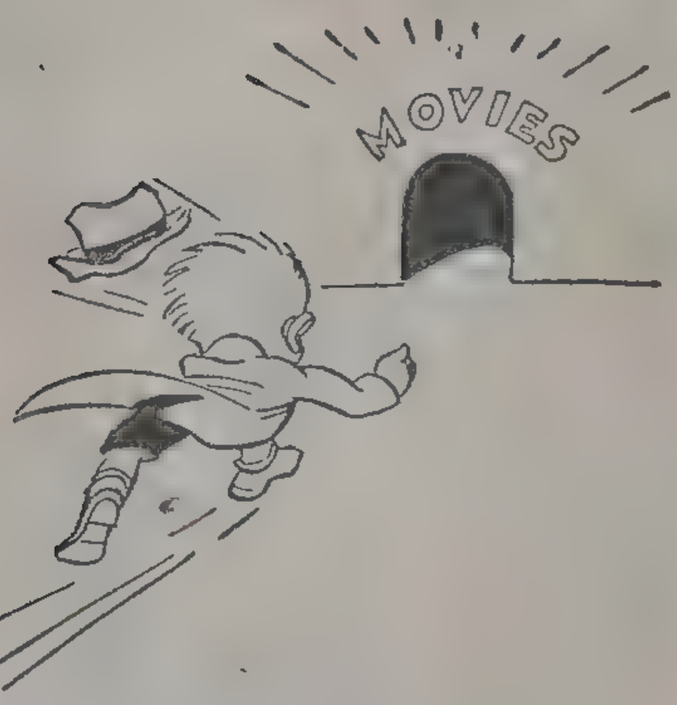
Worth-While Films to -- Watch For --



By JOSEPHINE CRAIG

MOVIES, like people, turn to the old favorites in books for much of entertainment. Every high school boy and girl has heard of the famous "Message to Garcia," that carrying through of an order, comes what may. Fox Films are going to present it to their fans, with Wallace Beery as the star. Fox is also deep in plans for the filming of Ouida's famous dramatic tale, "Under Two Flags" in which Ronald Colman will be seen. Thousands of readers of this magazine will wait with interest the release of such features.

But Fox Films doesn't have a monopoly on exciting classics. Before long movie audiences will see that swashbuckling devil-may-care adventurer, Captain Blood, created by Rafael Sabatini. There's a long list of movie stars in the cast, from Errol Flynn as the doughty captain all the way to Gardner James who plays the part of a fugitive traitor slave. This is a First National.

First National also is producing a movie based on the exciting scientific work of Dr. Louis Pasteur, in which Paul Muni plays the part of the famous French scientist. But before that comes to the silver screen, their "Frisco Kid"—James Cagney to you—will be on view. "Frisco Kid" is a story of San Francisco back in 1854 when excitement ran riot all through the old frontier West. No dull moments here, unless we miss our guess.

Herman Melville, who wrote that grand old story of whaling, "Moby Dick," is the author of another classic, "Typee." M-G-M is producing this, and the leading role is played by Mala, star of "Eskimo." M-G-M is planning also to bring out "Captains Courageous" and "Kim." Well, they certainly know what will be news in the movie world, for if ever a man knew how to write exciting colorful adventure stories it was Kipling. Freddie Bartholomew,

JACKIE COOPER'S smile is familiar to millions of screen followers today. Warner Brothers are planning some great vehicles for him during the coming season.

young star of "David Copperfield" and "Anna Karenina" is to play leads in both of these features.

Another young star is Jackie Cooper, who is sharing honors with Wallace Beery in "O'Shaughnessy's Boy," about to be shown by M-G-M. Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery are a pair of pals it's worth your while to see.

THE Old West is very much in the limelight these days, what with M-G-M's exciting outdoor adventure film of "Robin Hood of El Dorado," starring Warner Baxter, and RKO's "Mother Lode." The last named is the story of early mining days, and to add that Richard Dix is the star promises much. There was "gold in them thar hills," and there was excitement—and plenty of it—in those early days of America. RKO seems to be intent in digging it out for their public. You know, they were responsible for "The Arizonian," and the current "Powdersmoke Range," Western thrillers if ever we've seen one. RKO certainly knows its West—and is quite proud of it, too.

Another Western — this time by Warner Brothers — is "Prairie Schooner," the second adventure for Dick Foran who was recently seen in "Moonlight on the Prairie." Young Foran is to appear in at least five more Westerns for Warner, and that promises a lot for wild and woolly fans.

Excitement of another kind will be seen in "Angel of Mercy," a screen play based on the life of Florence Nigtingale which will be produced by Warner. Few need to be told that Florence Nightingale founded the Red Cross, and played a heroic part in the Crimean War. And that means there will be plenty of excitement and thrills in this new film—and more, that it has been written from the dramatic pages of history.

Below: BUCK JONES, popular western star of Universal films.

THE BOOK SHELF

Reading With Connie Naar

SO "'the time has come.' the walrus said,"—to turn from the exciting doings in the world of football, or hockey, or basketball, and to enter the world of books. Well, there is plenty of excitement to be found there, and plenty of entertainment too. Talk about contests! The publishers certainly seem to be running a race to bring out the most colorful, the most interesting books for young and old. From October to Christmas they spread such a feast of books on their counters as was never seen in grandmother's childhood—a regular old fashioned Thanksgiving feast. Those Puritans in old New England who put Thanksgiving on our calendar of holidays may have known what it was to see a table groaning under an abundance of food, but they certainly didn't know the pleasures from a feast of books. Let's see now what some of these publishers are puting before us.

Indians were right around the corner at the first Thanksgiving and so here comes "Indian Brother," by Hubert V. Coryell (published by Harcourt, Brace.) Henry C. Pitz has illustrated this splendid story of the French and Indian War. Whether you envy the Indians or want to go to war, you'll find this story exciting enough for any adventurer. Price $2.00. And Harcourt, Brace has published another good story in "The Cove Mystery," by S. S. Smith. Exploring caves is somehow the peak of excitement for young people the world over. In this book two Spanish boys explore a prehistoric cave in the Pyrenees—and uncover a mystery. Price $2.

Radio is one of the miracles of the modern age. And so John Langdon-Davies has written for Dodd, Mead (the publisher) and for every one who listens "on the air" the story of the capture and use of radio waves from their discovery down to the—no,—up to the marvels of the vacuum tubes. The book is nicely illustrated with diagrams, and that means a lot to radio fans. The title of this is "Radio" and the price is $2.50.

Have you room for another hobby? Dodd, Mead are also publishing a book on "Tin-Can-Craft" by Edwin T. Hamilton. Instead of tying a tin can to poor Fido's tail—whoever would do that nowadays!—try making a thousand and one things out of these discarded containers for tomatoes, spinach and beans. The book doesn't just tell how, it shows how in a hundred photographs and almost two hundred drawings. Price $3.50.

"The Box of Delights" (from Macmillan) sounds as if it ought to be looked into. And it should—and read, too. It's a John Masefield story of Kay and his adventures with the magical box. If you've already met Mr. Masefield's "Midnight Folk," you'll want to read this continuation of their story. Mr. Masefield, you know, is the Poet Laureate of England, and he's written many fine poems of the sea. Price $2.00.

Speaking of poems, Louis Untermeyer is bringing out another anthology of favorites called "Rainbow in the Sky." It's illustrated by Reginald Birch and published by Harcourt, Brace. Price $3.00.

VIKING Press have some thrilling stories on their list. "The Good Master," written and illustrated by Kate Seredy, tells about a boy and girl on the plains of Hungary. Price $2.00. In "Red Sky" (Price $2.00) Theodore Acland Harper spins a fine yarn about the descendants of Catherine the Great's Cossacks, their adventures in the World War and their conflict with an international spy. The story of a real boy—a boy who was one day to be known among the great men of the world—is told by Elizabeth Janet Gray in "Young Walter Scott," price $2.00. All three of these books are published by Viking Press.

Those of you who like to find out what makes the wheels go round, will enjoy "Moviemakers," by John J. Floherty (published by Doubleday and costing $2.00) which is illustrated with photographs. Mr. Floherty, who is the author of "Guardsmen of the Coast," answers all your questions about the making of a motion picture from the selection of the story to the projection.

And here, at the very end of our feast of books, is "Babar the King," written and illustrated by Jean de Brunoff, published by Harrison Smith and Robert Haas, and listed at $3.00. This famous picture book about an elephant was first known by the children of France, and now it may be enjoyed by American boys and girls. Babar makes a very nice dessert for the feast—ice cream in the shape of a lovable elephant. But the feast could go on and on; there are scores of books we haven't even mentioned, but our department must end, and we'll have to tell of some of the other exciting stories in the next issue of your New COMICS.

GOOD BOOKS
ARE
GOOD FRIENDS

THE RADIO DIALER

RADIO programs are best of all when the days grow shorter and colder, and there are so many hours spent in the house lounging in front of the welcome fireplace or radiator. We're mighty glad, in this first issue of **NEW COMICS**, to be able to tell you of a few of the high spots in your "program on the air." The leading broadcasting companies are, every one, on their toes—trying to make, if not bigger, at least better broadcasts for their listeners, young and old.

Some of the radio programs have been held over for Fall. Other favorites have gone. Mickey of the Circus on the WABC-Columbia network has departed with the summer, as all circuses do. WABC is continuing Bobby Benson, and that young man was lucky enough to appear with the Rough Riders when the Ringing Brothers, Barnum & Bailey Circus opened in New York.

A lot of the programs for young people, you know, have boys and girls in them. "Let's Pretend," a Columbia feature, is as full of young actors as a plumcake is full of plums. And, of course, every young radio listener knows the Horn and Hardart children's hour on Sunday mornings. "Billy and Betty" of the NBC studios have lots of fun in their program, and so will you if you twirl the dial around to their particular spot.

Captain Quick

by John Elby

A Thrilling Tale of Privateers, Pirates, and the Spanish Armada

LONDON 1586: LORD BARLOW AND HIS DAUGHTER, MARJORIE, AWAIT THE SAILING OF THEIR SHIP TO PLYMOUTH. THERE MARJORIE WILL STAY WITH AN AUNT WHILE LORD BARLOW PRIVATEERS AGAINST SPAIN

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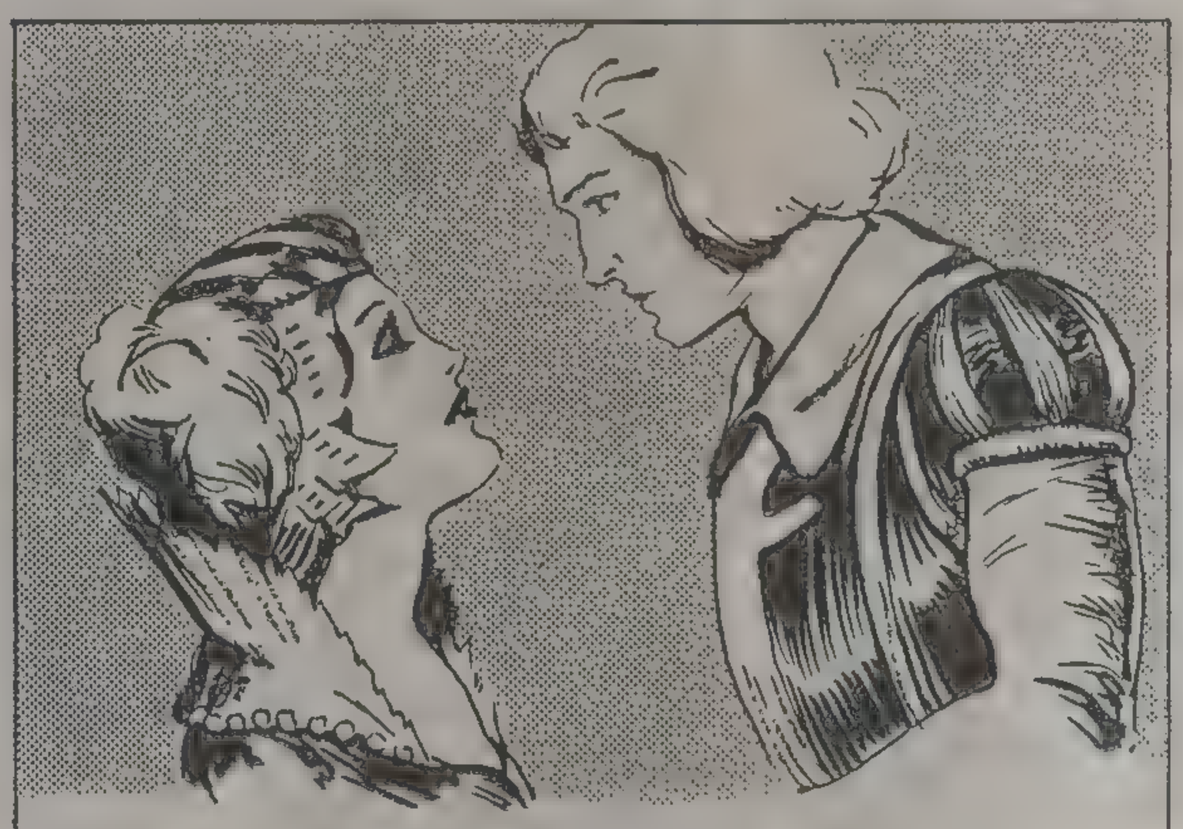
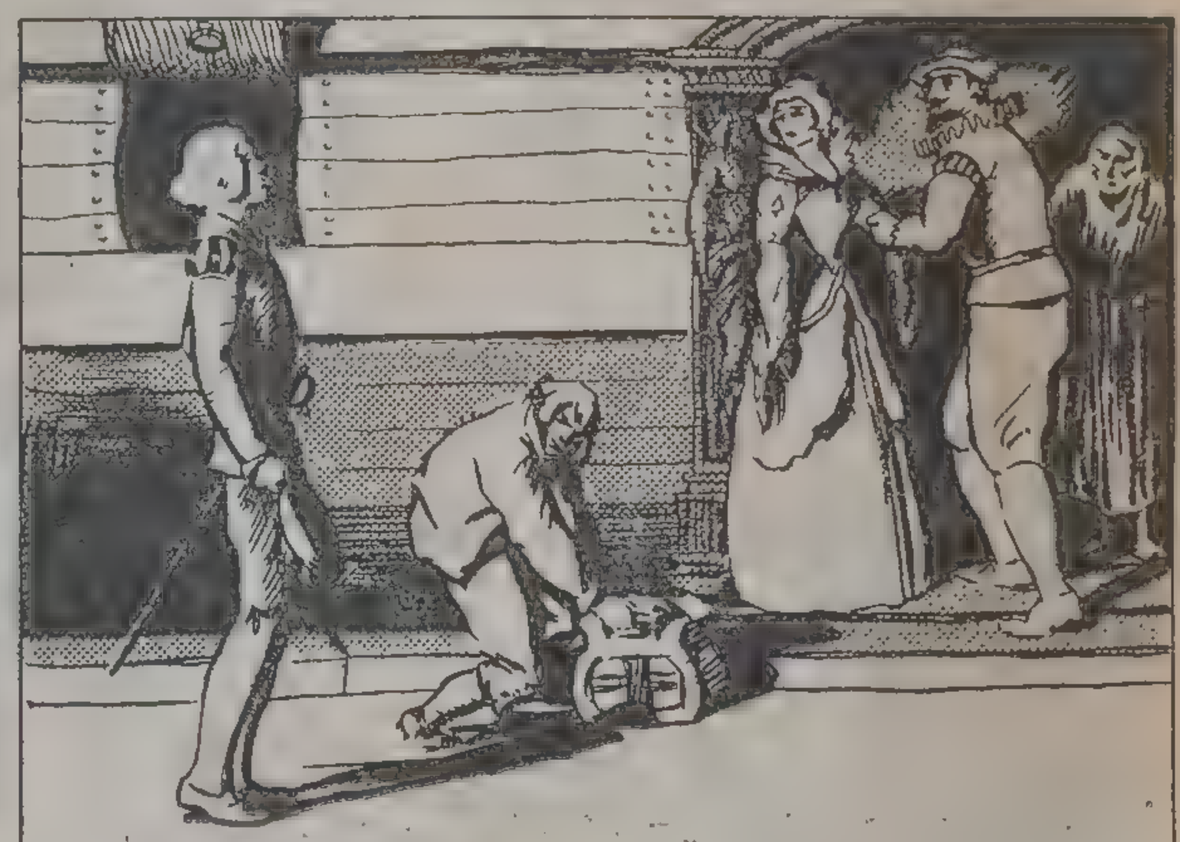
KENDAL QUICK COMES TO BID FAREWELL TO MARJORIE, HIS BELOVED, AND HER FATHER. LORD BARLOW, ANGRY AT QUICK'S REFUSAL TO JOIN THE VENTURE, CALLS HIM "COWARD".



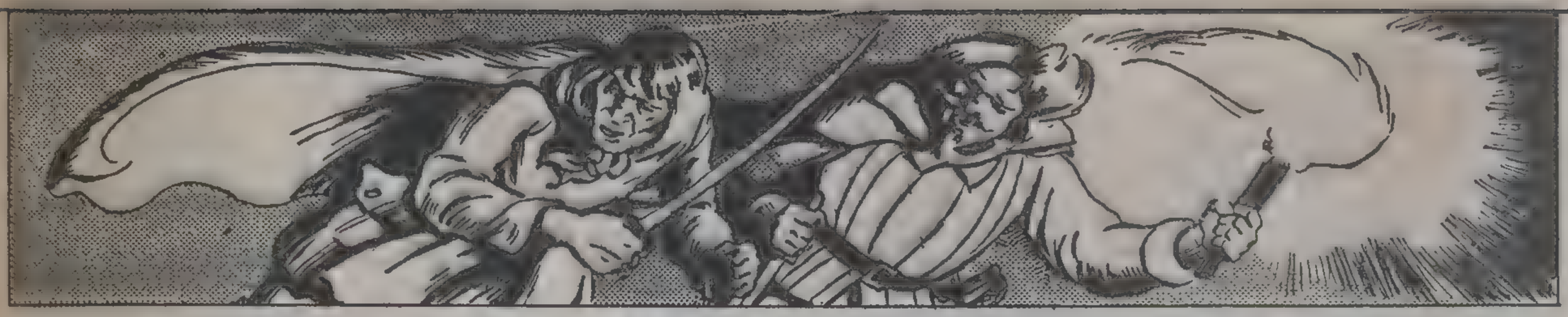
"MARJORIE," SAYS QUICK, "I REGRET I CANNOT GO, PLEASE THINK ME NO COWARD" "FAREWELL!"

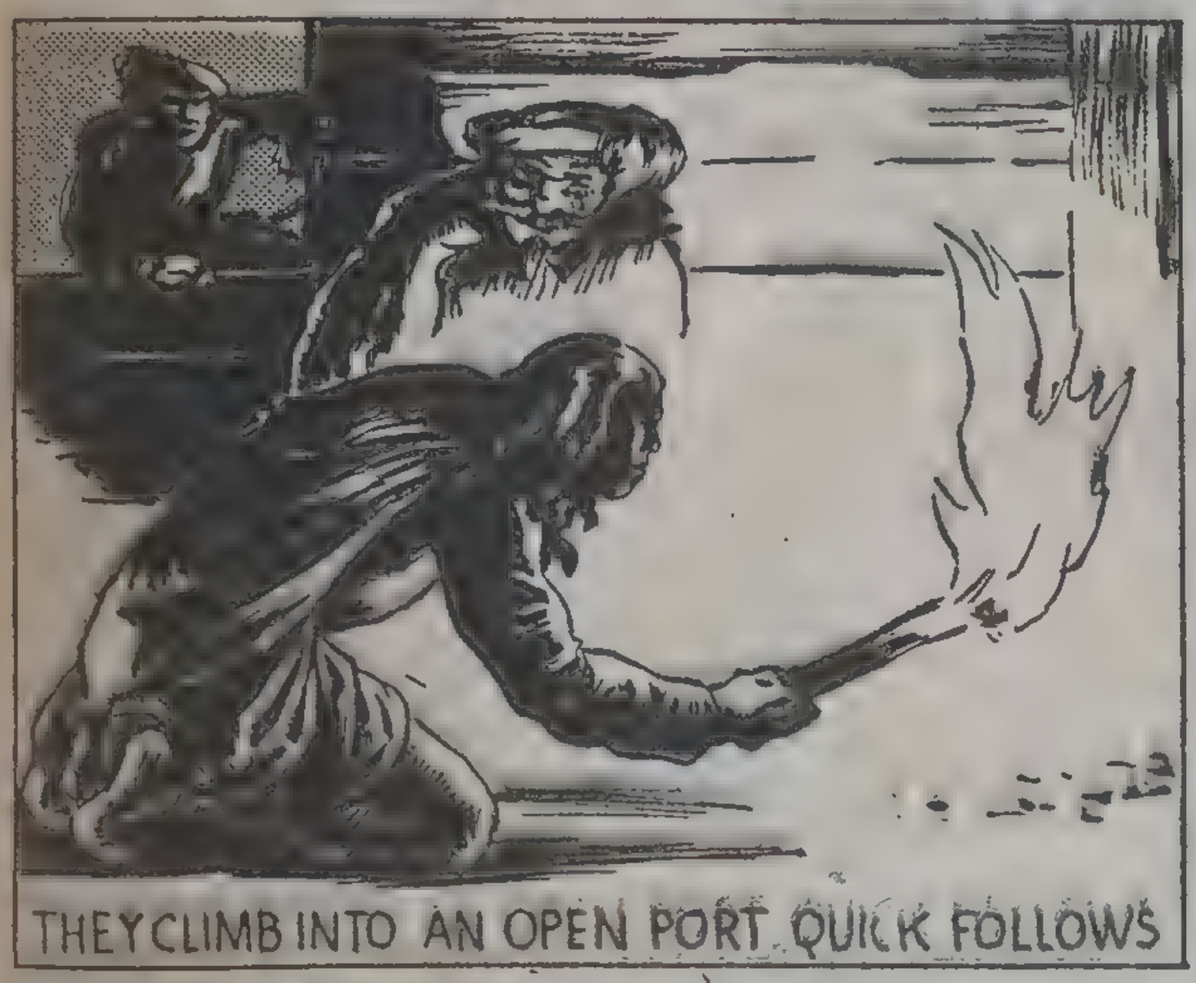


"COME ABOARD, MARGORIE," CRIES LORD BARLOW "LEAVE THIS LILY-LIVERED FOP TO REGRET!"

NIGHT FALLS AND QUICK STILL PACES THE QUAY A WATCHMAN PASSING CALLS "ALL IS WELL"

SUDDENLY—A CRY! THE WATCHMAN IS DEAD. QUICK FOLLOWS TWO FLEEING SHAPES..

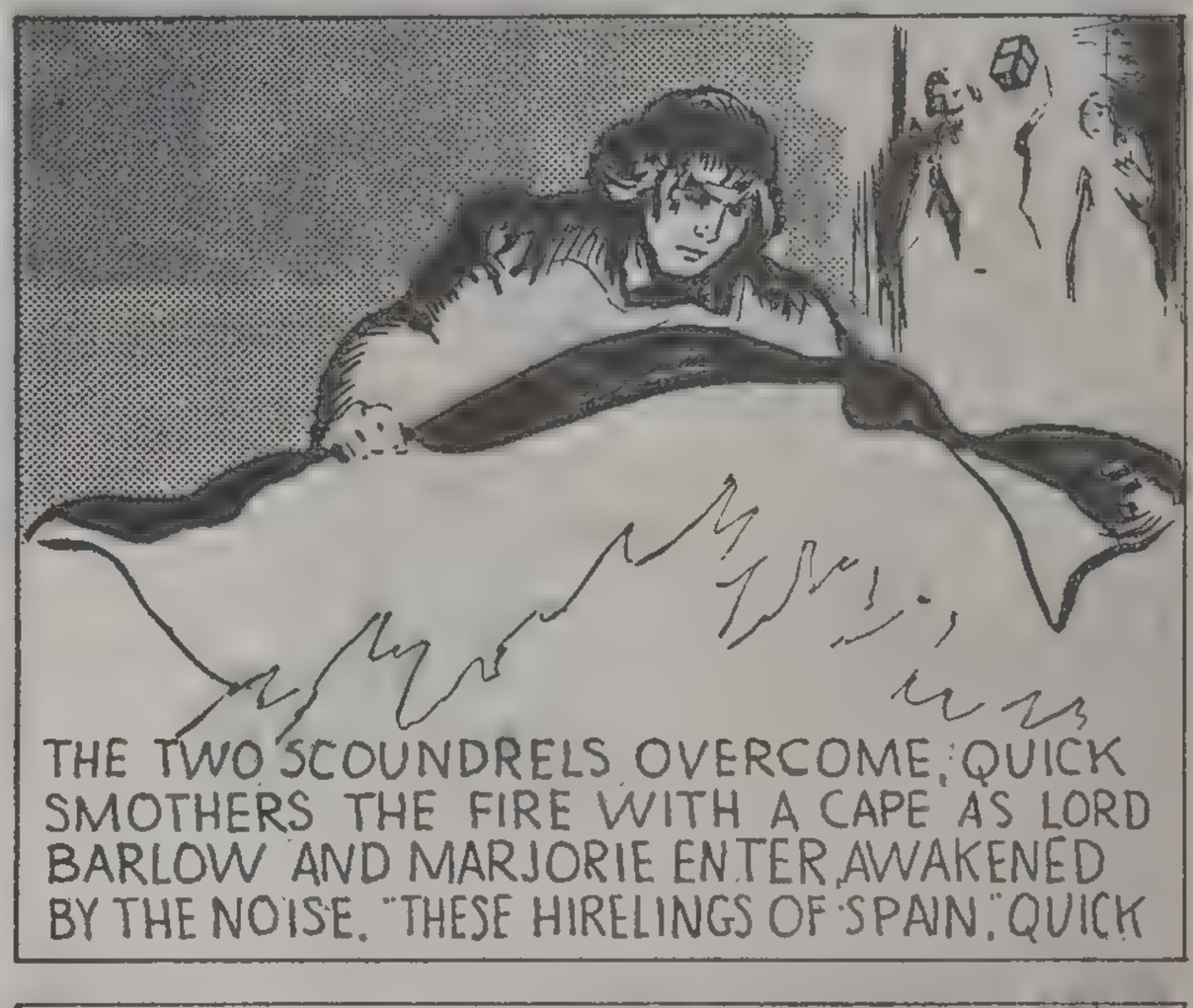




THEY CLIMB INTO AN OPEN PORT. QUICK FOLLOWS

DIE, VILLIANS" CRIES QUICK." DARE FIRE

THE SHIP ON WHICH MY LADY SLEEPS!"



THE TWO SCOUNDRELS OVERCOME, QUICK SMOTHERS THE FIRE WITH A CAPE AS LORD BARLOW AND MARJORIE ENTER, AWAKENED BY THE NOISE. "THESE HIRELINGS OF SPAIN," QUICK

EXPLAINS. PLOTTED TO FIRE THIS SHIP I OVERHEARD THEM." "FORGIVE MY HARSH WORDS, BEGS LORD BARLOW

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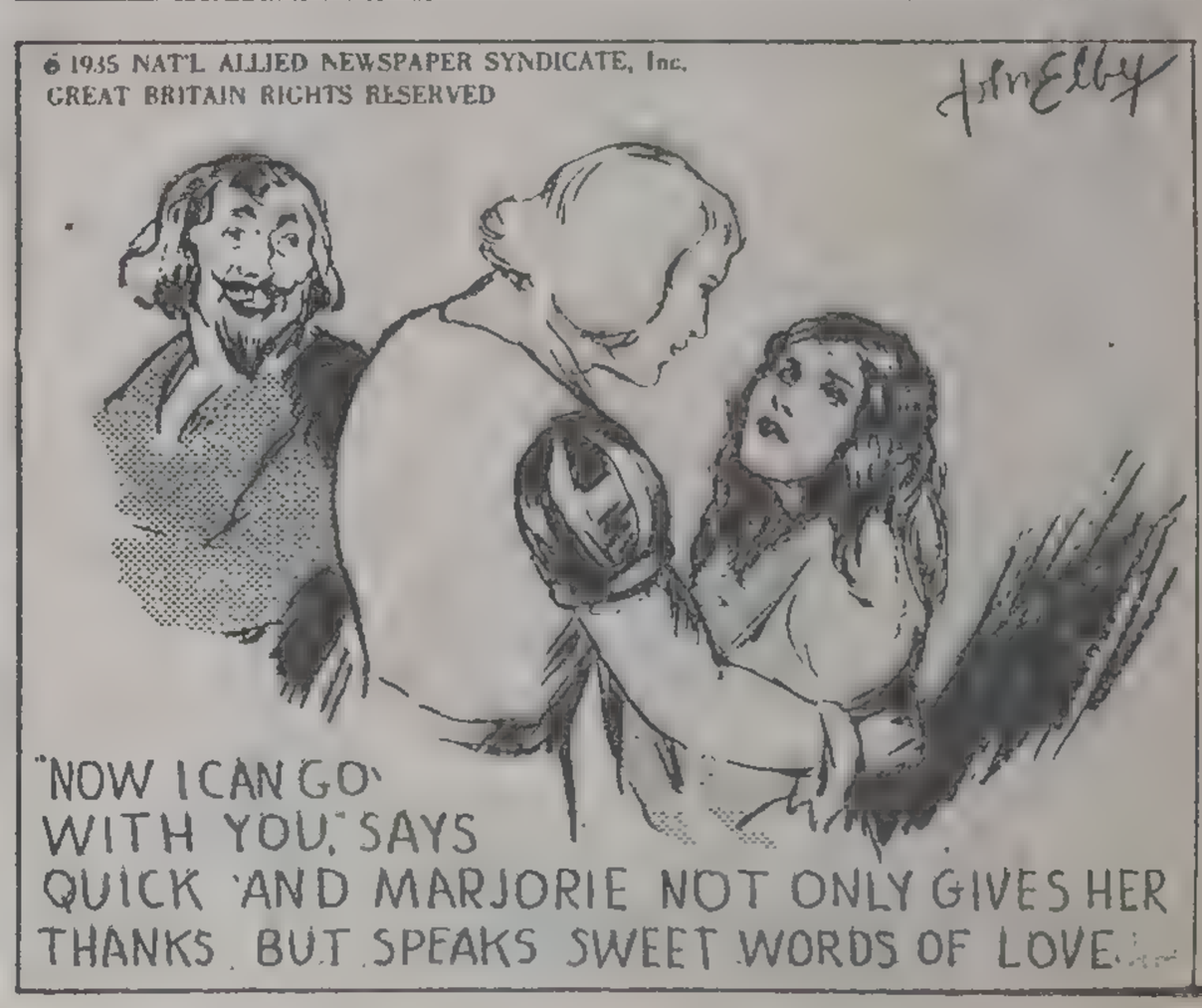
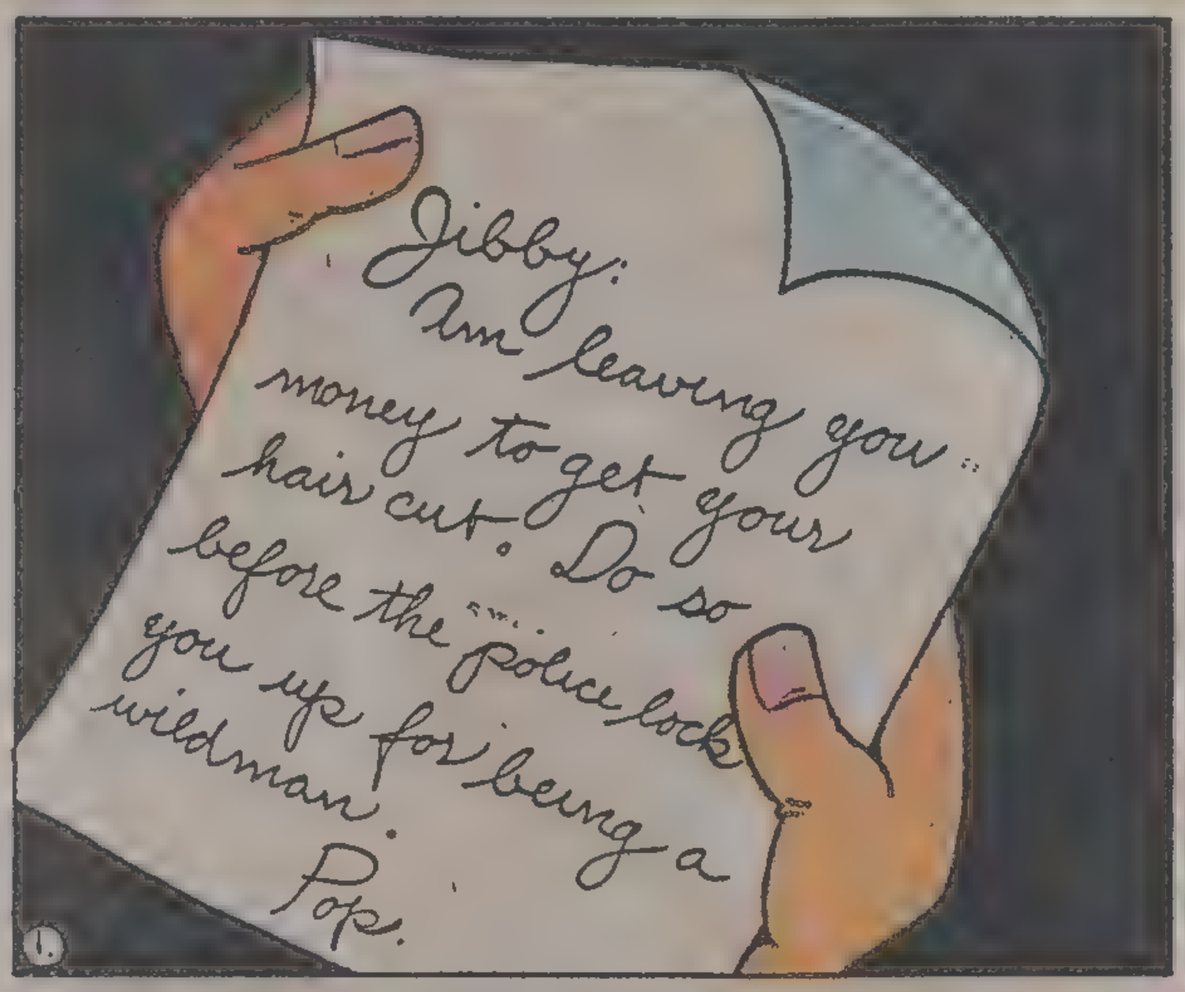
John Elby

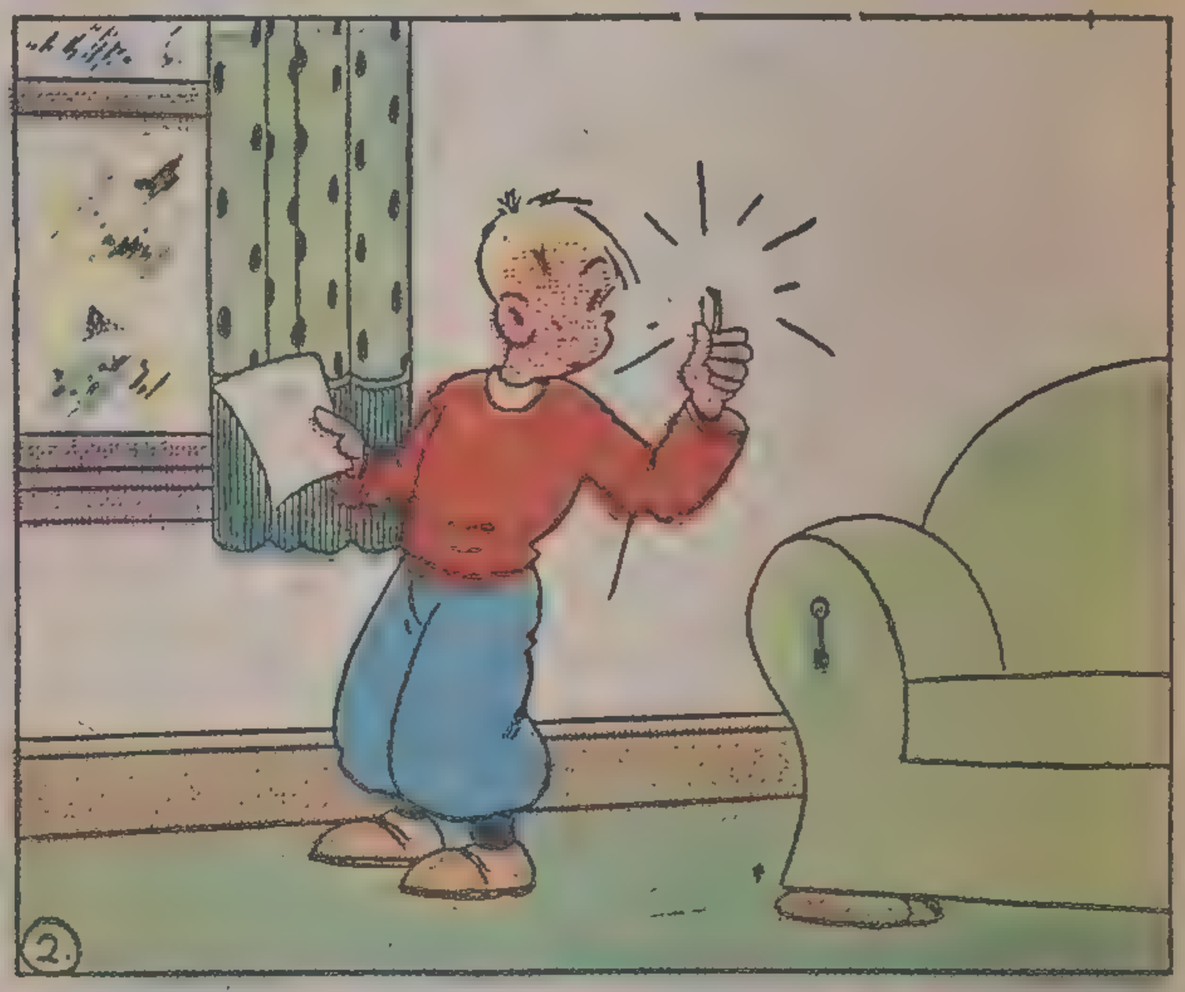


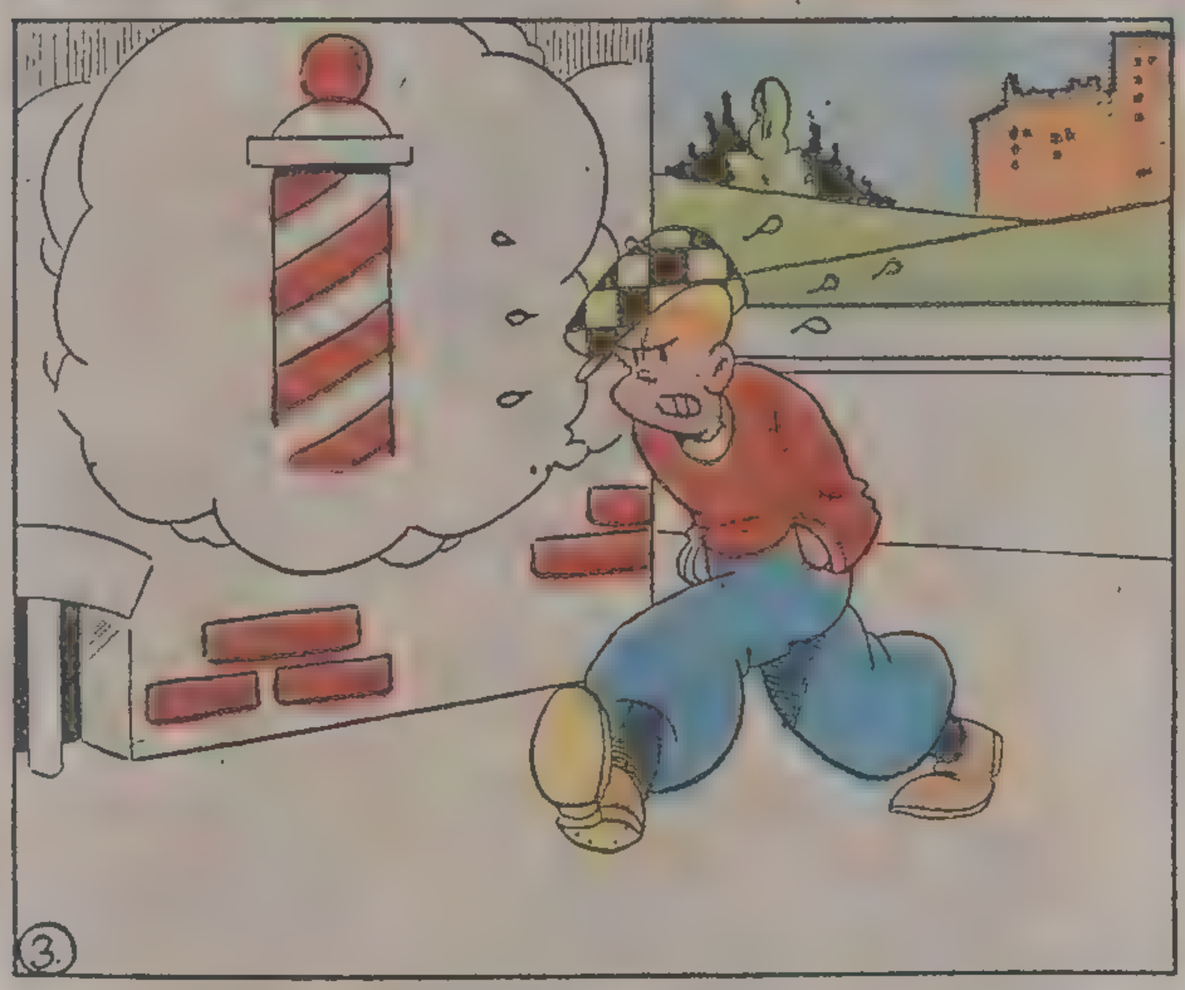
"NOW I CAN GO WITH YOU," SAYS QUICK "AND MARJORIE NOT ONLY GIVES HER THANKS BUT SPEAKS SWEET WORDS OF LOVE.

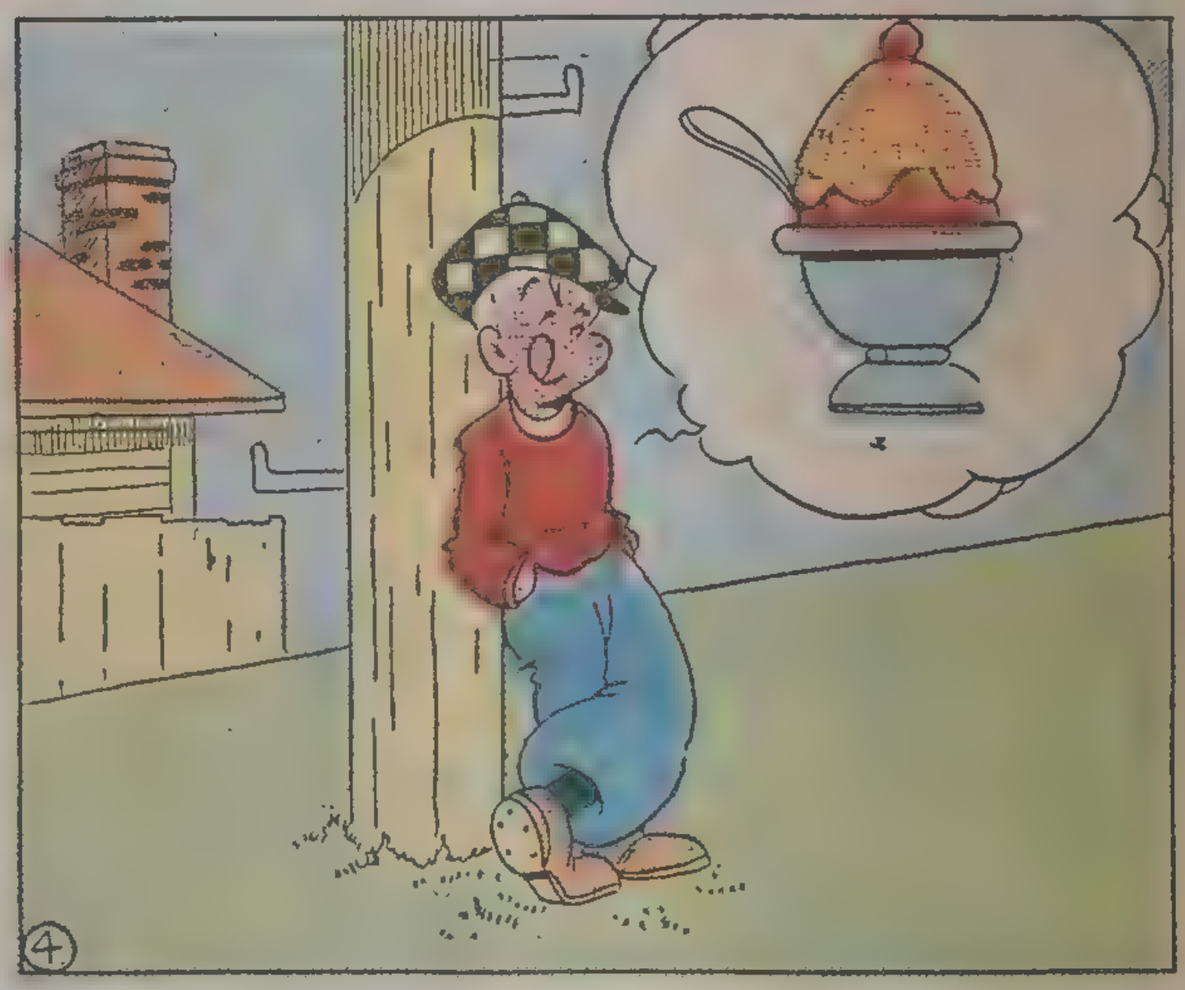
JIBBY JONES

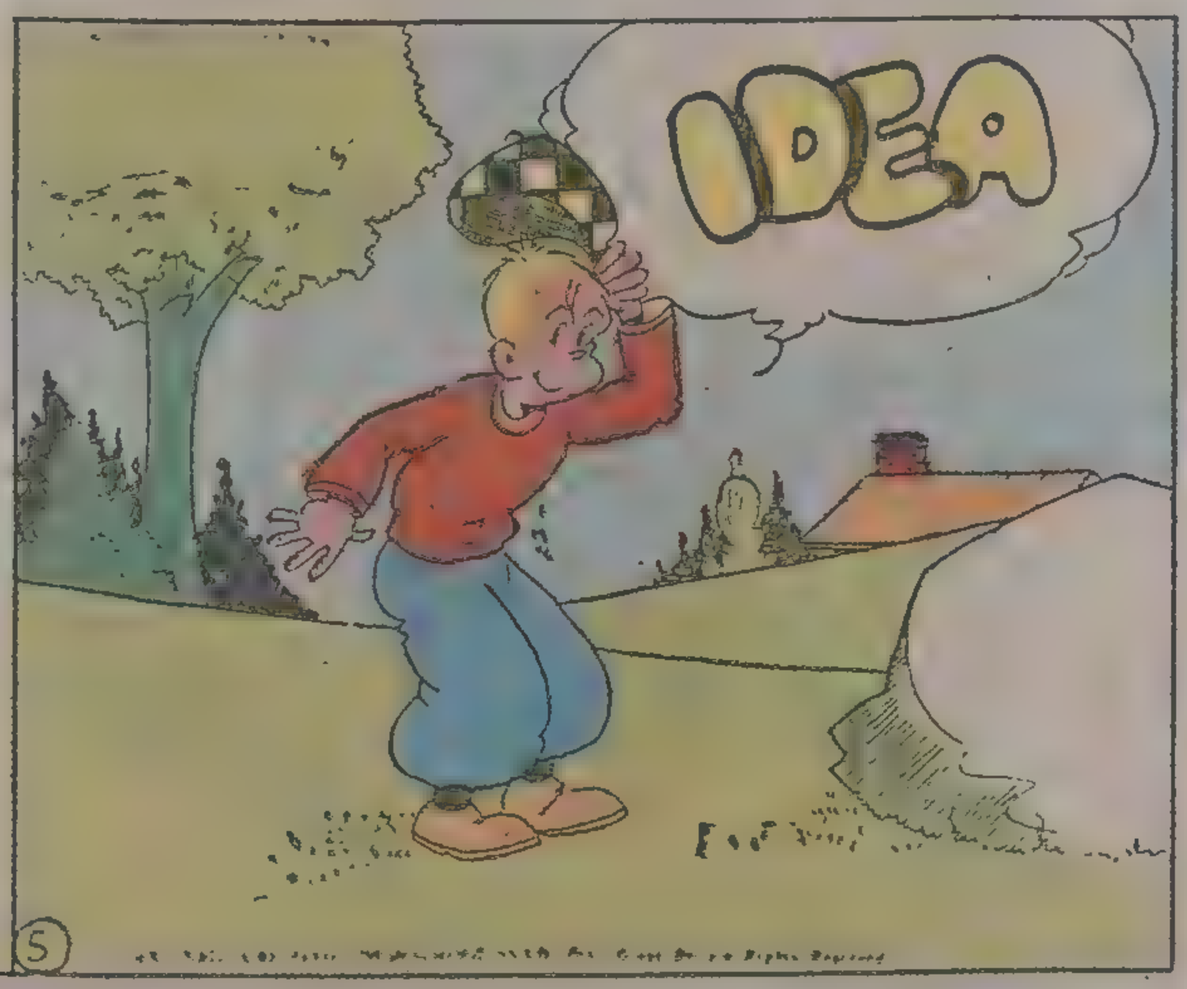
by Vin Sullivan

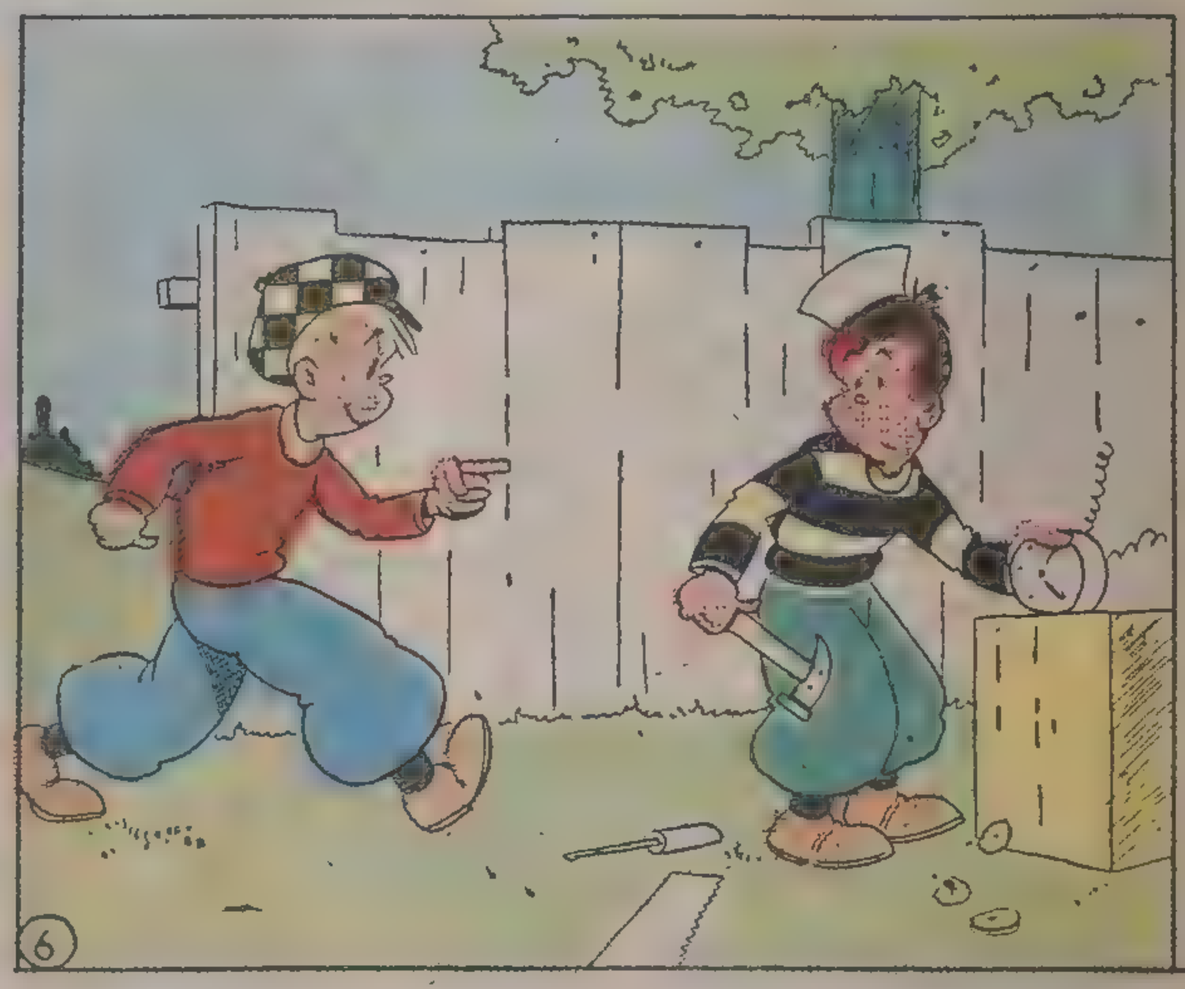












PHOOEY !

?

BARB ST

7.

8.

9

10

POP !

11

12

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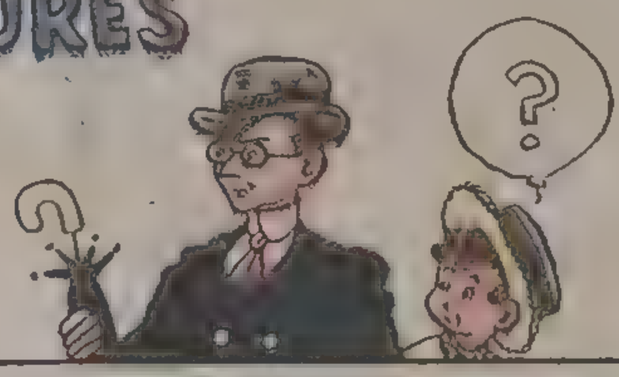
THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MR. WEED—

BY SHELDON MAYER



SAY-DID YOU SEE THAT NEW BOARDER AT THE DINKLE BOARD--ING HOUSE?

YEAH— AIN'T HE A QUEER DUCK?

HE WRITES BOOKS OR SOMETHING, DON'T HE?

YES-HE WRITES ABOUT HISTORY, OR SOMETHING. HIS NAME IS WEED!

I HEAR HE'S NEVER BEEN OUT WITH A GIRL IN HIS LIFE! ISN'T THAT ODD?

OH LOOK !!!

THERE HE IS NOW!

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POW

S'CUSE ME!

JUST A MOMENT, YOUNG MAN—DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE? YOU'VE NOT ONLY RUINED MY APPLE, BUT YOU'VE KNOCKED AN IDEA RIGHT OUT OF MY HEAD!

GOSH! YOU'RE MR. WEED! PLEASE LEMME GO! A MAN'S AFTER ME—

THERE YOU ARE, YOU YOUNG RAPSCALLION! KNOCK MY HAT OFF, WILL YOU—

!!!!

?

OH-GOLLY! NOW I AM SUNK.

SHELDON MAYER

HEH HEH

I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD SCOLD THE BOY, SIR — I'M SURE HE DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM-

WEED? NOT OLIVER WEED, THE **HISTORIAN.**

THAT'S TH' STUFF, MR. WEED — YOU TELL 'EM.

WHY, YES - THAT'S ME — WHY?

AHEM - YOU'RE JUST THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR - I'M URIAH **MOWCHER**, THE SCIENTIST — IS THERE ANY PLACE WHERE WE CAN TALK?

?

AHEM - MR. WEED - HAVE YOU EVER HAD ANY DESIRE TO GO BACK INTO THE **PAST?** TO THE TIME OF GEORGE WASHINGTON - OR PERHAPS ANDREW JACKSON?

WHY YES - YES INDEED, SIR. MANY TIMES!

WELL, SIR - YOUR WISH CAN COME **TRUE!** I HAVE INVENTED A **TIME MACHINE!**

A TIME MACHINE?

?

YES, MR. WEED — A MACHINE THAT CAN TAKE ONE BACK TO **ANY** YEAR IN HISTORY!

TO ANY YEAR IN HISTORY!!

M'BOY - YOU ARE AN HISTORIAN - AND I WANT YOU TO TRY THIS MACHINE WITH ME! WHAT DO YOU SAY?

WHY BY ALL MEANS I'LL GO WITH YOU! THIS WILL GIVE ME AN OPPORTUNITY TO SEE WHAT NEW YORK WAS LIKE 100 YEARS AGO!

GOLLY!

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SHELDON MAYER

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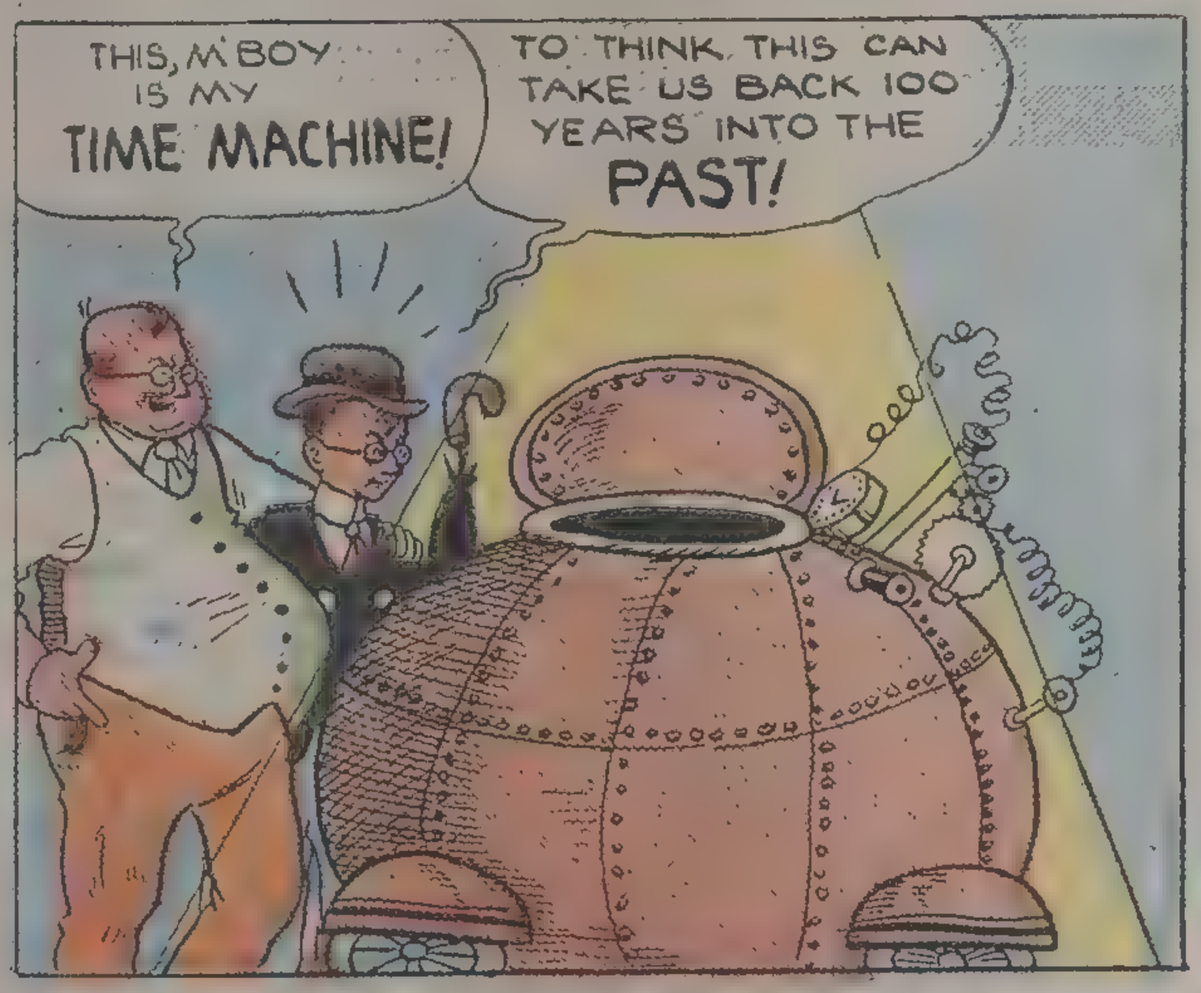
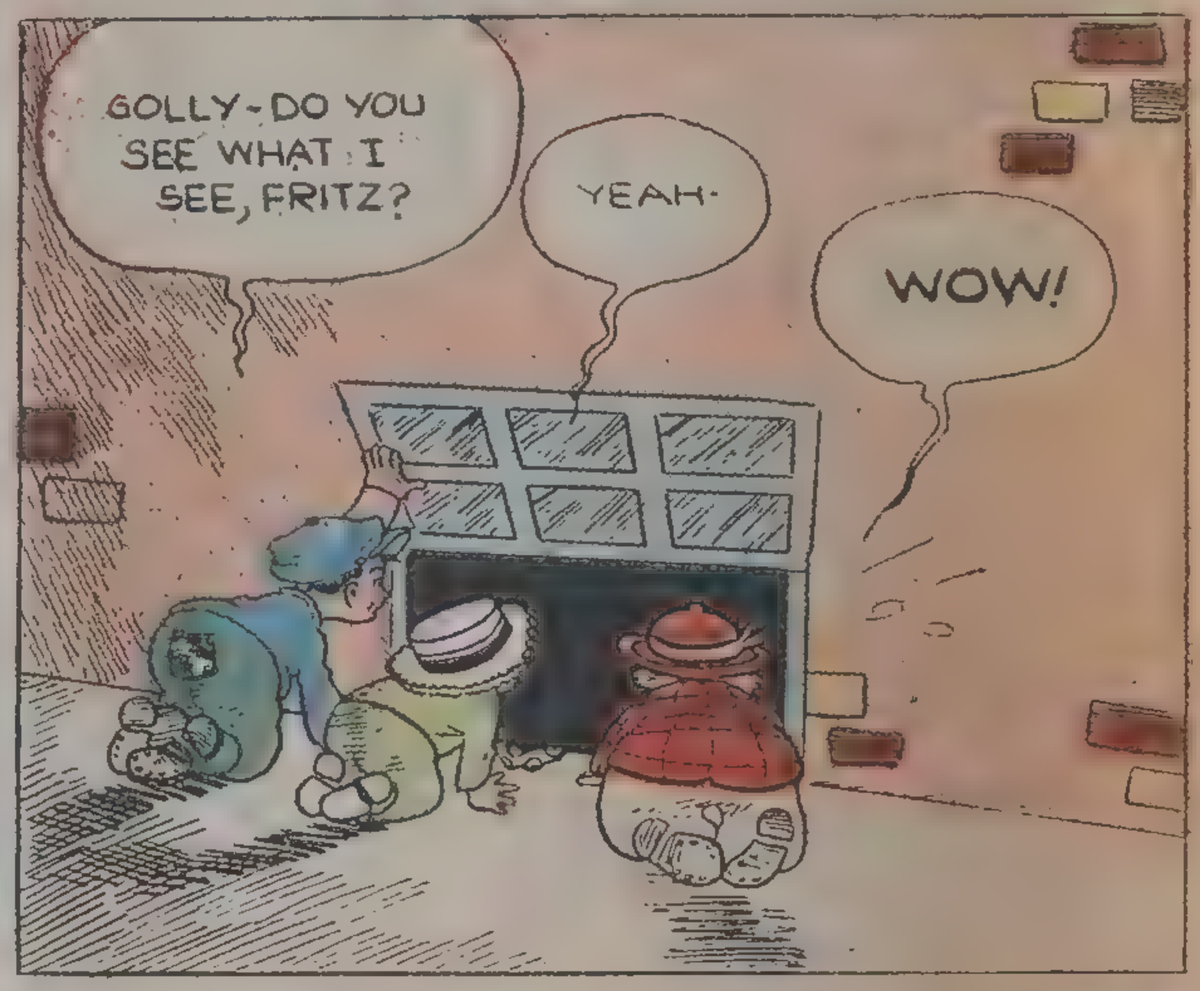
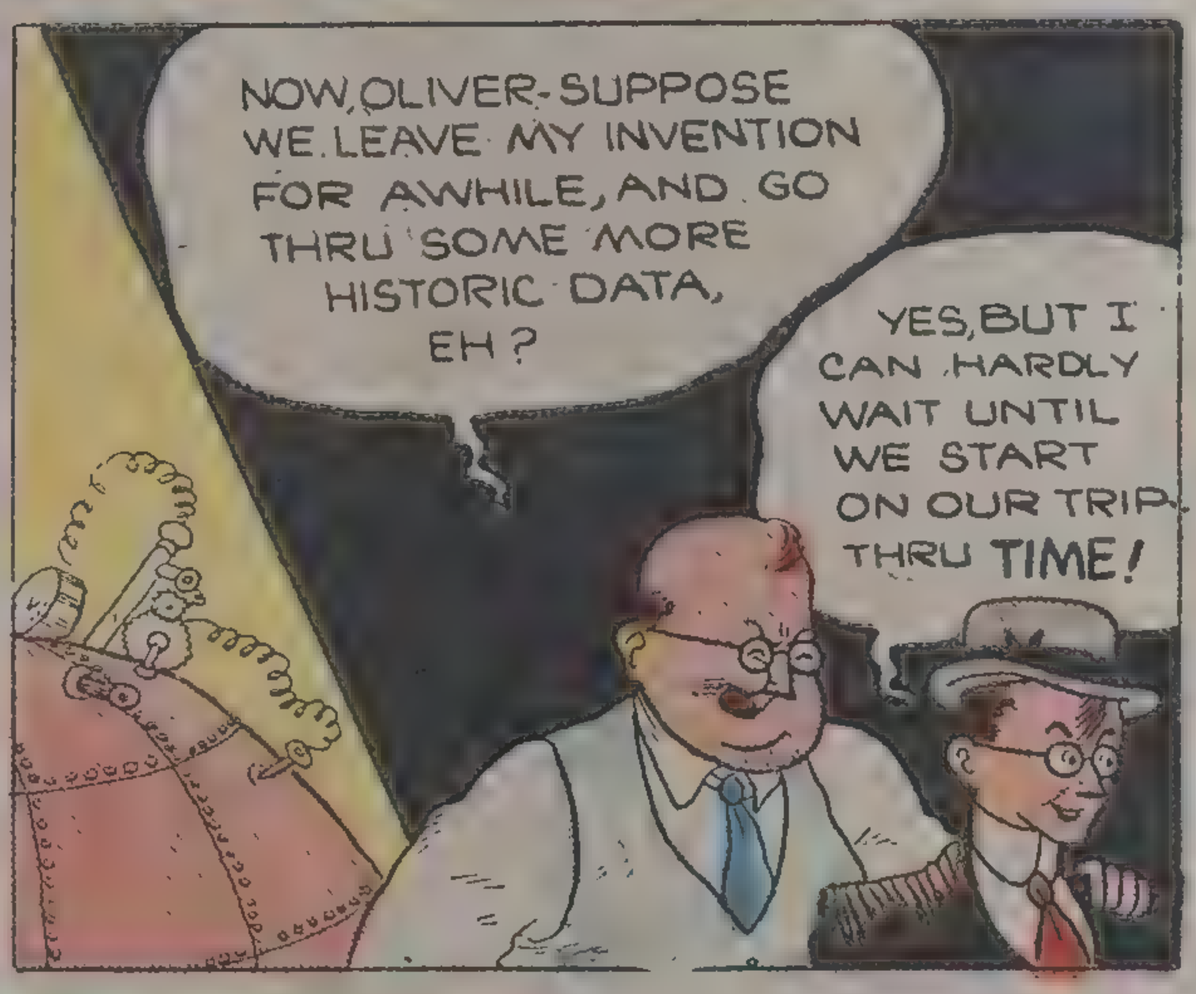
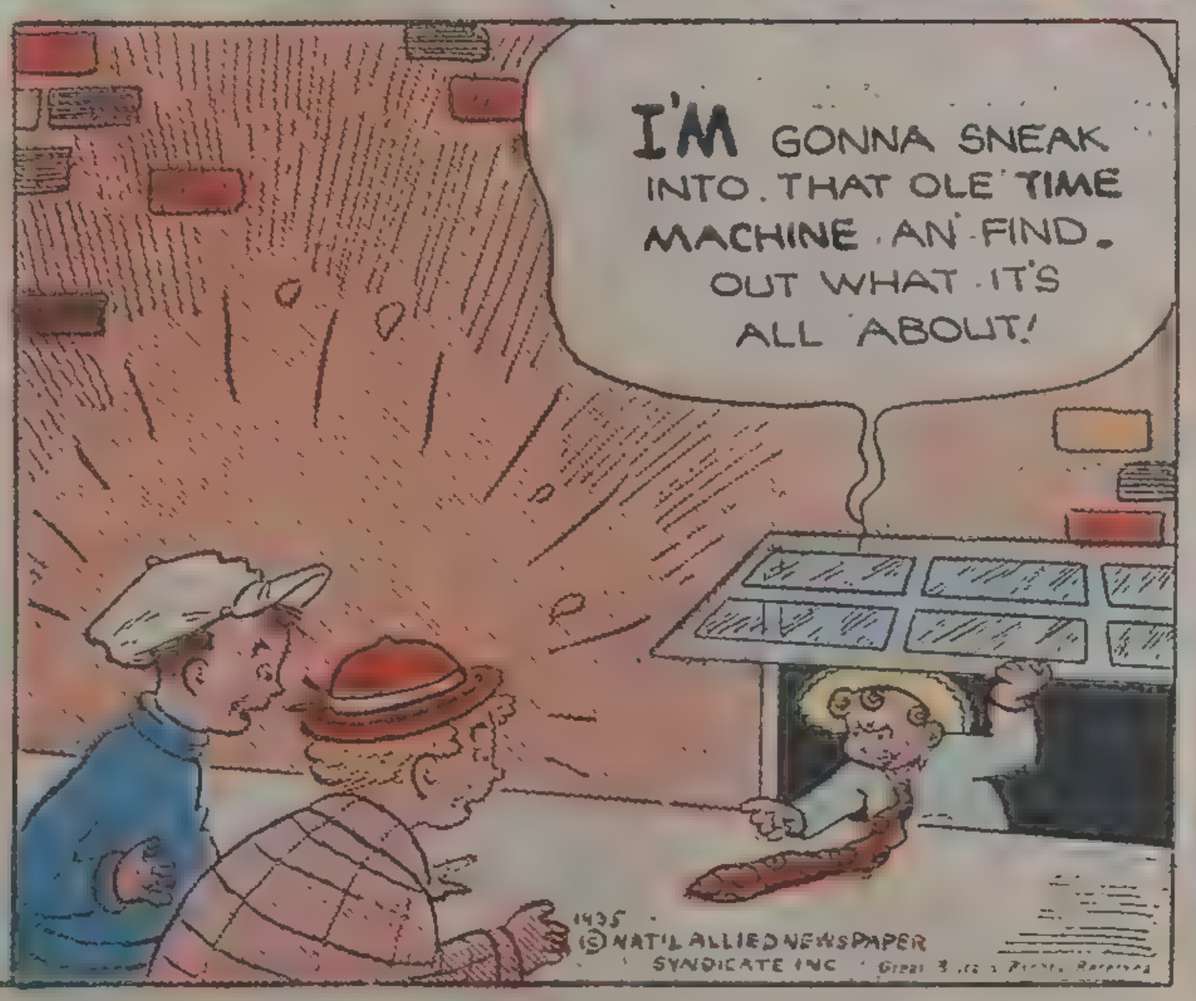
THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MR. WEED

BY SHELDON MAYER






NOW, OLIVER - SUPPOSE WE LEAVE MY INVENTION FOR AWHILE, AND GO THRU SOME MORE HISTORIC DATA, EH?
YES, BUT I CAN HARDLY WAIT UNTIL WE START ON OUR TRIP THRU TIME!



GOSH - DON'T DO THAT, FRITZ! WHAT IF IT GOES OFF! —— YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF 100 YEARS BACK! THEN WHAT'LL YA DO? HEY FRITZ ——
GOLLY —— HE'S GONE!
SLAM!

COME HERE, POP - WE'RE GOING TO OPERATE!

FATHER TIME

GOLLY - HERE COMES MR. WEED AN' OLE MAN MOWCHER — IF I GET CAUGHT, I'LL GIT TH DICKENS!

WELL, OLIVER - ARE YOU ALL READY TO SET OFF INTO THE PAST, EH?

YES, SIR - QUITE — I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

!?

GOSH - POOR FRITZ! WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HIM SNEAK INTO THAT OLE TIME MACHINE!

DO YOU S'POSE IT REALLY WORKS LIKE OLE MAN MOWCHER SAID? WILL IT REALLY GO BACK 100 YEARS? HUH?

I DUNNO - MY GOO'NISS - I SURE HOPE NOT -

ME TOO - GOLLY!

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SHELDON MAYER

MEANWHILE

MR. MOWCHER, IT SEEMS TO ME I HEAR SOMEONE BREATHING IN HERE —!

TUT-TUT- IMAGINATION, M'BOY — JUST YOUR IMAGINATION — HEH-HEH- GET IN —!

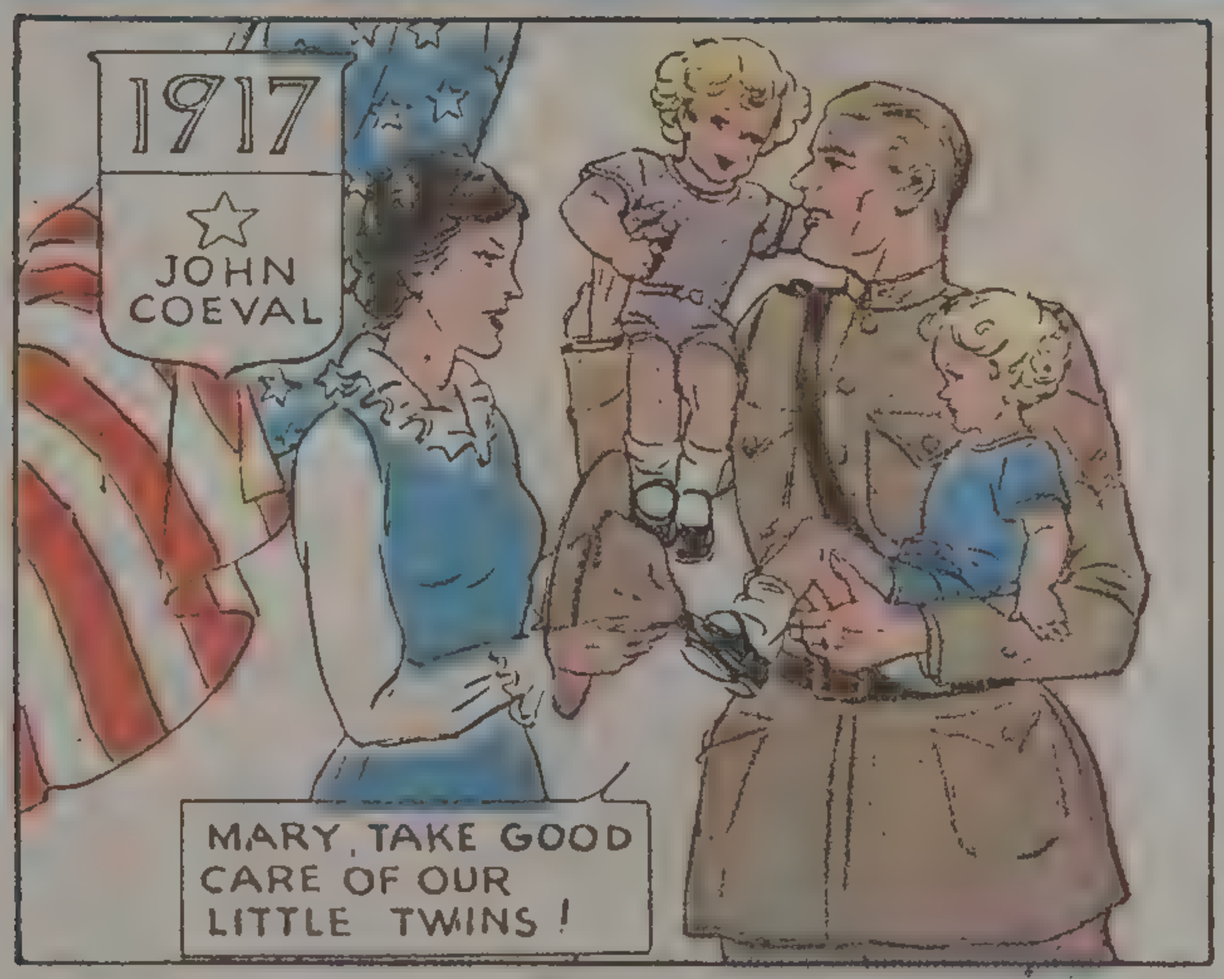
NOW FOR 1835!

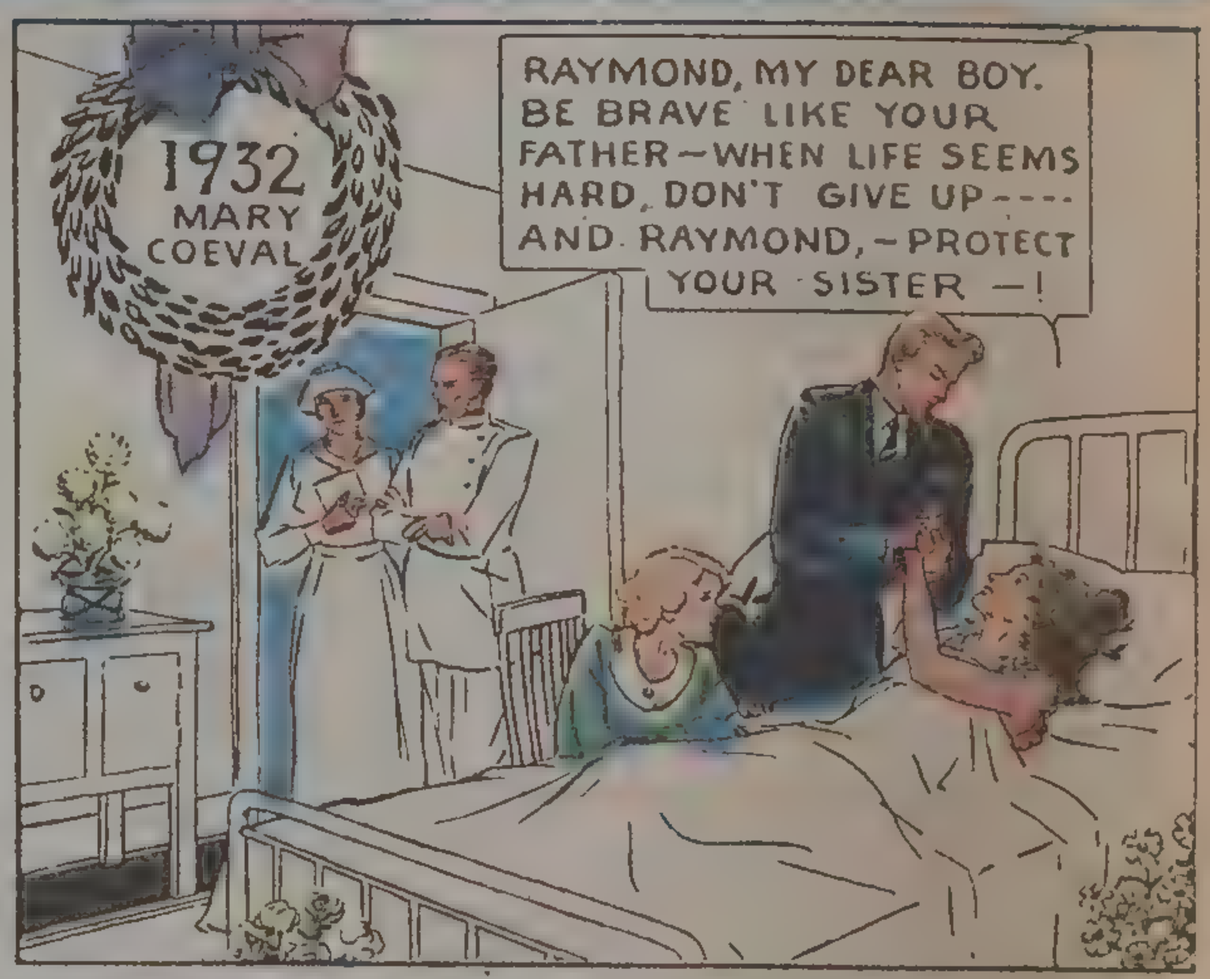
BOOM

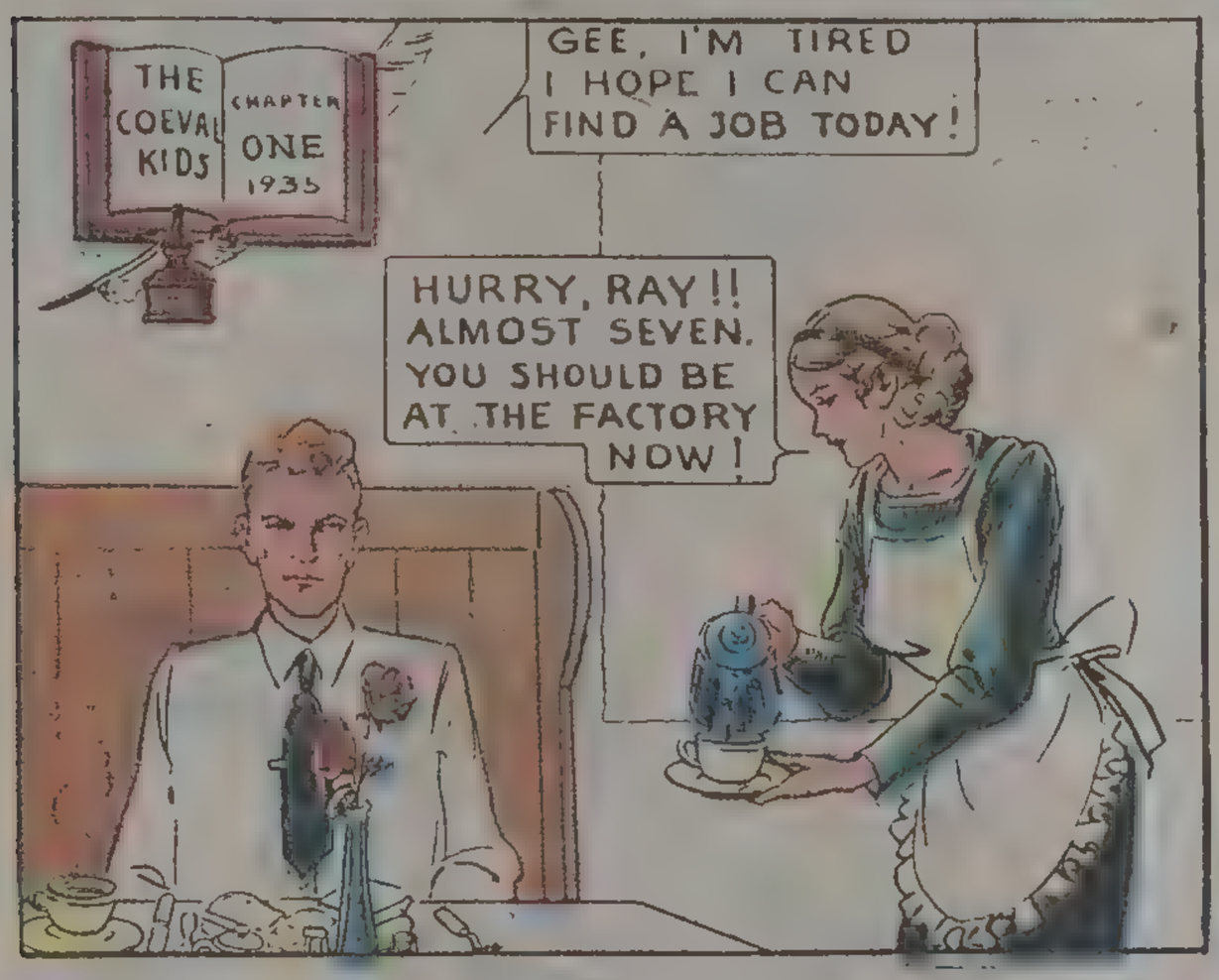
AT LAST!

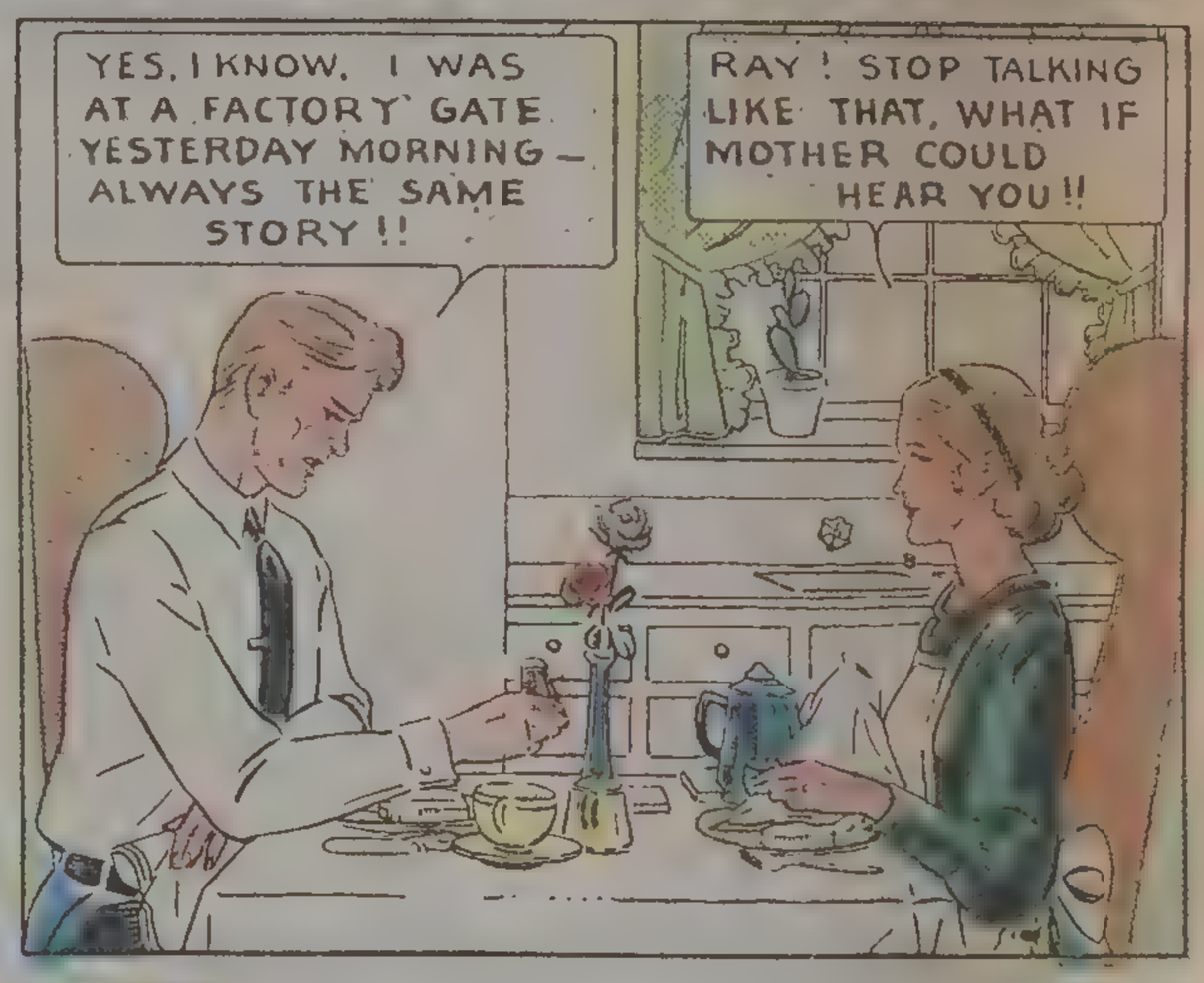
RAY AND GAIL

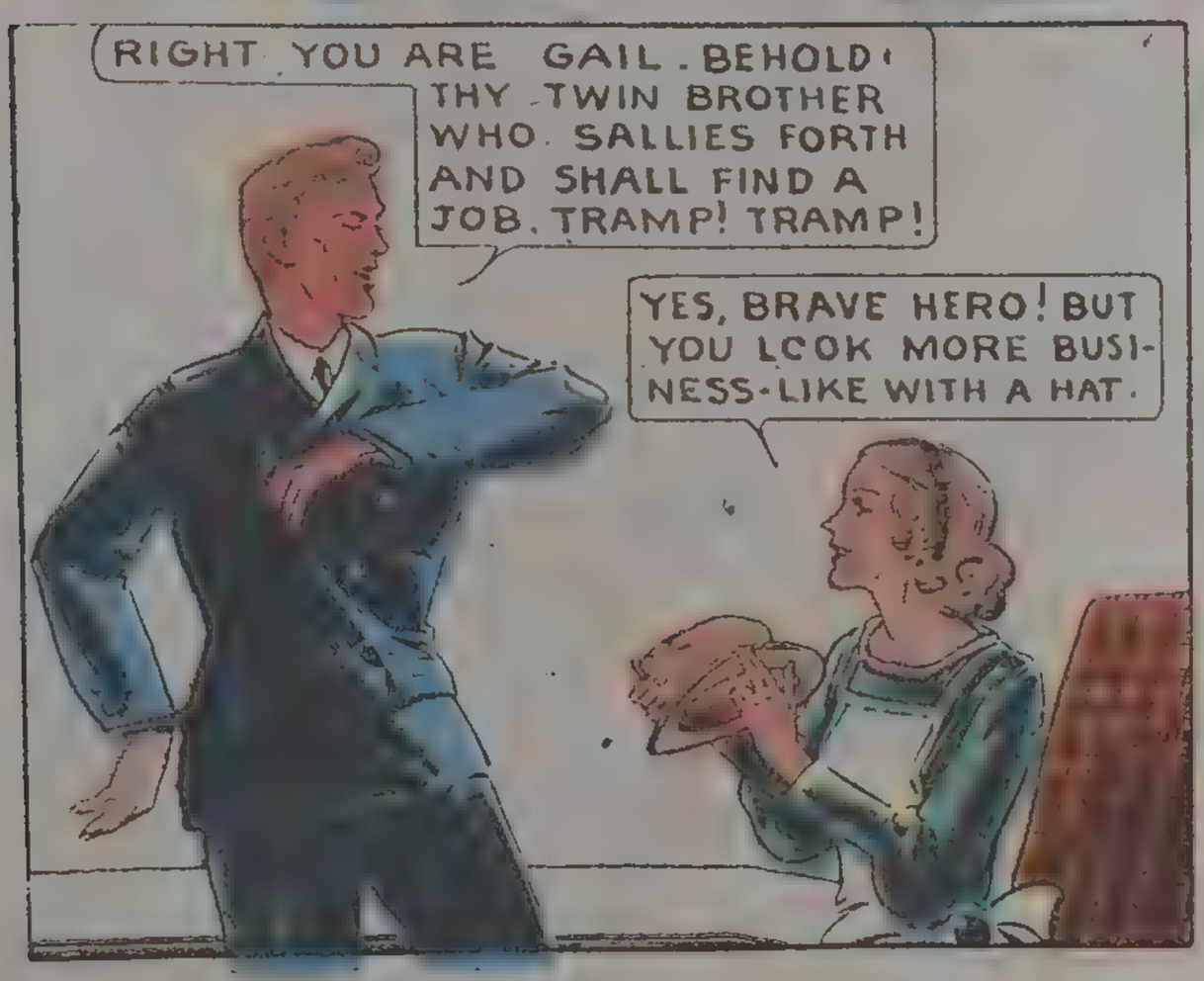
by — clem gretter —

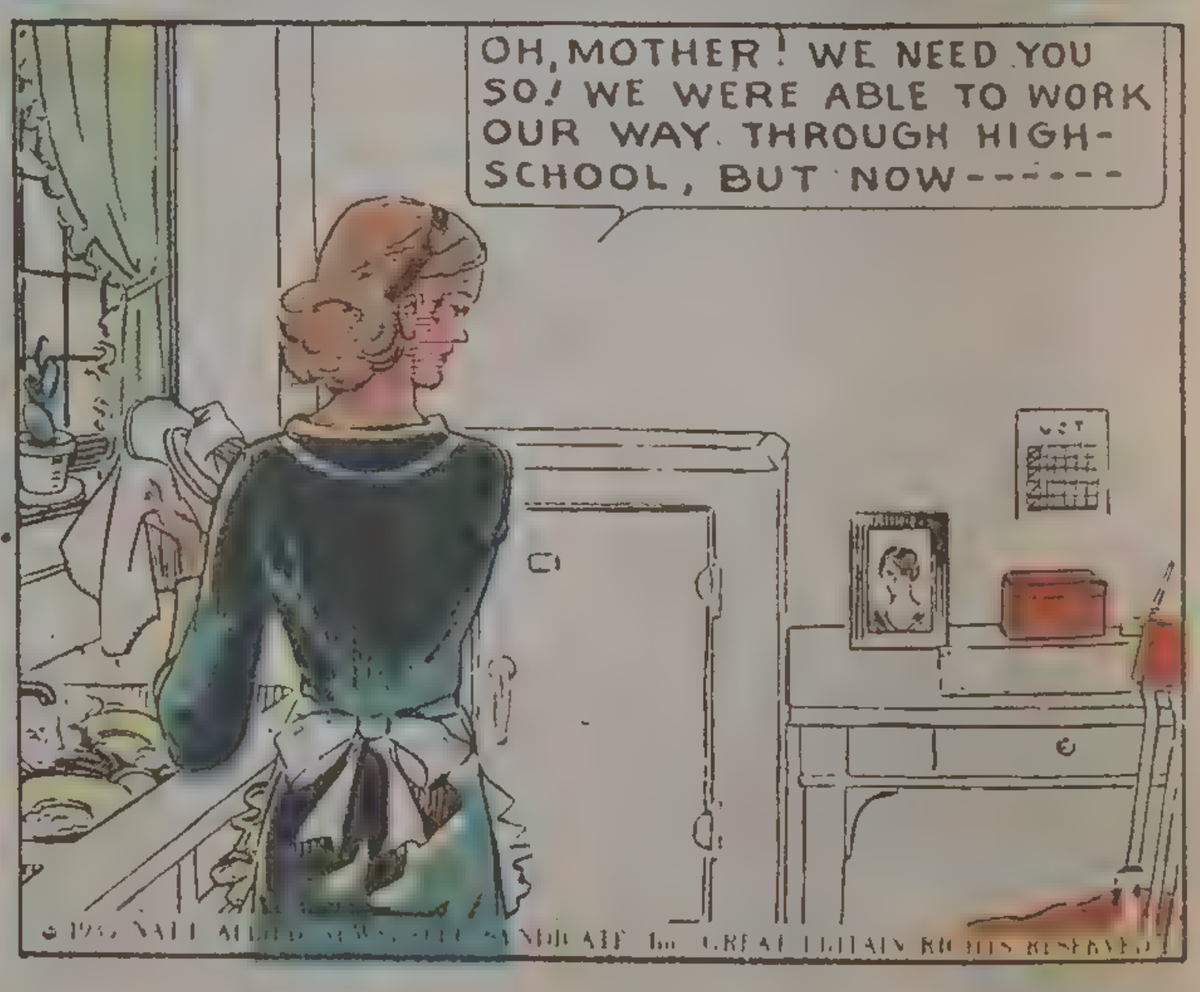



1932
MARY COEVAL
RAYMOND, MY DEAR BOY. BE BRAVE LIKE YOUR FATHER—WHEN LIFE SEEMS HARD, DON'T GIVE UP---- AND RAYMOND,—PROTECT YOUR SISTER —!


THE COEVAL KIDS
CHAPTER ONE 1935
GEE, I'M TIRED I HOPE I CAN FIND A JOB TODAY!
HURRY, RAY!! ALMOST SEVEN. YOU SHOULD BE AT THE FACTORY NOW!


YES, I KNOW, I WAS AT A FACTORY GATE YESTERDAY MORNING— ALWAYS THE SAME STORY!!
RAY! STOP TALKING LIKE THAT, WHAT IF MOTHER COULD HEAR YOU!!


RIGHT YOU ARE GAIL. BEHOLD! THY TWIN BROTHER WHO SALLIES FORTH AND SHALL FIND A JOB. TRAMP! TRAMP!
YES, BRAVE HERO! BUT YOU LOOK MORE BUSINESS-LIKE WITH A HAT.



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ON THE TRAIL OF LIFE'S ADVENTURES

NO HELP WANTED

USED CARS 340. 275. 400. 7

GOSH! THEY DON'T EVEN WANT ME TO POLISH CARS------! HERE COMES WILLIE GEWGAW

NEW WAVE AND HIRCUT 40¢

HI, RAY! OLD SOUR FACE -- SAY, DID YOU HEAR THE NEWS? DAD'S TAKIN' ME ON A CRUISE. COME ALONG, ALL'S FREE!!

BIG LOADS WANTED

CUT IT, WILLIE. YOU KNOW I CAN'T LEAVE GAIL! - BUT. HOW ABOUT DINNER TO-NIGHT? OLD TIMES AGAIN!

YOU SEE, IT'S LIKE THIS --- SIR HENRY GHAUT SAYS TO DAD, YOU FURNISH THE BRAINS AND BOAT AND I'LL DIG UP THE DO-RA — 'ND BOY, CAN HE DO IT!

YES, BUT — WHERE IS THIS EXCURSION TO?

AH-HA-A-A!! IT'S A SECRET. I KNEW YOU WOULD LIKE TO GO. --HOW ABOUT IT, GIG? 'S-NOTHIN' TO HOLD YOU TWO HERE, 'ND DAD NEEDS A GOOD CREW!!

OH LET'S! WE'LL CLOSE UP THIS OLD HOUSE

clem gretter—

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I KNOW, GAIL, BUT GEE! HOW WOULD YOU--?

I'D LOVE IT! --!! AND SO WOULD YOU. JUST THINK! THRILLS AND ADVENTURE!!

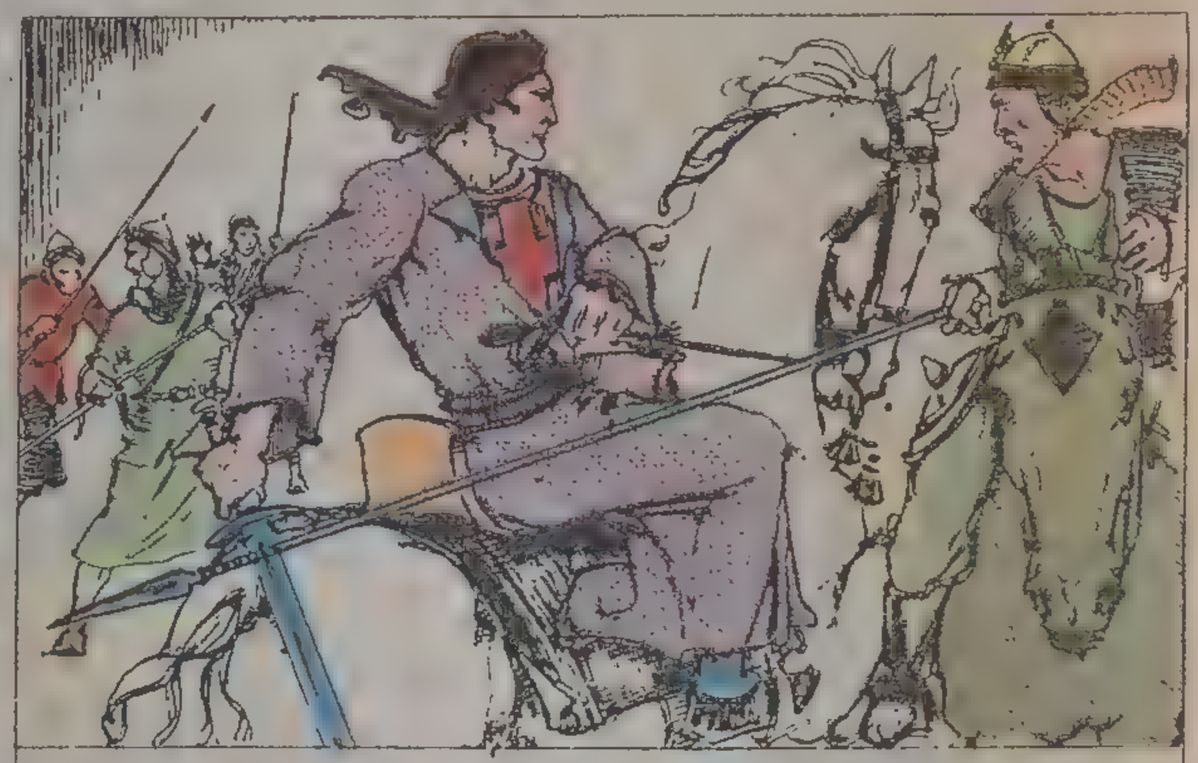
HURRAH, WE'RE OFF!! COME DOWN TO THE YACHT CLUB IN THE MORNIN' AND GET YOUR BUNKS!

ALLAN DE BEAUFORT

THE SAGA OF A CRUSADER WHO RODE WITH THE HORDES OF GENGHIS KHAN

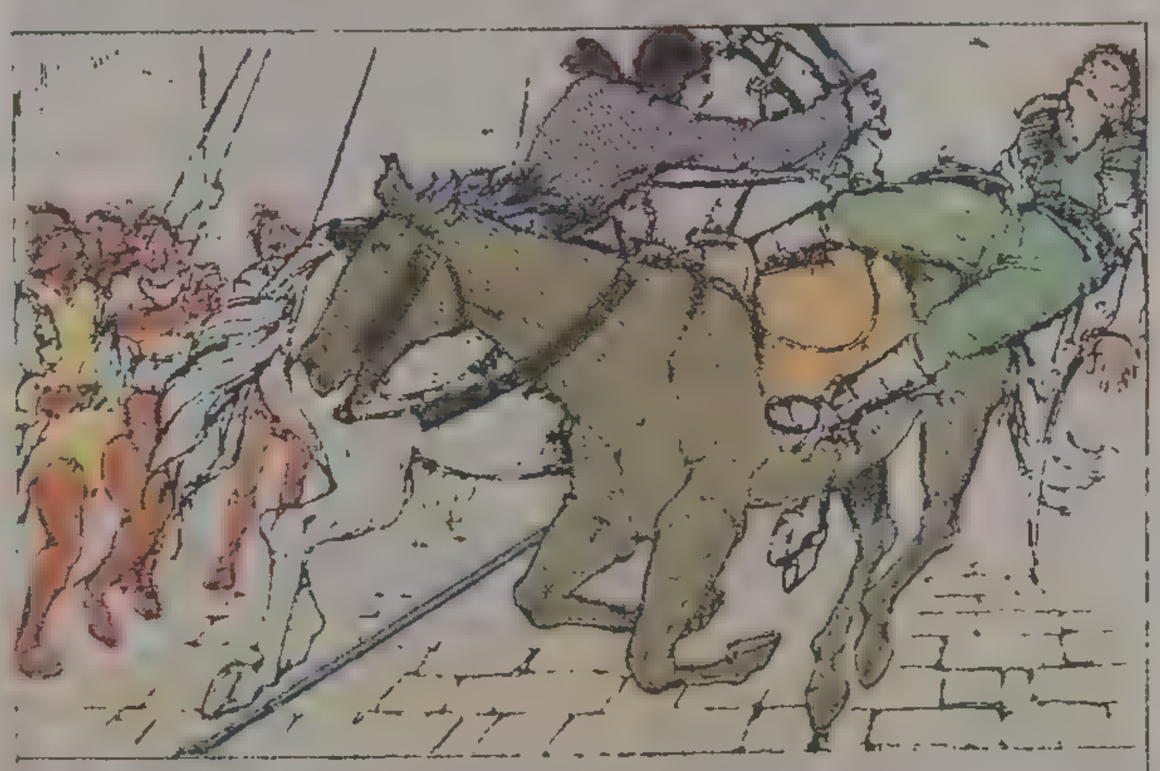
1 Allan, forced by treachery to find sanctuary among the enemies of the True Cross joins a strange caravan entering a forbidding looking Persian city in the hopes of finding food and shelter.

2 As the gates closed behind him, Allan had the feeling that he was a prisoner and cursed himself for entering the dangerous vicinity.



By Allah, a Christian dog has come amongst us!

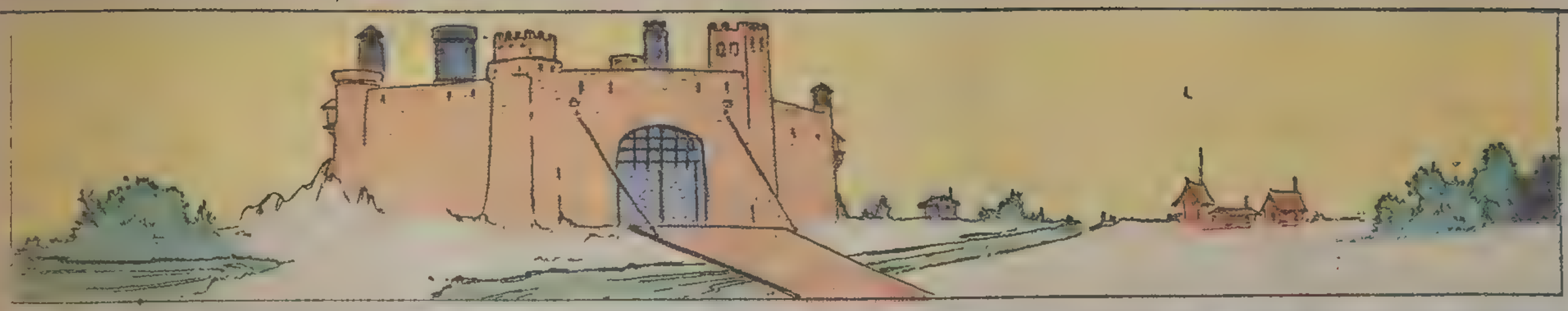
3



And forsooth ye shall feel his fangs, ye infidels!

4

The odds become too great!



Fate plays a cruel trick on Allan
- - she leads him against the
blank wall of a blind alley

6

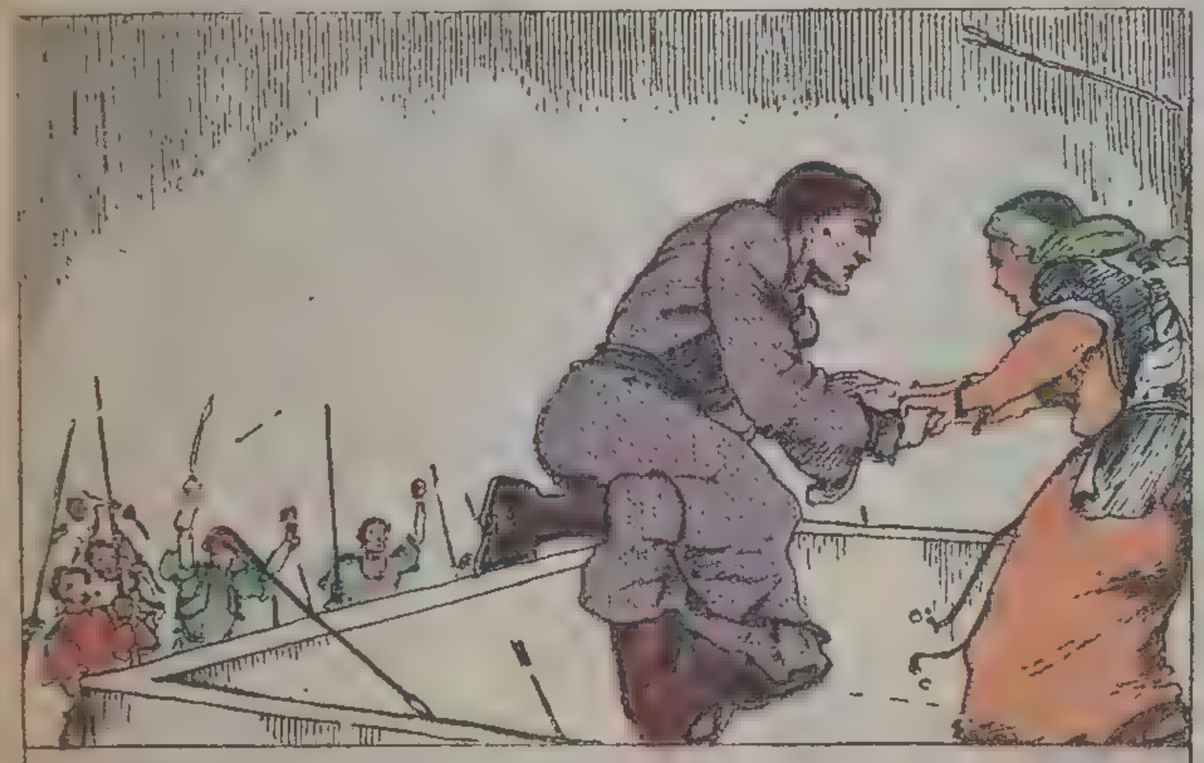
- - but Allan resolves
to go down fighting

7

"Climb, Crusader, climb!"

8

9



"Who art thou?"
"No matter who I am, but come."

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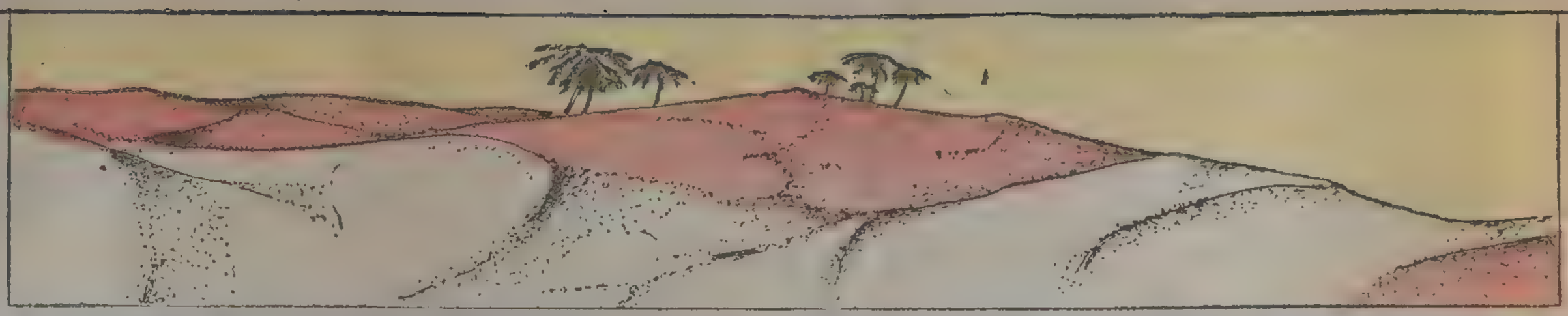
"Go and hide thyself!"
"I cannot leave thee to face
that pack of wolves alone!"

11

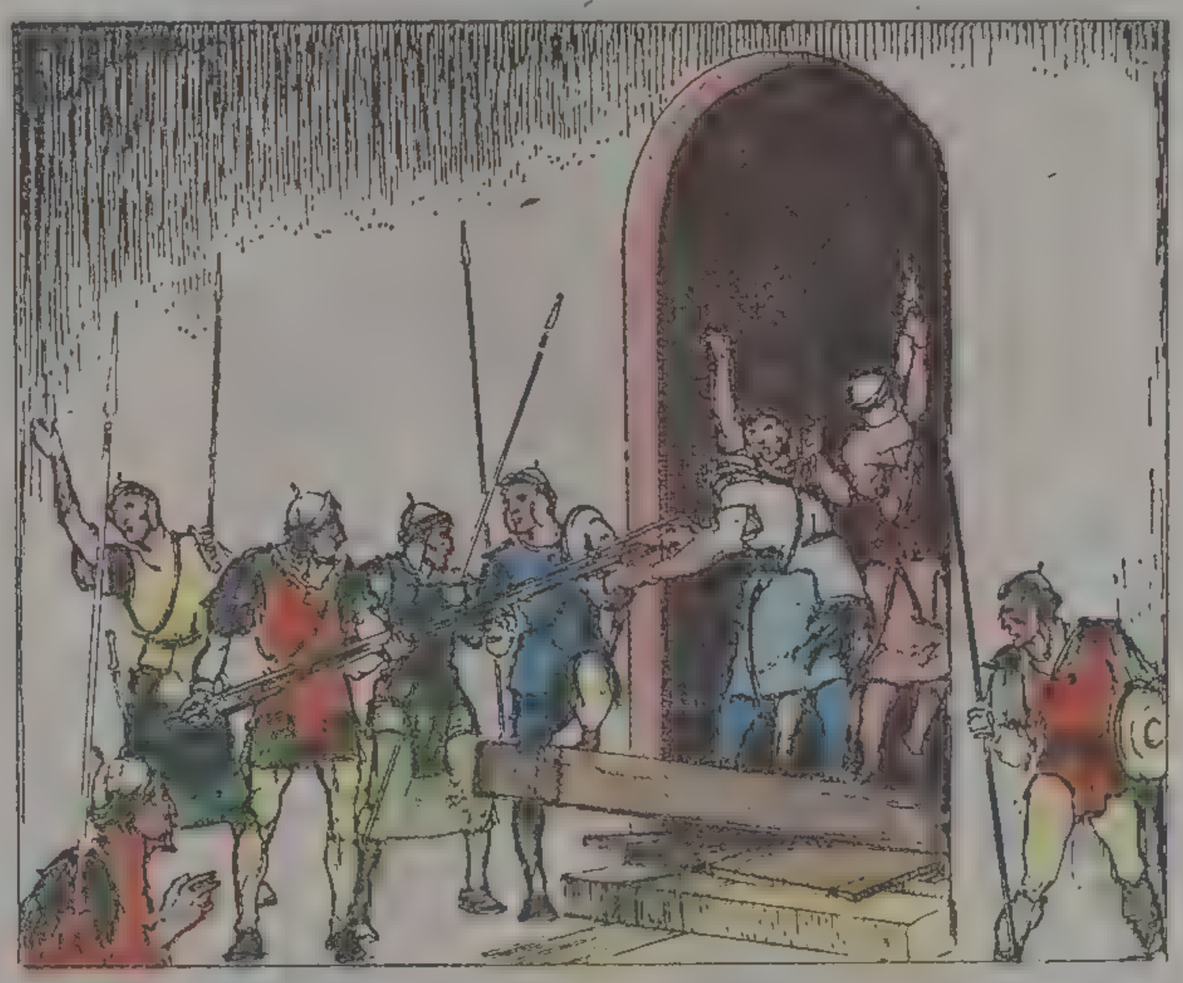


The Infidels are determined
Allan shall not escape

12

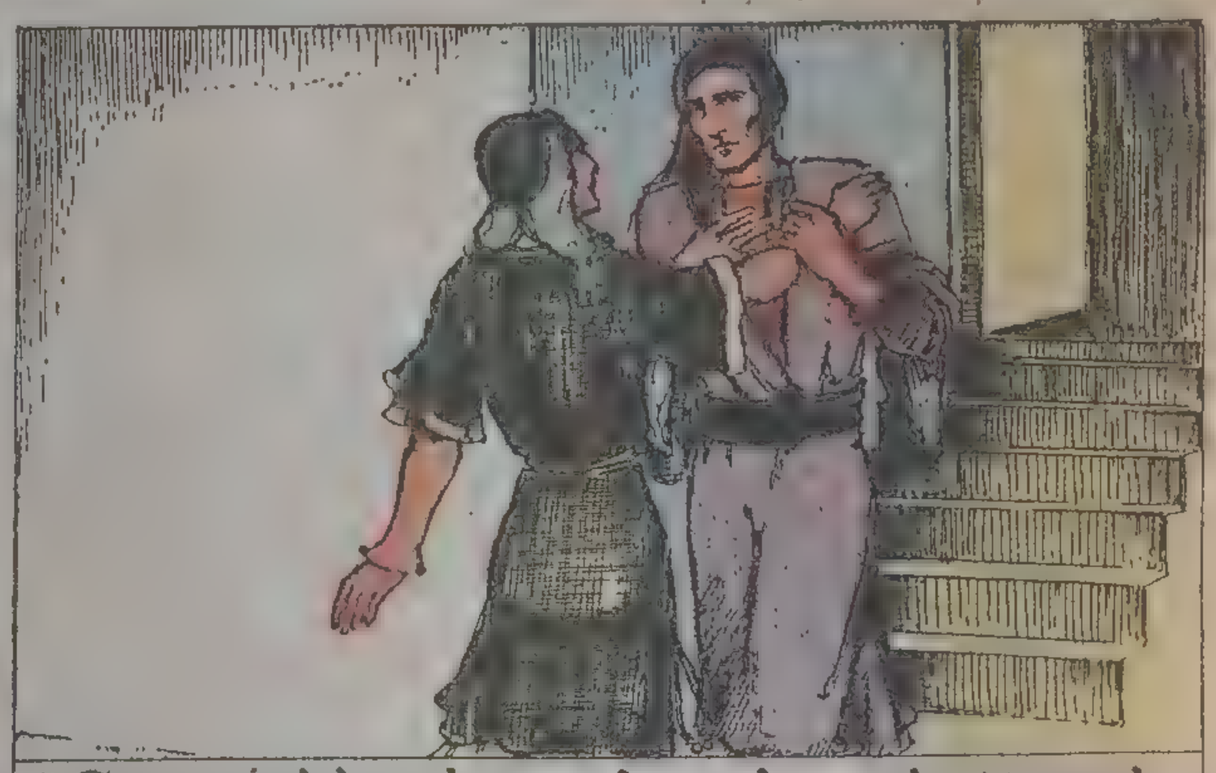
"Go!--I swear upon the True Cross they will not dare to harm me!"
"-- but, I will be back."

13



"My name is Helen!"
"-- and mine is Allan!"

16



"Go quickly, the wolves have battered down the door!"
"But first, I must know thy name!"

15

In the excitement of his escape
Allan has lost his sword

17

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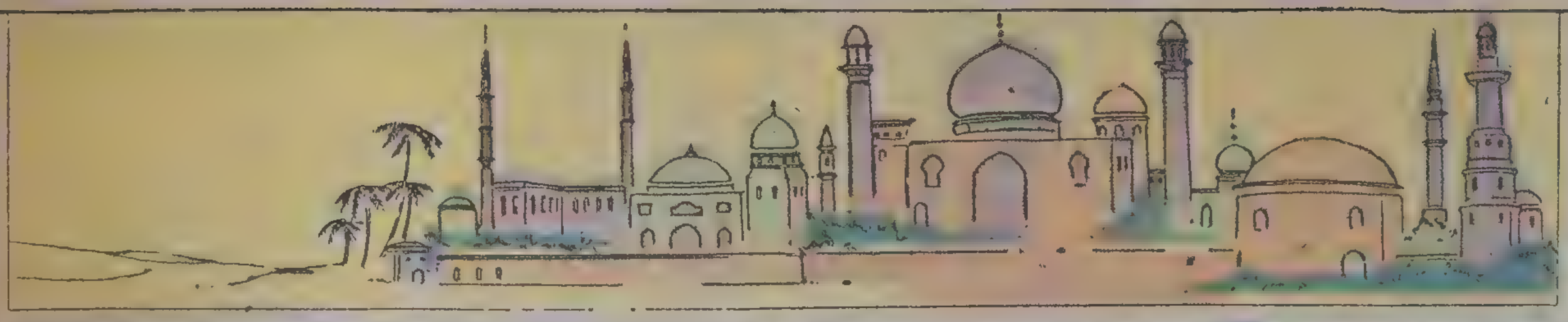

--but Allan refuses to surrender

18

Lightning strikes the swords of his enemies

19

As Allan retrieves one of the fallen swords, his foes flee

20

Allan, aware that a miracle has saved his life, gives thanks

21

The angry soldiers pay no heed to Helen's plea

22

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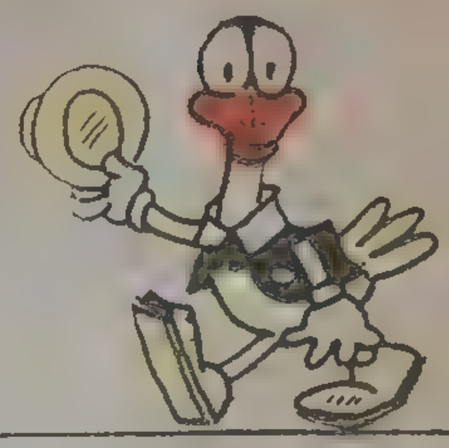
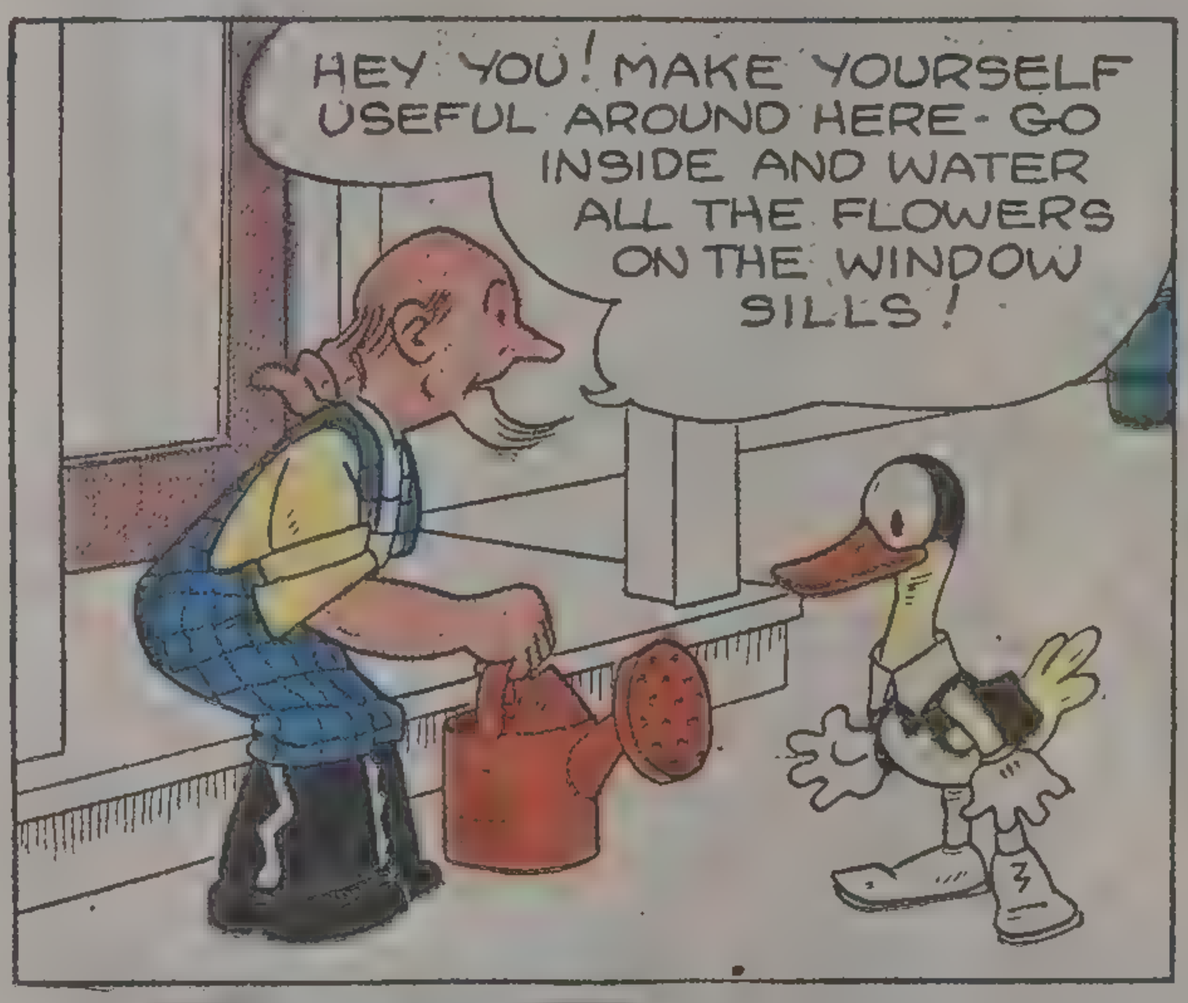
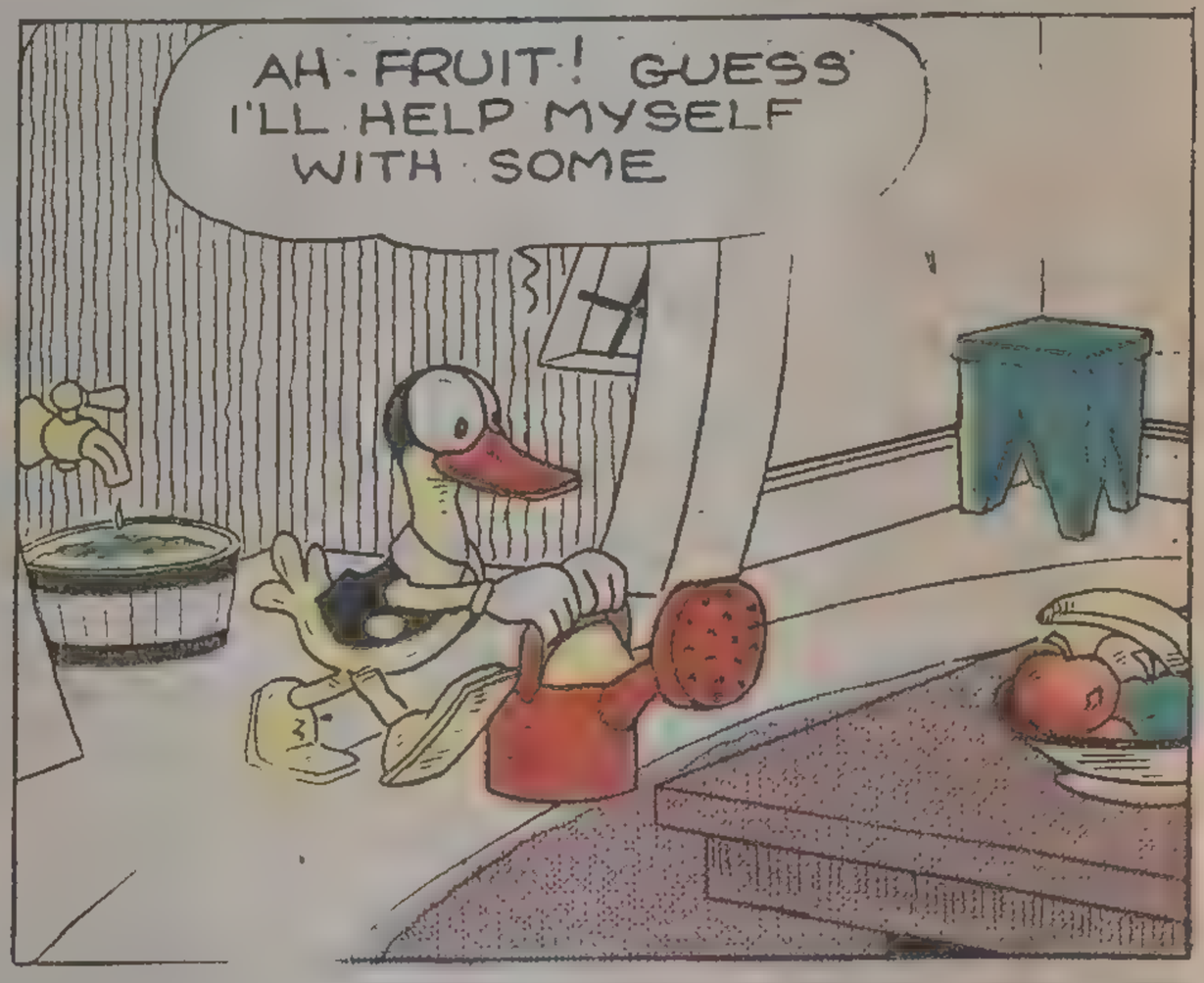
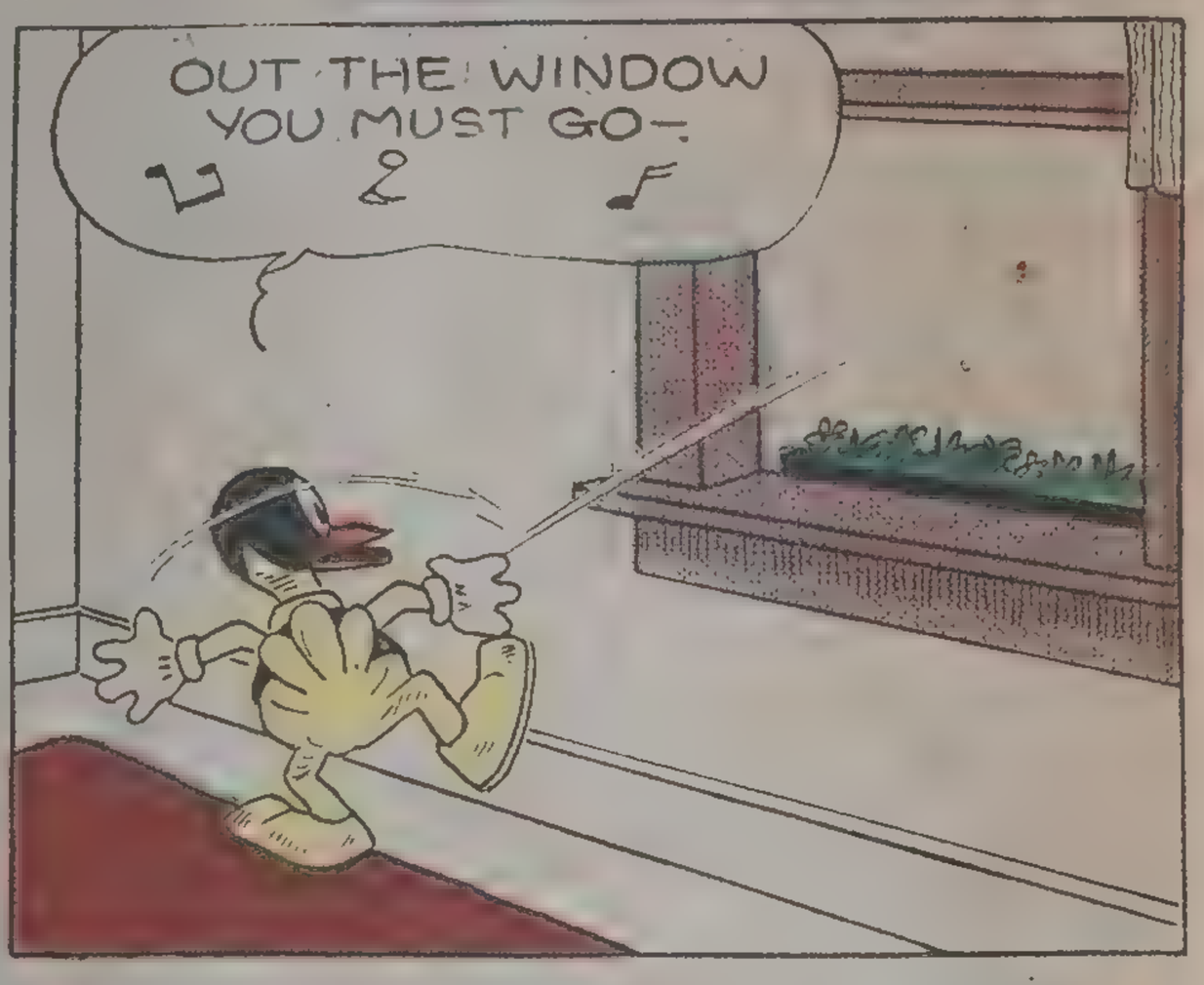
Dickie Duck

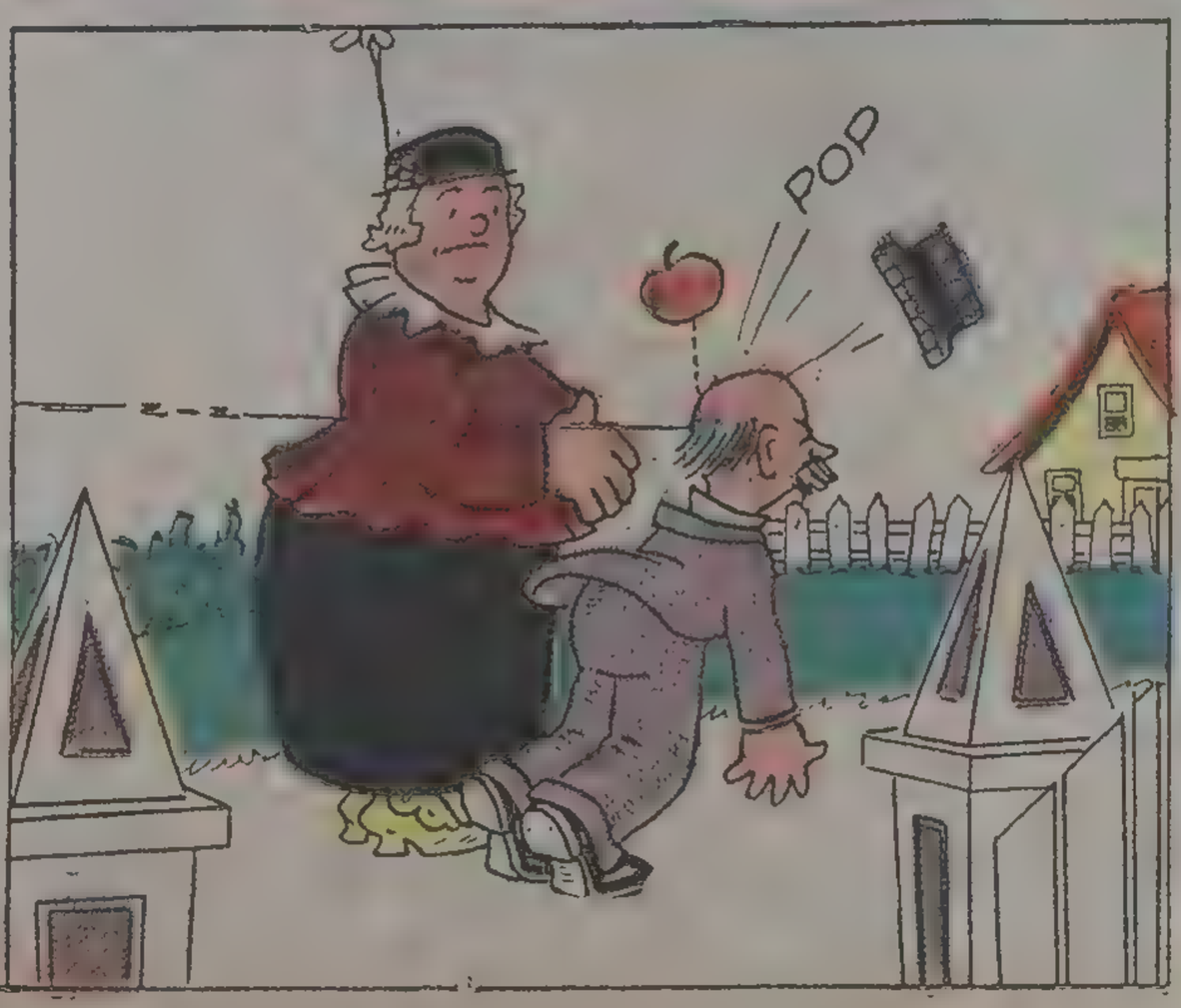
by Matt Curzon











IT STRUCK MY HUSBAND AND KNOCKED HIM UNCONCIOUS!

OOPS HERE'S ANOTHER ONE

I MIGHT AS WELL SPILL OUT ALL THE WATER-THIS IS THE LAST FLOWER

WOW-LOOK AT THAT FLOWER GROW-WEE!

1935
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Matt Curzon

Peter & Ho-lah-an

by Liv

1 PETER HAD A DOG CALLED RAB, AND A RAM NAMED LOKI

2 HE STOPPED TO EAT HIS LUNCH AND TEACH RAB TO SPEAK FOR BITS OF FOOD.

3 RAB BARKED. PETER LOOKED AROUND. AN INDIAN BOY WAS STANDING BY HIM. PETER ASKED HIS NAME AFTER GIVING HIS OWN-- HO-LAH-AN MORONGO," SAID THE BOY.

4 PETER ASKED HO-LAH-AN TO SHARE HIS LUNCH

5 HO-LAH-AN SHOWED PETER HOW TO MAKE A LASSO OUT OF A BLADE OF GRASS -

6 -AND HOW TO SNARE LIZARDS WITH IT.

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HORNED TOAD.
A HARMLESS TIMID
LITTLE CREATURE
THO DANGEROUS LOOKING.

LASSO OF
WIRE GRASS

7

HO-LAH-AN
CAUGHT HORN-TOADS
BY QUICKLY TOSSING
PETER'S CAP OVER
THEM.

8

LOKI, THE RAM DID NOT
LIKE STRANGERS HE
LOWERED HIS HEAD AND
STARTED

9

10 PETER CAUGHT LOKI
SLIPPED A NOOSE
AROUND HIS NOSE.
LOKI WAS STILL A
LAMB WITH PETER.

11

"GIVE US A RIDE
HOME YOU BAD BOY
AND WE'LL CALL IT
SQUARE.
LETS GO HO-LAH-AN,
WHOOPS! GIDDAP!"

1935
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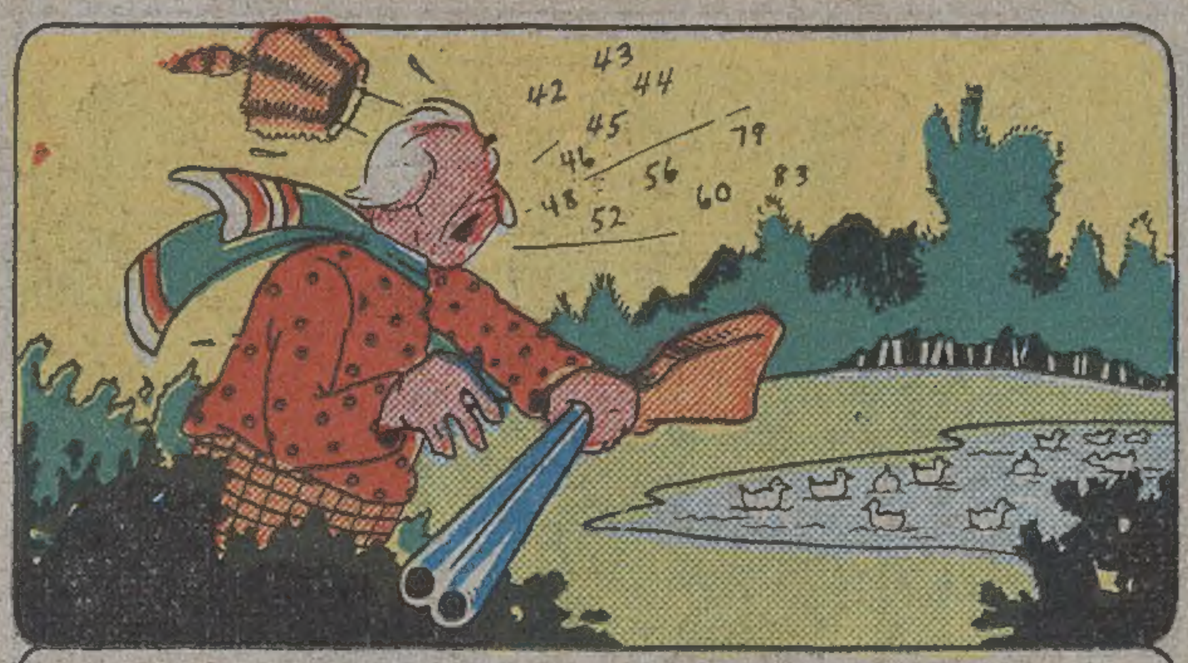
IT'S A DERN LIE

AS TOLD BY
G.W. FALCON, EVANSTON, ILL.

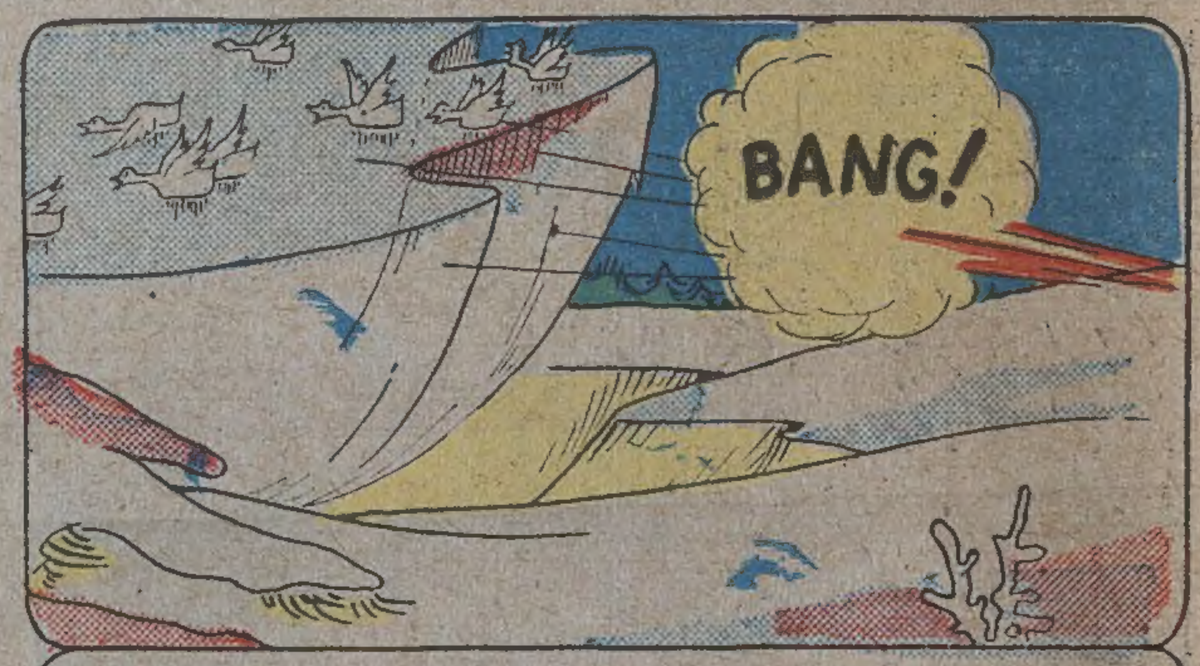
SEND YOUR "DERN LIE" OF APPROXIMATELY 175 WORDS TO TALL STORY EDITOR, NEW COMICS MAGAZINE, 373-4th AVE., NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. IF PUBLISHED, YOU WILL RECEIVE $1.00 AND THE ORIGINAL DRAWING.



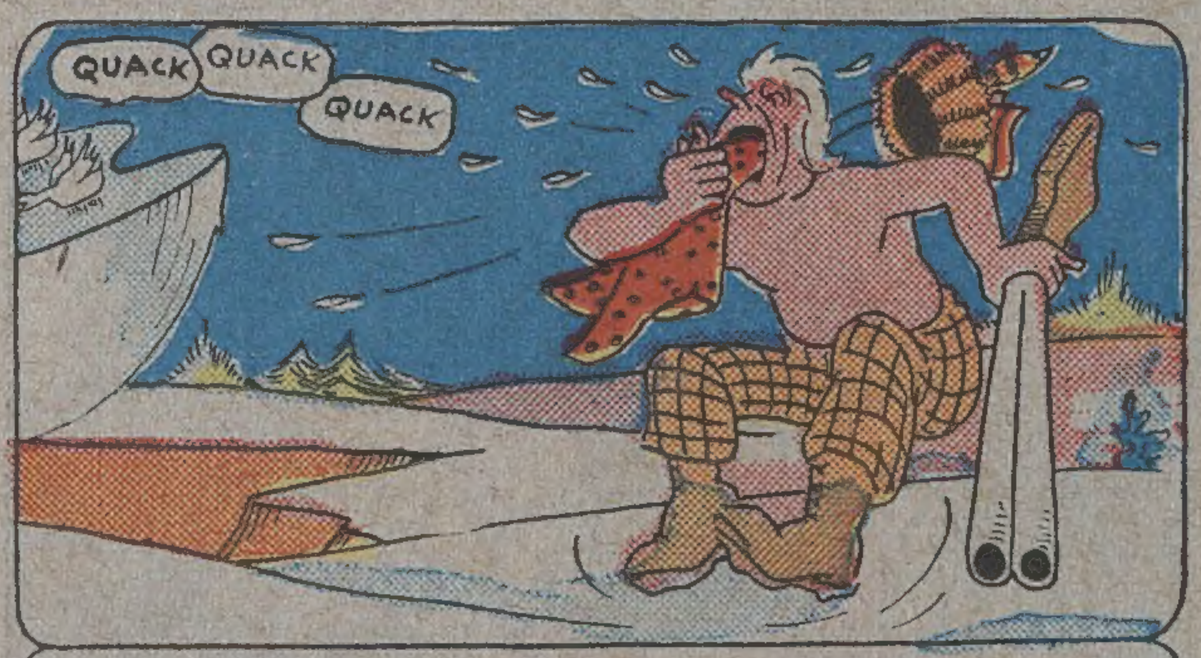
UTAH FALCON, MY GREAT GRANDFATHER, WAS A RENOWNED HUNTER. ONE DAY WHILE OUT HUNTING WILD DUCKS — HE CAME TO A LAKE WITH TWO AND A HALF MILLION DUCKS SWIMMING IN IT.

HE CAREFULLY CAMOUFLAGED HIMSELF WITH A TREE AND LOADED HIS TRUSTY RIFLE. IN THE MEAN TIME THE SEASONS CHANGED AND WINTER DESCENDED SUDDENLY BREAKING ALL THERMOMETERS!

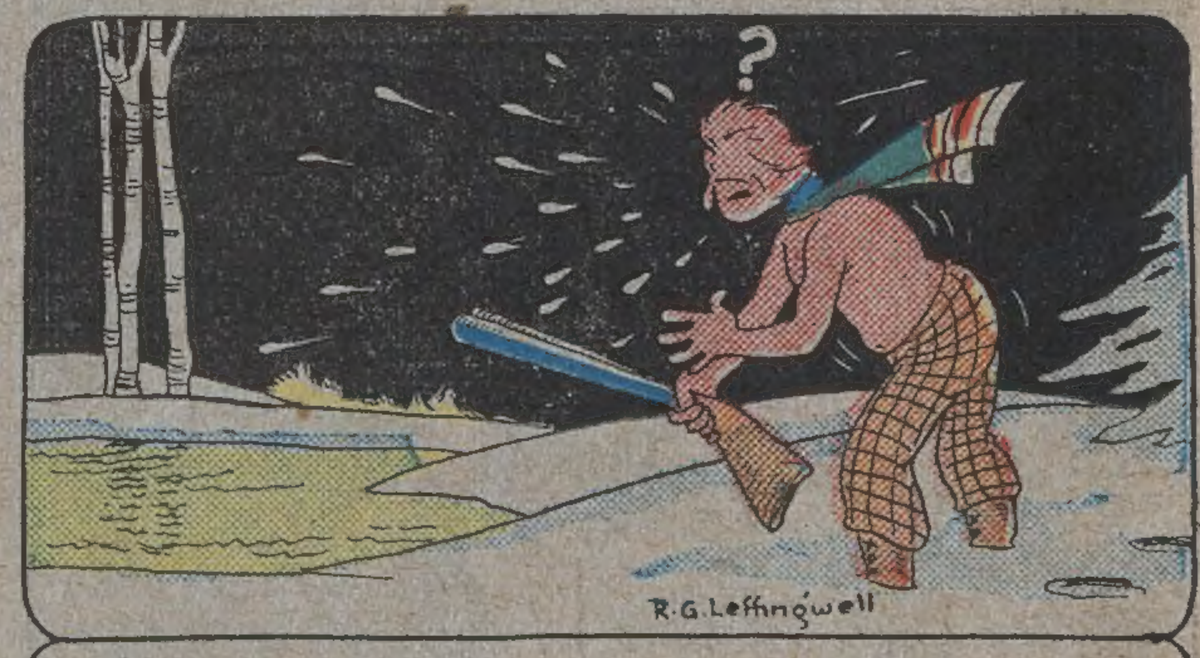
THE LAKE FROZE SOLID — IMPRISONING THE DUCKS IN IT'S ICY GRASP. UTAH NOTICED A SLIGHT CHILL, BUT TOOK LITTLE STOCK IN IT. BRUSHING AWAY THE ICICLES, UTAH TOOK CAREFUL AIM AND FIRED!



THE REPORT WAS DEAFENING — SO LOUD IN FACT IT AWAKENED ALL OF CHINA. THE DUCKS IN ALARM TOOK FLIGHT CARRYING THE LAKE WITH THEM, LEAVING A GAPING HOLE IN THE GROUND.



UTAH WAS SO CHAGRINED AT SEEING HIS PREY IN FLIGHT HE TORE OFF HIS SHIRT AND CRYING BITTER TEARS OF ANGUISH STUFFED THE GARMENT IN HIS MOUTH AND ATE IT BUTTONS AND ALL.



HIS FRUSTRATION WAS SO GREAT AND HIS TEARS SO PLENTIFUL THE HOLE RAPIDLY FILLED WITH SALTY TEARS. YOU CAN SEE THE EXACT SPOT NOW AT SALT LAKE, UTAH WHICH PROVES MY STORY.

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MISS MUFFET
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Genuine Beetleware

● KITCHEN SET
Genuine Beetleware

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Sat on a tuffet
Eating her curds and whey—"

❖ ❖ ❖

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❖ ❖ ❖

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And sat down beside her
And frightened her away."

❖ ❖ ❖

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❖ ❖ ❖

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